Outdoor America

MAY
1929

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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Model 52
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WINCHESTER
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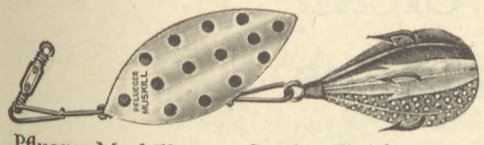
PFLUEGER BAITS

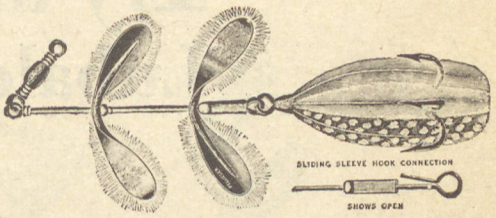
PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER"

Catch Fish



Pflueger Muskill Bait—Spotlite Finish

This bait is constructed primarily for taking Muskallunge, but is effective for Bass, Northern Pike, Pickerel and other game fish. Our two new finishes, Spotlite and Striplite, have proved wonderfully successful. Price each, size 7, 75c—sizes 9 & 12, $1.



Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner

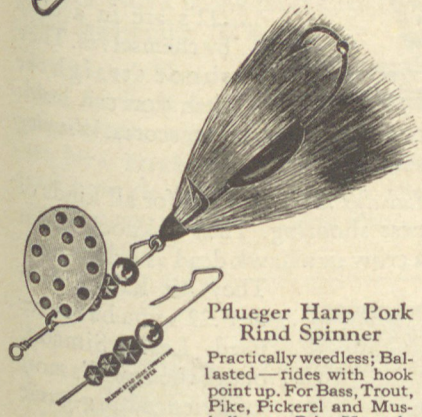
For day and night fishing. Polished nickel top. Luminous Enamel under. 6 sizes, 3/0 to 3—Trout to Muskallunge, 35c to 75c.

Lowe Star Bait

For Bass, Trout, Pike, Pickerel, Muskallunge, etc. Sizes 6 to 3/0, 50c to $1.50 each.

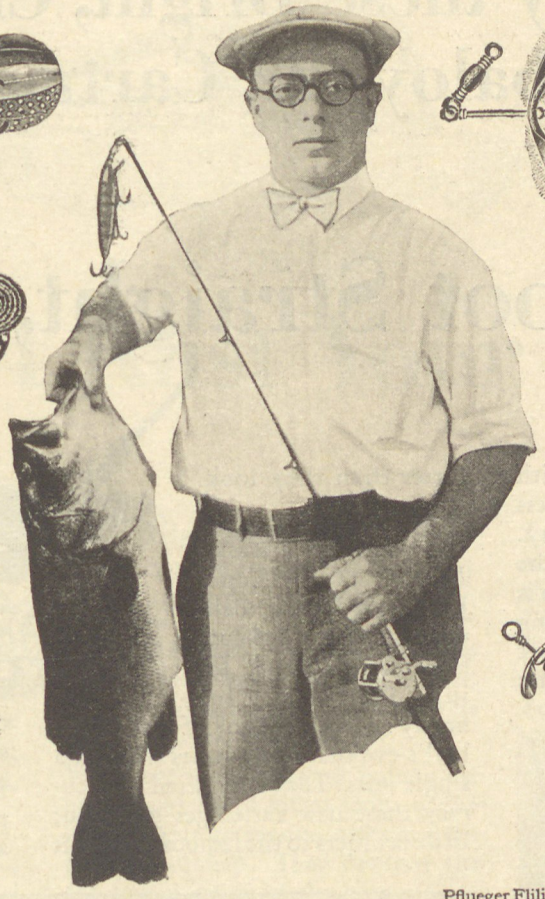
Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow

Floats, dives, wiggles and wobbles. Sizes 3¼ and 4¼ —75c to $1.00.



Pflueger Harp Pork Rind Spinner

Practically weedless; Ballasted—rides with hook point up. For Bass, Trout, Pike, Pickerel and Muskallunge—Price 75c each.



Black Bass. Weight 10½ lbs.

Caught with Pflueger Akron Reel and Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow by P. C. Frederick, at Stuart, Fla.

Pflueger Flilite Floating Bass Bugs are ideal lures furnished in 12 original and distinctive patterns. Natural cork bodies to which buck tail and squirrel tail hair and feathers are attached by patented "holdtite" method. Price 50c each.

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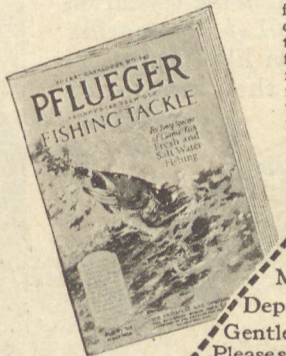

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Try these Bright, Clean Lubaloy .22 Cartridges

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WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's are loaded with Non-Corrosive priming and smokeless powder. Rifle cleaning is unnecessary. They won't rust your gun. . . . But the big feature of these new cartridges is the bright, shining *Lubaloy* coating on the bullets, a lubricating alloy that does away with the gummy grease that is an objectionable feature of lead-bullet .22's.

3,146
bull's-eyes without a miss!

Take some of these new .22's in your hand. Dump them into your pocket. There is no grease to soil your hands or pockets. Lint and grit won't stick to them and get into your gun. *Lubaloy* .22's go into the gun clean and *keep* it clean. They are as smooth and clean as the crystal on your watch. The *Lubaloy* coating makes them gleam like "Bullets of Gold!" . . . and they shoot even better than they look.

A new world's record was made with WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's by Lester Jeffrey, of Fresno, Cal., when he shot 3,146 consecutive bull's-eyes, firing continuously for nearly 23 hours. Think of hitting the bull's-eye that many times without a single miss! That's the kind of accuracy these new cartridges give you; little brothers to the famous WESTERN *Lubaloy* big-game cartridges.

For target shooting, WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's are in a class by themselves. They shoot straighter than you can hold, contributing to better scores. *Winning* scores.

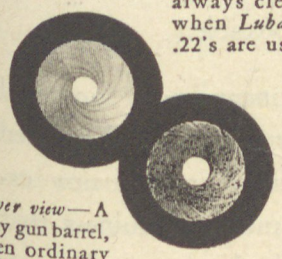
Lubaloy .22's are ideal for all kinds of pest shooting. They'll knock down a crow or a hawk dead as a door nail. They hit harder than any .22's you have ever used. Leslie Simson, one of the world's most experienced big-game hunters, once killed a charging lioness at close range with a single shot from a .22 rifle, using a WESTERN .22 cartridge . . . Mr. Simson says, "What

"Bullets of Gold!"

and Won't Rust Your Gun . . . .

these little bullets do is surprising." Yet they cost no more than other cartridges. Not a penny more than ordinary lead-bullet .22's.

Try them! The real test is a target test. A single box will prove their greater accuracy. And when you once see how bright and clean they are, and how clean they keep your gun, you'll never shoot anything else.



Upper view—Gun always clean, when *Lubaloy* .22's are used.

Lower view—A dirty gun barrel, when ordinary lead-bullet .22's are used.

Your High-Power Rifle Needs the *Extra* Protection of Lubaloy Center-fire Cartridges

WESTERN *Lubaloy* center-fire cartridges prevent *metal-fouling*, as well as rust, pitting and corrosion . . . Your rifle needs this *extra protection*.

When ordinary jacketed bullets are used, particles of metal lodge in the bore. Their presence affects your marksmanship. They destroy the extreme accuracy of the gun.

Lubaloy center-fire cartridges prevent these metal deposits and lengthen the life of your rifle. Gun cleaning is ended. Scrubbing the bore with solvents becomes a thing of the past. Championship accuracy and greater killing power are yours to the very limit that modern ammunition can supply them when you shoot WESTERN *Lubaloy* cartridges. All WESTERN rifle and pistol cartridges are now available with *Lubaloy* bullets.

Lubaloy has been developed by the same ammunition experts who gave the shooting world the Open-point Expanding and Boat-tail bullets, the famous long-range *Super-X* shotgun shell, the load with the *Short* Shot String—and *Xpert*, the top-quality smokeless shell that sells at a popular price.

Write for literature describing WESTERN cartridges and shells—World's Champion Ammunition. A copy of Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen's booklet on "American Big Game Hunting" will be sent free on request. There are WESTERN dealers everywhere. Ask for WESTERN. It will improve your shooting.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
546 Hunter Avenue
East Alton, Illinois

The New Western Lubaloy

(LUBRICATING ALLOY)

Coated .22's

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THE Elto Outboard Motor Company, the Evinrude Motor Company, the Lockwood Motor Company, are now merged into a single enterprise, the Outboard Motors Corporation.

Ole Evinrude, builder of the first successful outboard, founder of the Evinrude Motor Company and the Elto Outboard Motor Company, becomes President and active head of the Outboard Motors Corporation.

The Lockwood, Elto and Evinrude Companies each will maintain its personnel and identity as a manufacturing and merchandising Division of the Outboard Motors Corporation.

The products of the three Divisions will continue to be made and sold under the names they have always carried. Each Division will have its own dealer organization as formerly. Active, healthy competition will be continued. *But the Corporation's entire resources of engineering and administrative strength and broadened manufacturing facilities will be unreservedly devoted toward increasing the quality and performance and value of each single product of each Division.*

The savings and economies of immense production will be given to buyers in motor values not heretofore possible.

The efforts of three outstandingly successful engineering staffs, now merged and pointed toward mutual objectives, promise new expansions of outboard motor usefulness that will surpass and overshadow even the notable developments of recent years.

The Outboard Motors Corporation automatically steps into a conspicuous leadership. In every racing class its products are officially

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
OLE EVINRUDE, *President* *Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.*

EVINRUDE ELTO LOCKWOOD

the champions. The Lockwood "Ace" and the Lockwood "Chief" were the 1928 champions in classes A and B. The Evinrude "Speeditwin" has long held top place in class C. The Elto Quad holds not only the championship in classes D and E, but also America's fastest time-trial and competition records.

This racing supremacy, important though it is in the realm of sport, expresses its true value in terms of plain utility.

From these critical tests of materials, innovations and new engineering principles, has flowed steady inspiration for the building of service motors that are correspondingly superior in every phase of satisfactory day-in and day-out performance. Every motor in the broad range of models offered by Divisions of the Outboard Motors Corporation bears ample testimony to this fact.

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Super Elto Motors

THE HI-SPEED QUAD — THE HI-SPEED SPEEDSTER

THE SERVICE QUAD — THE SERVICE SPEEDSTER

THE FOLDING LIGHTWEIGHT

Evinrude Motors

THE SPEEDITWIN — THE SPORTWIN

THE FASTWIN

THE FLEETWIN — THE INBOARD TWIN

EVINRUDE PUMPING UNITS

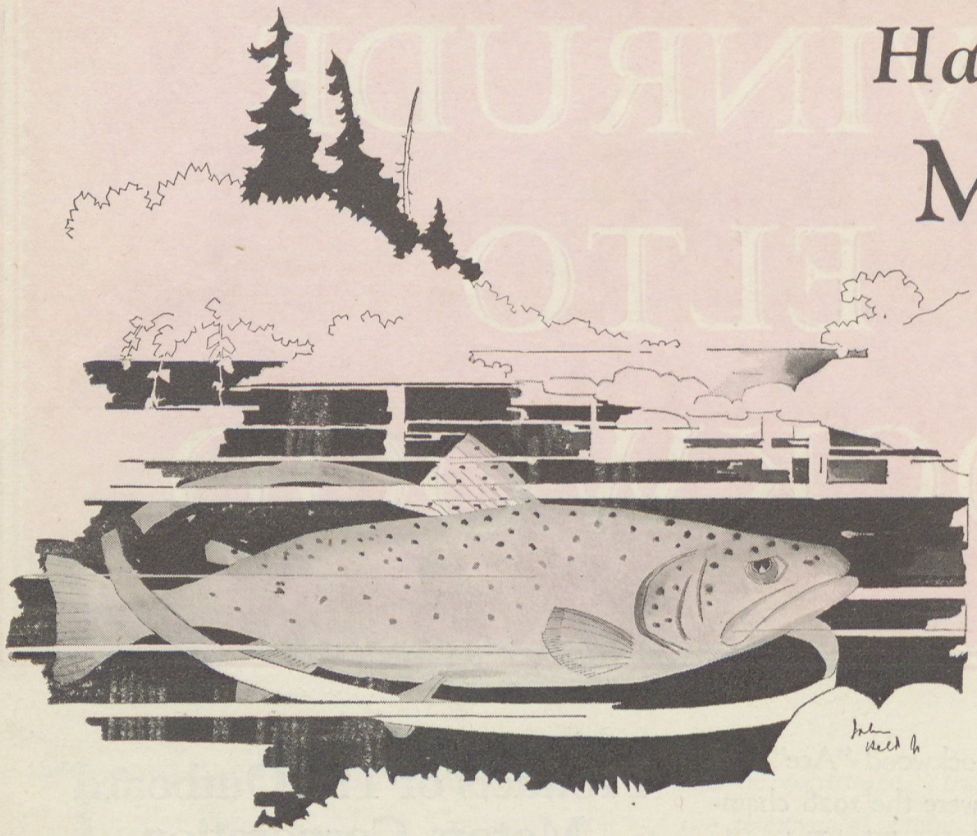
Lockwood Motors

THE ACE — THE SILENT CHIEF

THE RACING CHIEF

ELTO DIVISION, *Milwaukee* EVINRUDE DIVISION, *Milwaukee*
LOCKWOOD DIVISION, *Jackson, Mich.*

THIS FISH Has A MEAN EYE!



Why Do You Suppose a Famous Artist Drew His Picture?

BUT let's start this story at the beginning. . . . A fisherman sneaked carefully, silently, through the woods. Now and then he cupped his hand at his ear, listened. . . . Expertly he wove his slender rod in and out between the trees. Suddenly he stopped, listened once more, hurried forward. Soon the gleam of water sparkled in the gloom of the forest, and the riffles of the brook sang their welcome song. The fisherman grinned.

* * *

But what a grin! White teeth shone in strange contrast to the brown skin that surrounded his mouth. A beard three days old, which resembled a good place for hunting grouse, undulated like grain in a breeze as he smiled. A terrible hat, many years old, was partly pulled over one eye. . . . His boots were muddy. . . .

* * *

We have now presented to you one of America's foremost artists, a staunch friend of Outdoor America, a sportsman of the "dirt" variety, and the leading exponent, in our younger and gayer magazines, of the American flapper and her boy friend. Everybody knows John Held, Jr. (for the above angler is he!) and nobody on earth would think of looking for him behind three days' growth of beard and a trout rod. . . . Perhaps riding in a collegiate Ford . . . perhaps strumming a uke on a campus . . . perhaps making awful noises on a sax in the moonlight. . . . For such are the things he draws. But he is one of Maine's foremost sportsmen, and he knows how to draw a trout with a mean eye!

* * *

John Held, Jr. (look at his cover this month!) is a frequent and a welcome contributor to Outdoor America not only because this brings us his incomparable work, but because it is significant of the place that the outdoors and conservation hold not only among the sages, but among the youth, of America.

* * *

It is significant that the above trout was drawn to illustrate a story by Ellis Parker Butler that ran in the magazine last year. . . . Two leaders with pen and brush in America, together in one story in our magazine, and this priceless work donated to the cause for which we stand! Thus our best writers and artists, almost to a man, lovers of the outdoors, contribute their talent as their bit toward preservation of the sports and the outdoors they love.

* * *

It is impossible to list here the names of all who have contributed to our pages. But the magazine itself testifies to the success of their efforts, and more than a hundred thousand readers give them silent, but none the less earnest, applause.

Official Organ I. W. L. A.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Three Dollars Per Year

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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STRANGERS

IT DON'T LOOK LIKE A MEETING OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY TOME!
WHERE'S DAM Nº 13?
I FIGURE IT'LL RAISE THESE LAKES EIGHT FEET, JIM!
SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST PLAYGROUND FOR THE PUBLIC
BLUE PRINT
PRIVATE EXPLOITATION
MR. FOX! I'VE NOTICED THAT WHEN THOSE FELLOWS COME INTO A WILDERNESS THE WILDERNESS MOVES OUT!
THEY DON'T ACT LIKE SPORTSMEN OR CAMPERS SO THEY MUST BE UP TO NO GOOD
LOWRY

Devil's River—Heaven!

By

BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

"DEVIL'S RIVER to be damned" flared at me in bold type headlines, the work of some careless but unmeaningly truthful copy reader. The gleeful story carried news of a series of power dams to be built. Dam No. 1 was to be a short way from the river's mouth. On and on up the river these walls were to grow higher, with the climax, a 90-footer, near Dolans Falls.

Beautiful, remote Devil's River had been discovered! She was going the way of others. She was to pour out power to make money for someone. Progress!

Reproach for neglect was flung at my heart in a headline. Had I waited too long to go back? Was this the end? My valiant other half spoke the answer. "We're going out to Devil's River for a month. Just the two of us." He assumed my acquiescence and plunged into definite plans for the trip.

Fear clutched me. Ten years had passed since I had camped on the river. Ten years since I'd trudged over rocks, waded the rapids, found the deep pools under willows and matched fly lures with the daily feed, landing many wily bass.

Ten years! Could I stand the gait? Had I forgotten how to cast? Would I even be a good sport in camp? Hadn't I grown soft and a bit lazy? Then, too, everyone acknowledges the hazard of going back to any spot of enchanting memories.

Vaguely I heard plans for the trip; then clearer, with dates, days and even hours designated. They beat at these middle-aged fears and soon had them skulking into space.

We worked at equipment lists, grub lists, clothing. We bought enough lures to last a fisherman's lifetime. The roadster was given a minute inspection. Poles and reels were examined and passed as perfect, for we had given them tender care through the idle years. Then came the packing and we were off.

Of course, Devil's River is state property, but the banks are the property lines of tremendous sheep and goat ranches, all posted. The approaches to the river are through locked gates and many an ardent tourist planning to fish the river has met disappointment at these red barriers.

We were fortunate. Our good friend, John Carruthers of Del Rio had written us with characteristic brevity that we were still welcome on his ranch and to come on.

One night in Del Rio, then west out the highway onto the Comstock Road. Shearing pens were our mark to turn sharply from the road into miles of pasture. Push gates alternated with the locked red gates. At last the turn off to the river primitively marked by a cairn of stones. Here everything that we had been taught to recognize as a road stopped. But over the rocks were two worn tracks which we followed up and down hills with margins that could be measured in inches. Hours passed, three-fourths of the time we ran in first or second and the sun was hot. At last, above the noise of the car over rocks we heard a sound, faintly. We shouted in duet, "The river." Then the willows and pecan trees came into view. We ran into J. P. Byrne and Tom Butler of Austin at the river bank. They were camped across the river and miles farther up.

Said Mr. Byrne: "You must be the woman these ranchmen have been telling us about. They said that a woman was coming who could climb like a goat and fish like a man in the water all day."

A ghost of the fear for sustaining such a reputation was this time dispelled by the river crossing that had to be negotiated. The current was swift and strong. There were treacherous holes inviting disaster along the shallow way. With many a turn upstream then downstream and back again my camping partner made the other side. We were on the Carruthers ranch.

Don't confuse this announcement with visions of a dude ranch. Camping as we do, the only points in similarity would be an abundance of fresh air and scenery. Ranches on Devil's River are measured by sections rather than acres, and we sought a remote spot somewhere on the ranch. We found it. After a long, sideswiping drive through mesquite, we came into the open. The brilliant sunlight made a sage covered hill into silver and purple glory. At the foot this gave way to a garden of blue and yellow flowers and poignantly lovely bushes of the crucifixion plant, dripping with blood-red berries. This for a background.

We pitched camp in a small vega or clearing thickly carpeted in Bermuda grass, sheep mown. Two hackberry trees were waiting to guard our tent doorway, and a clump of giant pecans invited a charming arrangement of our kitchen and dining room. Just beyond, the grassy plot sloped gently to the river, with more pecan trees. Our yard ended sharply at a bare, rocky cliff which rose from our deep blue swimming pool and turned with the river to a series of small falls.

"Old Man River" describes the Mississippi, but there is no one simile for Devil's River. It is a varied company. Rising above Juno, the river flows rapidly for about 75 miles to its mouth, 10 miles from Del Rio, where it empties into the Rio Grande. Here her clear waters are easily discernible and the effect of a blue stream cleaving the muddy Rio Grande is rather remarkable.

Each mile shows a perceptible drop in the river bed. There will be deep, mirror-smooth lakes several hundred yards from bank to bank that break into rapids and whirlpools. Huge rocks rise at points in the river, sheltering the big bass in the fern-shaded, bowl-like pools at their base. The rapids usually end in a nicely spaced row of small islands covered with reeds, tall red and yellow flowers and snakes, we beg to add. These islands have been cut narrow and long, dividing the river into eight or nine distinct, swift, narrow channels. From these we took the game small-mouth bass. Dolans Falls, with a 10-foot drop, is about 17 miles from where we camped. The whirling waters at its base have given up some of the biggest bass ever taken from Devil's River.

Before we had unpacked, our casting nerves tingled for immediate fishing. But as making camp was an urgent job, my big partner and I shook hands solemnly as we promised each other to stick it through. Four hours of hard work and we were settled, the tent was up, the mattresses in-

"Beautiful, remote Devil's River where the whirling waters give up big bass."

flated and our supper was cooking on our first camp fire.

The usual grills were supplemented by a small gasoline stove, designed for camp cooking. We boasted a metal folding table painted green, which was both attractive and practical when set on perfectly level ground. But levels are not in the majority on the river and frequently we found our plates of food skidding toward our laps.

Two canvas chairs offered relaxation for the reading we planned to do and didn't, and the rear space in the roadster, parked on high ground, held our reserve supplies.

That camp-making was not all smooth going. One thing, we had depended on the tire pump to inflate the mattresses, but after a half hour of labor we estimated that it would mean two days pumping. So the man used his lung power to excellent effect and the flabby mattresses plumped out immediately. Of course, it was funny. Even a big lizard, who lived in one of our doorway trees, thought so. He sat on his haunches and surveyed the red-faced blower, then opened his big mouth in a perfectly good grin. Nor did he change position or expression until the process was completed.

You will be spared other details of the busy four hours. But just here it might be well to sound a warning to those inexperienced, optimistic souls who are tempted to camp in duo with no cook or stryker or porter or fag. Camping in remote places away from the sources of supply or help is the hardest, most never-ending work you can imagine—unless it is the greatest fun in the world. You must work if you eat, and even your play is work, if you consider wading a swift river, wet most of the time to your neck and struggling over rocks to reach a certain spot.

You come into camp, wet, hungry and weary at sunset. Unless you have buried a pot of beans or stew you must cook if you eat. Obeying the first law of the camper to pack light, you wash your own clothes if you are comfortably clean. The delicate silken fish lines must be spread and dried at once or they will rot almost over night. Reels demand cleaning and oil, pork rind must be put away in liquid or will be a hard string next day. Oh, it is all a round of work, but for taking off surplus weight beats any method I have known.

To make a go of it with no unpleasant clashes, both of the campers must possess steady nerves, strong arms and legs and a stronger back, limitless patience and a deep, real sense of humor. The sort of humor that enables you to laugh with your partner at your ridiculous self when you fall and sit hard on rocks or step off into deep water and flounder to the surface to find your hat sailing downstream. You must forget your complexion and ignore yours and the other fellow's complexes. You will do this if you put your mind and body to work developing that sixth and perhaps seventh sense of knowing when to talk and when to be silent. When you have learned all this you will qualify as a camper, for you will have reached the goal of it all—team work.

The first night in camp is always disturbing. During the day you are scarcely conscious of the river noises. But with

Betty Benton Patterson—at home.

twilight comes a maddening medley. Water rushing over the rocks in the rapids; the splash of a turtle or frog or snake into the water; harsh cries of fishing birds; unseen animals scurrying through the thick thorn brush; the chorus of crickets; the whirr of doves flying in low gray clouds; bullfrogs croaking in basso profundo; and the owls, both screech and hoot, doing their worst to make night hideous. As the night noises grow louder in the darkness the river becomes a gentle obligato through it all.

The very absence of human habitation leaves a void of silence in which every nature noise echoes, vibrates and whips the nerves to wakefulness.

We went fishing the second day in camp. After a breakfast of coffee, flapjacks and bacon, and the last of the fresh fruit we had brought along, we unpacked the tackle and held a serious conference as to the most tempting lure for the day's sport. Experience had shown us that the larger bass do not rise to dry flies unless the weather is cool, so we put our casting rods together, wound our reels with eight-pound test silk lines and tied on white shimmy wigglers and a pork rind streamer.

Breeches are demanded in river fishing. Hobnailed shoes or boots are urged by all authorities. The wise man obeyed these admonitions, but I was defiant, conforming to the breeches but wearing heavy canvas shoes. Warren H. Miller, in his well known "Outdoorsman's Handbook," declares that to do as I did is to be "covered with obloquy, wet breeches and profanity." I did not notice the obloquy, not being just sure what to look for. I knew my breeches would necessarily be wet, as I usually waded shoulder deep, and as to the profanity, I refuse to testify. But, I ask you, what would you say if you had hooked a bass and in the scramble suddenly found your heels where your head ought to be, causing a violent sit-down on a sharp rock? Your sincere answer would be just what I said.

A dining room de luxe.

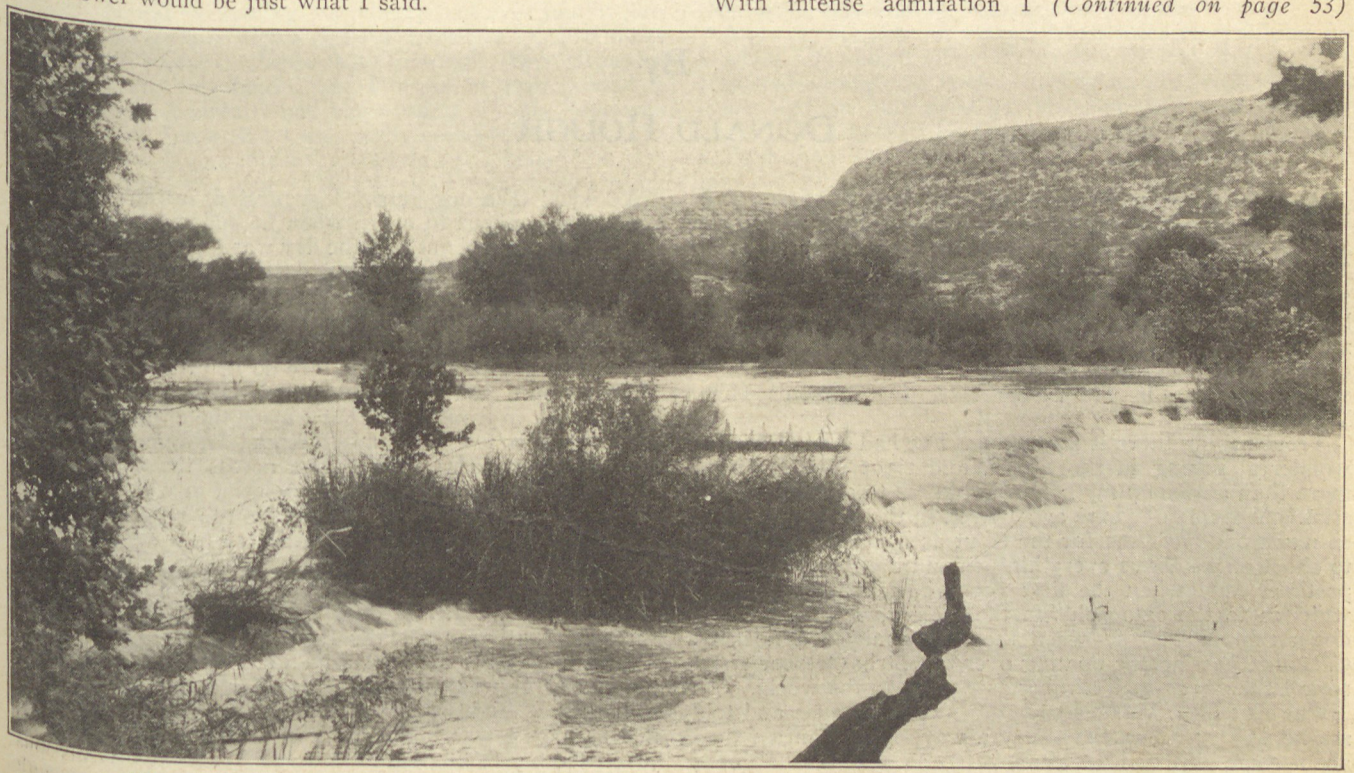
The fisherman tactfully led the way that first day. I was a timorous follower, afraid I would slip, afraid the current would sweep the rod from my clutching grasp, just a shaking female trying to bridge the 10 years away from the river, and conceal all concern.

I waded to midstream and with great deliberation made my first cast. The fish jumped clear of the water, trying to shake the hook. I kept the line taut, giving when he plunged from me, reeling furiously when he came to me. Out, in, around a rock. He was tiring, but I played him out and took him at last, a beautiful two-pound bass.

Fishing is a great game. You are supposed to slip up on the fish, and are warned against making any noise in your approach. A backlash in your casting is supposed to be fatal to success in that spot. And you are told to play your fish out or you will lose him. Now the fisherman did all of these perfect things with remarkable success, taking many more than his weaker companion.

But I can conceal the fact no longer, it was I who took the biggest fish of the trip. I had a wet line which made a terrible backlash as I cast out. As I untangled the line of course the lure sank. This accomplished, I tried one more cast and slipped down, making a great commotion. On my feet again, I reeled in to find a less disturbed location. Within about six feet of me a fish rose from a clear soup bowl pool and struck—whizz flew my line. I did not try to play him, for sharp rocks were all about me. I reeled him toward me simply, directly, and when he was in reaching distance, leaping and fighting, I felt about under the water, found his gills and brought him up. He weighed a shave four pounds on tested scales. Lake bass the same length would have weighed much more, as they thicken in the paunch. The bass in Devil's River are fashionably slim.

With intense admiration I *(Continued on page 53)*



The rapids end in a row of small islands covered with reeds, tall red and yellow flowers and incidentally—snakes.

The Last Trout

By

DONALD HOUGH

ALONG about the time of year when the first leaves begin to get a bit yellow, the first frost appears in the early morning, and the first ducks begin to whistle along overhead, even the most enthusiastic trout fisherman begins to think of such matters as guns and blinds and hip boots. At least so it is with me, and with many another I know. While I can hardly be called a demon trout fisherman, I do like to catch them, especially when they live in the Snake river in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

Trout fishing there is something. I've had a good deal of wonderful fishing in the Snake, and right now I'd walk more than a mile on my hands and knees to give it another trial. A couple of years ago I lived in the Hole and made as much bad medicine for the trout as I could. But I love to shoot ducks above everything else in the line of outdoor pastimes, and when the first flocks of mallards began to whirl in to the oats fields in the Hole, and to fly up and down the Snake, and when the first honk of a flock of Canadian geese came floating over the early October air, I forgot there was such a thing as a trout in the world.

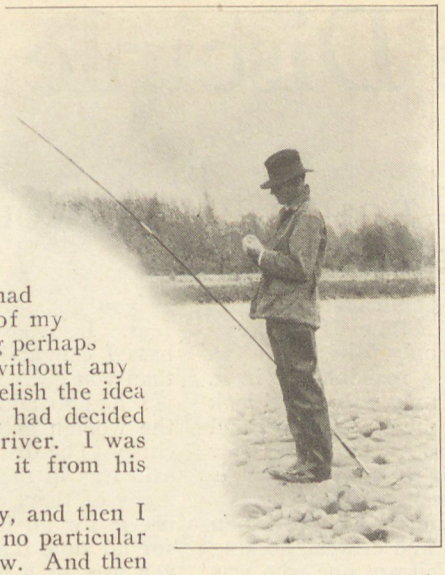
One day Dick Winger came over to our house and told me he was going up the valley a ways to call on a friend about some hay, and asked me to go along. We had been hunting a couple of times and I had ducks on the brain. "We could take our guns," I suggested, instantly hopeful.

Dick was about to agree when he suddenly changed his mind. He pointed out that the day was too warm and balmy and generally nice to find many ducks stirring around. "But I'll tell you what let's do," he suggested. "Take along your trout rod. At this time of year the Snake's at its very lowest, and you can walk around from pool to pool and though it's like fishing in a hatchery, let's do it, just for a change."

When once you have your mind on ducks it's hard to switch back to trout again, but I made the effort. I got out my rod and a few flies and Dick and I drove north in his car. We stopped at the bridge across the Snake, some fifteen miles above the town of Jackson, in which we lived. Although I had hunted ducks along the river during the preceding few weeks, I had not noticed how low the water was. Sand and gravel bars had appeared between pools, and two or three miniature rivers were wandering down the broad bed, tumbling over rapids, pausing in pools, and spreading out over shallow runs.

Dick went on to see his friend and I started wading down the river. It was a beautiful day for fishing: clear, cool, brilliant. It might not be so good for actually catching fish, and besides it was midday, but as I hadn't completely rejuvenated my fishing enthusiasm, all I wanted was to wade along the river and enjoy life. In fact, I kept my eyes up

rather than down, watching, through force of habit, for ducks; my ear was attuned, not to the rush and bubble of the water, but to the possible distant cries of geese that might be coming up the river or circling grain fields in the Hole.



First of all I tried the main channel of the river. I found a place where all the water was gathered into one stream, and began to drop my fly out in the current, without paying any attention to pools or riffles or other favorable spots. I had made only a few casts before I got hold of my first fish. He was a pretty cut throat, going perhaps a pound in weight, and I landed him without any trouble. But I had no basket, and didn't relish the idea of carrying him along with me on what I had decided was to be a long pleasant jaunt down the river. I was using a barbless hook and easily slipped it from his mouth without taking him from the water.

I made a couple of casts with a fresh fly, and then I saw a trout take it in, and I struck. I felt no particular resistance, and played him for a little fellow. And then something brought me to life with a jerk. When I started to turn the fish toward me, he wouldn't turn. I tried a little harder, and then a little more, and the more I pulled the more determined became my quarry. Seeing that I had hold of a big one, I tested his strength as far as my delicate two-pound-test leader would permit. I had to quit long before I had disturbed the fish. It was like pulling against a snag.

And now he tried a few maneuvers of his own. He began to walk upstream with that steady gait which means business. I gave line little by little, straining my leader to turn him, but it was no use. Still giving line, I began to run along the bank. Ahead of me was a branch of the stream, and I knew I couldn't cross it without wading over my boots. Since I cared nothing whatever about getting wet at this time of year, I foresaw the end of the fight. As we approached the place, I got ready to tighten my line and break the leader. I was now within a couple of yards of the end of my journey, and I took a good hold on the line and began to pull.

But before I could get a good start, the fish stopped dead and sounded. I played carefully, and he turned downstream again. But now he began to fight. He came to the surface and showed me his size: my guess was six pounds. He broke water time and again, he shook his head, he jumped, he did everything his mother had ever taught him to do. I played him with a sense of hopelessness, just waiting for the leader or the hook to give out. But, strangely enough, everything held. And I began to gain ground, I mean water. I actually had him coming in. My hope was renewed, and I saw that I was really going to land him. In he came, and I unsnapped my landing net. Loose line was curling around my legs. The taut leader came into sight, and under it the dark shape of the fish, apparently docile enough. I was exultant. This would be the biggest fish of the season. My heart began to jump hurdles.

I was almost ready to get the landing net into play, had taken a long step forward to get down close to the water, when my fish suddenly stopped coming in and went away again. It is impossible for me to explain how fast he went away, or how far. Unless he had hit a log or something by this time he should be in the vicinity of Siberia. He evidently decided to go down to the ocean, and he went. I did my best to stop him. I handled my rod as well as I could, and at the last minute I saw a slight hope as my final effort made just the slightest dent in his speed, but an instant later it was all over and I was reeling in a slack line.

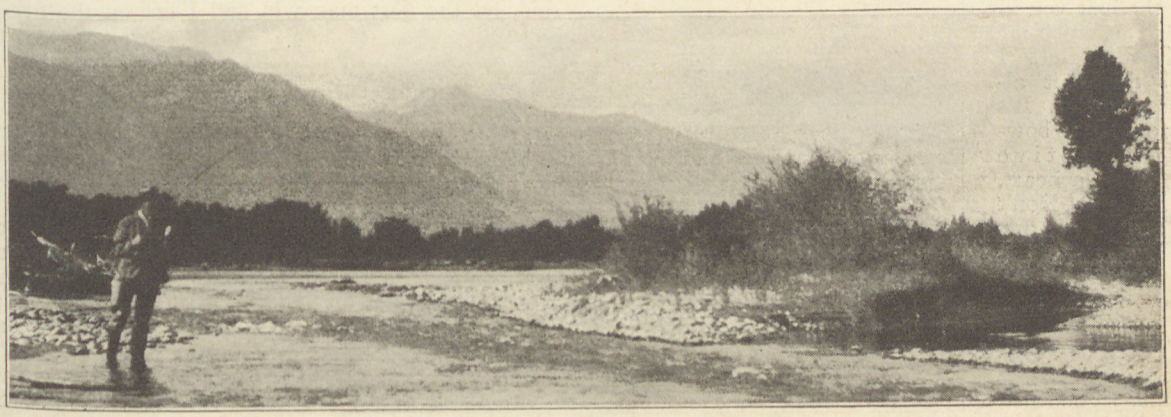
I was sore about this. Let as many anglers as want to tell you that their only emotion on losing a large fish is that of admiration for the fish, and I'll show you something of a liar. Let any angler tell you that "the fish deserved to get away. He put up a wonderful fight and earned his freedom," and I'll show you a man who is either cussing under his breath or has just finished doing so. People don't like to have fish get away from them—especially if the fish is a large one. They try to be good sports and say nice things about the fish, but as a matter of fact they're darn mad at him and they hope he chokes, and they would have been glad enough to get their hands on him even if they had been obliged to hit him over the head with a log.

Of course I may be all wrong. But anyway that's the way I feel. Perhaps I'm a poor sportsman. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that I was very much disgruntled when that fish got away, and what's more I didn't think he earned it. He could have swum away with the leader the first ten seconds of the fight if he had been so wise. All he had to do was to swim away. But instead of that he came within an ace of being landed, and his final maneuver was just a chance shot. He may have been unconscious from fright when he did it.

The average trout that's caught in the Snake river could simply swim away into the swift water and break the delicate leader or the tiny hook with no trouble at all. But they don't do it. Is that so wise? Why will men insist on calling wise a fish that has his freedom in his hands from the start, but simply prefers, it seems, to swim around in little circles and into the net? Why will men call such a stupid exhibition, even for a fish, a "wonderful fight" and then point out that he "earned his freedom"?

Anyway, my fish got away. I lost interest in fishing for a while. I walked along the river and looked for ducks. I spotted a couple of flocks winging up the river, and they came over me at a good height. But they were pretty to watch, and I wished I'd brought my gun. There might be a flight about sundown. What did I care for trout? Nothing.

But after I had dallied around for a while I changed my mind, as I had a perfect right to do, and began to look around for trout. Just below me was a pool of fair size, about forty feet wide and a hundred long, and I made for it. As I came close, I was amazed to see trout rising all over the surface. I didn't know *(Continued on page 70)*



A Gentle Disciple of Walton

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

"AND as I said," continued the gentleman from Illinois, "I envy you, from the bottom of my heart I envy you. Your wife not only fishes with you but she fishes well and takes a real interest in it. I have always said how happy I'd be if my wife could look at it that way and would go out with me on the lakes and streams. I would forego fishing myself. I'd gladly row the boat and see her fish. But—there you are!" As though to put the quietus to his hopes or to unconsciously bear him out in his argument the wife of the gentleman from Illinois appeared, painfully erect and critical, seeking in every nook and corner for the recalcitrant one who was evidently hiding out on her. He made his apologies in a stage whisper—"I'd like to go with you down the shore for that bass you spoke about but I have a date with my wife. She wants to pick flowers and show me a wasp's nest. You see how it is, don't you!"

A few moments later another voice broke the stillness from our cabin next door. This voice came from one to whom years before I had addressed that spectacular bouquet of verses entitled "Sonnets to My Maid of Dreams." It was none other than my wife. Which you may have guessed. She said: "I can't find that green wobbler with the spots on it anywhere. Are you sure that you put it back in the box or did you leave it in the boat? It's not here." And she added: "If that wobbler is lost I won't fish any more. Either that or you hike off for town and get another one like it!"

I knew all about the wobbler of course, a lure that had been hacked up mercilessly by great northern pike and wall eyes and on which the wife had had a success that was quite astonishing, in fact quite beyond conservative reason. So in some trepidation, as the novelist has it, I went in search of the green wobbler and found it under the anchor rope where it had crept away to spend its last brief moments of life in peace ere the grim reaper mowed it down. In spite of its feeble protests I carried it back to the wife who promptly took it in charge, wiped off its glass eyes and polished it up with an oiled rag.

"If that wobbler were the only lure in the world, I'd say something," I said sniffingly. "Why, it's so water-logged now that it hardly holds its own. There are at least ten baits in my tackle box that will make that one look like a railroad tie." I paused for I could think of nothing appropriate as an additional sally of belittlement.

"Nevertheless," smiled back the wife, "I notice that it gets the fish. You know what Bill Vogt told you one time that it didn't matter so much what lure it was that you used just so you felt deep down in your heart that it was a good bait and must catch fish, why, simply, it would catch fish. You have to just *feel* and *know* that the bait you are using is all right and it will get the fish. You have to believe in the bait you are using!"

It didn't astonish me in the least. "But," I replied, "this bait almost passes belief. It's done for. It's bow-legged from active service. Have a heart. Hang it up. Don't make me pick any more of those bristly pike off of it, my hands are almost ruined now as it is."

"Don't fear," came back the wife, "I catch just as many good fish as you do and they are not all bristly pike either, don't fear. I suppose you forget that five and one-half pound bass I caught last week on that same bait. That's more than you did with your whole tackle box of baits."

I had to admit it and in fishing as in everything else the woman gets in the last word even if it is merely a chirp. The disturbing part of it all was that what she had said was in the main the truth. She had caught fish and many of them on that well-gnawed lure and she meant to use it for all it was worth to prove to me definitely and for all time the inconsistency that it doesn't matter what you use for a lure or how bunged up it is, if you believe in it it will turn the trick. Personally I knew deep down in my heart that I couldn't catch a fish on it. If my life depended upon it I would not be able to make any noteworthy connections with fish life with that bedraggled, bedeviled and lacerated wobbler. And yet the wife was using it successfully!

One of my wife's active ambitions to which she devoted herself with a determination that was very nearly religious in its intensity of purpose was to meet up with a tackle-testing great northern pike or muskellunge that would go in weight anywhere between twenty-five and thirty pounds. Of the two varieties she preferred battling with a musky but if no musky were available then a great northern pike would do. Just like that.

Now it also was my ambition that my wife should hook into a fish large enough to cause a stir in certain fishing ranks for when a man's wife is a fisherman or fisherwoman (whichever you will) he wants the world to know about it probably believing that some of her reflected glory will be cast condescendingly and triumphantly over him.

People can then say, "he has certainly taught her to fish and she has proved an apt pupil" (with the emphasis on the "pupil"). As I have said I wanted my wife to catch a large fish so that she could prove to herself and to me and to the world that she was capable of meeting the situation and coming out of it the winner. In every fishing climax she had been capable of defeating the fish in its every effort to escape. So far so good. I applauded my wife's skill. But (and here came the snag) she insisted that the lure to be used be that same green, battle-riddled wobbler of uncertain inception and dubious renown. There is where the clash came and because she intended catching a self-respecting fish of copious dimensions on that hopelessly battered creation I hoped that she would meet the enemy and that it would take lure, line, rod and reel away from her and prove to her conclusively that catching small fish is one thing and to catch the big bruisers is quite another, really a man's work so to speak. I did not for one minute think that any fish would be ignorant enough to slam into that bait but if he did, I said, let the best man win and I bet on the fish.

The Wife—during business hours.

There is another consideration that occurred to me when I surveyed my wife's fishing career and especially her adherence to that bunged-up wobbler. In the perversity of her sex and the desire to disprove everything that was masculine in point of view she wanted to prove that I didn't know what I was talking about. She had

read deeply into my writings on how to fish and true to her sex and its beliefs she doubted what was put down in black upon white. She doubted simply because it was the masculine point of view and it conflicted with her own. She later found that a certain green wobbler caught fish. That being the case it was *the* lure to use. No other lure would do. She probably felt, too, that if she could land a fish of surpassing greatness on that same lure it would give her an opportunity to rub it in. Indirectly she could hold me up to ridicule by proving that one neither needs an elaborate display of tackle or a vast knowledge of fishing to bring home the bacon. Somehow I had a premonition that pointed to a knock-down of some of my own pet illusions and this did not smother itself out any in the face of my wife's determination to do or die.

The lake or chain of lakes that we were fishing at the time had in the past produced some really great muskies but in late years it had failed to extend its reputation materially although there were some splendid specimens abroad in the lake ranging from twenty to a possible thirty-five pounds in weight. Because of their scarcity and the few of them caught annually, naturally the taking of one of these fine specimens became remarkable in proportion to the said scarcity. It happened that I knew this lake like an open book through years of fishing it. In fact I doubt whether there was, or is, a nook or strip of fishing water in that lake that was not, or is not, thoroughly familiar to me. Into some of these places I had brought my wife. I had even convinced her that she should put aside the battered wobbler and try out a certain new creation that was encrusted with silver crystals and on which the sunlight would play with a most dazzling and bewildering glitter. For a while my wife was quite hypnotized by this display of illumination, but I doubted very much whether she "took" to the lure with the same enthusiasm she evinced in using the wobbler of her choice. It was evident that while the lure fascinated her she just didn't feel, as Bill Vogt had it, that it would catch fish. If she "just knew" that this same lure would produce results why then of course that was different, it might be well worth while.

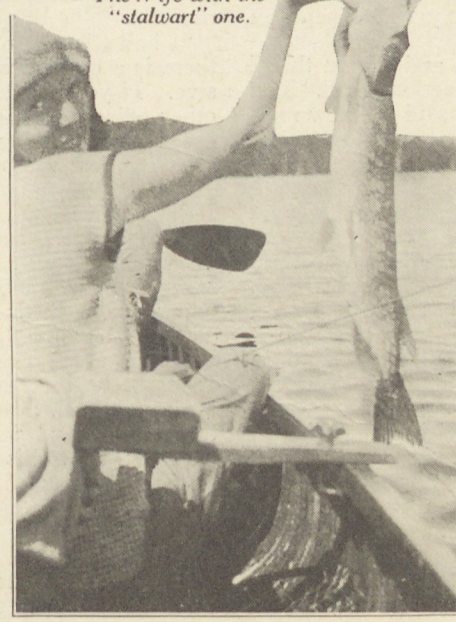
There is a certain nook in a certain bay of the lake we were fishing that has always been an enchanting one to me. One reason probably is that in that same nook in that same bay I have taken out no less than three fine muskies and each of them has been a battler from the word go. Hence you can well imagine that I approach this certain nook every time I venture that way with no little anticipation and with faculties all attune and probably, too, with bated breath, for I know that things are apt to happen in this place, and when they happen they happen quickly. I had told my wife all about it and had prepared her for it. But she was not nervous, though somewhat tense. She meant to do her best when the time came. As we approached the location my eyes were quick to take in what was going on in the neighborhood, especially as applied to this one certain nook. I cannot say that I expected a musky to be there and yet as I cast my glance hither and yon what should I see but the majestic form of a musky swimming the water right close to a certain log that lay thrust out into the lake. I kept my eyes riveted on the fish and in this attitude gave the wife directions minutely how and where to cast, since I was almost certain she could not see the fish from where she was.

That battered wobbler had counted coup on many a pike!

Eventually, in due course of events, the wife made her cast and it went true to the mark, enough forward of the fish and at the proper advanced angle so that it would be reeled past his snout at the proper psychological moment. Now properly I should have been elated at this exhibition of accurate casting and I would have if I had not noticed almost instantaneously with the fall of the lure to the water that it was not the glittering, dazzling, super-brilliant lure I had invited my wife to try but was drab, disconsolate looking, none other than that insignificant wobbler in which my wife so faithfully "believed" and which she "just knew" would bring home the proverbial bacon. Now there you have the situation. Just put yourself in my own shoes and see how you would have felt. Here you have that one opportunity you have always been looking for; here you actually see the fish you are after and he is a splendid specimen of his kind. You would probably go many a weary day before you would meet up with another fish of the sort and here, when you have the whole works fixed, then someone who is your better half flings the hammer into the machinery. For during the interval that I spotted the musky and was not looking my wife had removed from the snap on the line the blinding bright lure and had deftly and deliberately snapped on the battered wobbler!

In the days of yore when the upstanding male wore a thatch of whiskers, was clothed in goatskin rompers and carried a stone hatchet at his belt any such breach of etiquette as the above would have been the signal for action immediately. The erring one would have been seized forthwith and chastised vigorously. Probably I felt that way in the one terrible moment when I saw that wobbler descend. I did not speak. I looked. And just when I looked in my most withering "tone" I changed it to one of surprise for my wife had set the hook into that beautiful fish.

I managed, by what deftness and ingenuity I had at my command, to get the boat away from the treacherous tree thrust out into the lake for although it is the impulse of most muskies when hooked in comparatively shallow water to make for deep water still they do not pass up an opportunity when any obtains to snarl the line among any obstructions that may be in the way. It was a valiant fight and the lady did nobly and well. Probably she almost bit off her tongue in the course of that set-to. The fight was one that had many curves, rushes and sallies to it but eventually came the time, as time must come, when the exhausted fish was seized and lifted into the boat. Then as the waters became still and silence fell upon the land and we sat looking as man and wife upon the result of the latter's prowess came the almost staggering knowledge that my wife had actually caught this splendid fish on that wobbler. She didn't say anything but there was a twinkle of derision in her eyes and her nose wrinkled scornfully. She pointed dramatically to the lure. She shouldn't have done this as I was able to see it without any lens to help me. She wordlessly turned the lure around and with a hundred little pecks of her finger tip indicated the numerous places where teeth had dug into that same lure making it look as though it had been peppered with dust shot. I saw that. She had me at her mercy and I knew of nothing within the range of reason to counter with. She was having her day of exultation!



The Wife with the "stalwart" one.

(Continued on page 69)

The Better the Day—

By
ELMER E. RAWDON

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

THE Reverend John Brainbridge had preached his first resident sermon well, and was at peace both mentally and spiritually. He had eaten a hearty meal and was comfortable physically. He seated himself with a satisfied air in a large, roomy chair, picked up the sporting section of the Sunday paper, and begun a résumé of the ball games of the day before. He was even pleased with the results of those and sat contentedly reading when the door bell rang. He flung aside the paper, and went to the door.

"Ah, Brother Hunter! Come right in. So glad to see you." He shook the deacon's hand warmly.

"Don't have much time t' stay," remarked the deacon, eying the room critically. "Jest dropped in for a little chat with you on, er, I guess I should say, business."

"I was in hopes that this was a social call," offered the young minister, "but, of course, business must come first, especially where the church is concerned."

"Yes, yes, Reverend, the Lord's work is tremendous, and must be taken care of," said the deacon solemnly. "Not much time for social chats and such doo-dads."

"Quite true, Brother Hunter, quite true. It takes all the time that one can find, and then sometimes there doesn't seem to be enough."

"Now then, let me see," began the deacon rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he seated himself. "I'm a much older man than you, and I hope you won't feel hurt any if I offer a little advice."

"No, sir, not one bit, Brother Hunter," smiled the young minister, "in fact I shall be grateful for it—grateful, indeed."

"That's what I thought. Now I've had a lot of experience in the work of the Lord, and especially in this community. You bein' young, and comin' from a big city, and jest bein' out of college, will have a lot of unfamiliar problems to thresh out. I warn you that they will not be easy ones, either. And the length of your stay will depend on jest how well you meet these problems."

"Naturally, Brother Hunter, naturally, and I hope that I am going to prove my worth to the satisfaction of all. You can rest assured that I will do my best," said the new minister determinedly.

"Now then, my first advice would be to preach the gospel straight from the Bible. I don't mean to be critical, but your sermon this morning was not quite firm enough. Don't be too liberal. Keep away from these high-falutin' modernist ideas. They are the words of the devil in disguise. Give the people religion, the good, old-fashioned kind. There'll be some that doesn't want it, but give it to 'em anyway."

"Ah, but don't you think, Deacon, that by being liberal, in a degree, of course, that you can appeal to the younger generation?" asked the minister smilingly.

"No, I don't," snapped the deacon decisively. "There's just one Christian religion, and that's the kind the Puritans taught. There ought to be laws all over the country to make 'em keep the Sabbath holy, and if they didn't obey them they'd ought to be put in stocks same as they used to."

"But, but the Puritans believed in witches, and even went so far as to burn many innocent people to the stake in the name of Christianity," offered the reverend. "Surely—"

"Don't make no difference what they did. Oh, I suppose they made some mistakes, who don't? But they taught religion, they did. They obeyed the Lord's command to keep the Sabbath holy."

"But—" began the new parson.

"Now then," interrupted the deacon, "I'll show you what I mean. We have a member right here in this church that don't know what it is to keep the Sabbath holy. He's just a new one. Started coming with his wife who's been a member for a long time, and then, jest because the boys like him, they set him to teachin' the boys' Bible class."

"Ah, you mean Webster. Why he seems—"

"Yes, I know he seems," cut in the deacon, "but seemin' ain't bein', and I'll prove it. Last Sunday morning it was necessary for me to make an early trip down to the Renner farm to jack them up about repairin' my fence, and collect some damages for what their sheep did to my pasture when they broke through the week before. While I was walkin' along the creek on my way, I heard someone talkin' on the other side of some willows. I investigated, and there was this man Webster, his worthless son, and another fellow called Spider Houser who is one of the hoodlums of the town—and they were fishin'. Then that man comes in a little later, and teaches the Bible class. That is just one of some of the problems that you are facing, young man—just one of them."

"But, but I don't understand. Of course, being reared and educated in a large city, and knowing very little about fishing, places me in a rather awkward position. Ah—let me ask some questions. Just what is it that is obnoxious about this angling business? There are no Blue Laws in this State, you know. What particular objection do you—"

"It's desecratin' the Sabbath," growled the deacon unable to stand more. "Er—it's wrong, and—er—why, I never heard of such a thing. There's laws against it in some states, which shows that some folks still have their right minds, and there should be a law against it here, too. This State is too liberal—too blamed liberal. Fishin' on the Sabbath! And a Bible school teacher! Ugh!"

"Humm, I see, not conventional, unorthodox, conduct unbecoming a teacher," said the minister gravely. "Perhaps we should call a meeting of the board. You could bring your accusations, and we could thresh the matter out right there."

"I had thought of that, Reverend, but have decided that there is a better way; one that will be decisive and conclusive. If you, either alone or in company with one of the other officers of the Church, should just happen along the creek next Sunday morning—well, you might happen to meet Brother Webster and his fishing companions."

Reverend Brainbridge was of the more modern school. He despised gossip. He had no use for tattlers. He couldn't offer much justification for the Blue Laws. He made up his mind, however, that an investigation should be made. He'd see for himself if there was anything particularly objectionable in the conduct of these fishermen who angled on the Sabbath. He noticed that the deacon had characterized one of them as worthless, and another as a hoodlum. It might be that the situation would require rectification. He recognized, also, that Deacon Hunter was a power in the church, and felt that direct opposition to him might spell disaster to his own budding career. Caution was necessary, at least until he had the whip hand of the situation.

For some time longer they discussed the problems of the church, and finally the deacon left, quite satisfied with his efforts.

Day-break on the following Sunday found the minister standing on a high granite cliff. An interwoven tapestry of

green vines and moss covered its age-cracked face. The opposite wall of the little canyon not so steep was studded with countless bushes, small trees, and bright colored flowers. Far below a tiny stream that looked, for all the world, like a giant hour glass that had been carelessly tipped over, hurried on its way to join the parent stream. The slender neck of the glass was formed by two gray, cat-like, crouching rocks between which flowed a thin crystal stream connecting the two transparent pools. A few impatient rays of an early-morning sun flitted quickly from one tiny ripple to another as if in a hurry to say "Good morning." Quickly, however, the lazier ones joined their companions, and together they hurried on their shadow chasing mission.

For twenty minutes the minister stood motionless, drinking deep of the perfume-laden air, and watching each little detail as the rising sun revealed it. Finally, remembering his errand, he carefully made his way down around the cliff, and took up a position at the base of one of the crouching rocks. He had intended to secret himself in the brush, but something in him revolted. The whole situation seemed to cry for fair play. A new world had been revealed to him, and he liked it. Strange birds fluttered about singing their matutinal songs, and preening their tinted feathers. A long-necked crane waded close on his stilt-like legs in search of his morning meal. A fox squirrel appeared as if by magic, took his morning drink, washed his face, and was ready for the day's work. A muskrat glided by noiselessly with a stick in his mouth, and melted into the water weeds and grasses farther down the stream. A slight disturbance in the upper pool revealed a mud turtle laboriously climbing to the back of a half-sunken log, and he was shortly followed by his companion for the day.

"What a world," thought the minister, "what a perfect world. No criticism, no factions. Everything here for their use, and they use no more than they need. What a wonderful plan. God, what a botch man has made out of your sphere!"

Suddenly the young parson was awakened from his musings by the sound of low-pitched voices, and on looking up he saw two boys entering the far end of the lower pool. They were closely followed by a man whom the minister recognized at once. He had never seen Frank Webster clad in fishing togs before, but he noticed that they seemed in harmony with the wearer. The boys were also dressed for the occasion. Each wore a cap pulled well down over his eyes to thwart the glare of the morning sun against which they were fishing. Tan outing shirts, opened at the throat, revealed their sun-browned necks. Creels hung at their hips, and light-weight waders came well up under their arms. Each carried a slender rod to which the rhythmic movements of their tireless wrists gave life.

"You take the right, Spider; and Billy, you stay on this side," said the man as he stepped ashore. "I'll pair off with Spider on the upper pool. Watch yourselves now, for they're in here. Take it slow. Remember, Billy, keep your fly in the water; and you, Spider, keep that back cast in the air. Now go to work."

Both boys started advancing slowly. None of the three noticed the minister who was now standing in the open watching the proceedings with great interest. Suddenly Spider snapped his wrist, stiffened and stopped. The rod bent like a bow.

"Hold up a minute, Billy, Spider's got one."

"Ain't very big," exclaimed Spider, "but gosh, don't he fight?"

"No quitters in here," replied the teacher. "Give 'im line, Boy."

Suddenly the fish broke water. Spider dropped the tip of his rod slightly to prevent the bass from falling on a tight line and breaking loose.

"Fine, Boy, fine!" grinned the instructor. "You'll do. You get an A plus for that."

"Look at 'im go!" laughed the boy as the line sizzled through the water.

The battle was soon over, however, and the fish netted. The boy wet his hands to keep from removing any natural slime from the body of the fish as he handled it, and measured it along the butt of the rod.

"Little short o' the scratch," he said, and carefully slipped it back into the water.

The minister's keen eyes widened as he watched from his vantage point. Surely this was an extraordinary code for a hoodlum.

Again the anglers started on, advancing slowly and cautiously. Without warning there was a swirl about the lure at the end of Billy's line. The rod snapped back like a flash, and the second fish was on.

"He's a good one, Son," remarked the man from shore with a trace of excitement in his voice. "Watch yourself now."

The line cut the water like a miniature periscope as the bass started for the upper end of the pool. A grim look of determination came over the boy's face as he tried to check the darting small mouth. Suddenly the fish changed its course and came back like an arrow. Equal to the occasion the boy stripped in the line. Without warning the bass left the water, shook himself defiantly, and fell back with a resounding slap. At the sight of the big fellow, Spider unconsciously started forward to give aid. He slipped, lost his cap, exposing a thick crop of red hair, and then stood still at a word from Webster.

"Hold up there, Spider. Remember the rules. Let 'im finish the job."

Again the bass left the water in an effort to rid himself of the annoying feathers that stuck to the corner of his mouth. Finding such tactics useless he once more started for the upper end of the pool.

"Turn 'im, Billy! Turn 'im. He's headin' fer the rocks," shouted Spider unable to contain himself further.

The boy's rod was bent almost to the breaking point. He gave line grudgingly, but the fighting small mouth kept on toward the rocks. Suddenly there was a great splashing at the neck of the pool. The minister had entered the water. Threatened by a new menace, the fish left the rocks, came back, and the battle went on. Twice more the big bronze back left the water, and twice more he fell back with the little hook holding firmly. Soon his rushes became shorter and weaker, and he finally turned his gleaming belly to the morning sun. Carefully the boy netted him, and with beaming face held him aloft for all the world to see.

"I am sorry, if I have interfered. I—I—really, I believe I lost my head for the moment. I hope have done nothing that I shouldn't have," exclaimed the minister apologetically.

"It's all right, Reverend," exclaimed Webster as he hurried forward. "I—it was a surprise, to be sure. Ah, you see we sort of have a rule that we're not to accept aid from one another in taking a fish—just a sort of a little code of our own. There's nothing in it about outside aid, though. Gosh, I didn't have any idea that you were an angler."

"Oh, I'm not an angler, but if I could contrive some way to get a little instruction from one of three sportsmen I know of, I honestly believe I would make one."

"I'm sure you would," exclaimed Webster as the men shook hands, standing waist deep in the clear water.

"Webster, it's no wonder that you can teach a Bible class. It's no wonder the boys like you, and if you won't mind, I'd like to have you give us a little lecture at a special meeting tonight on the art of making men."

"Ah—this is sort of out of my—"

"Dad," interrupted a voice from behind. "Er—me an' Spider just been figuring our rules have been kind of mussed up on this fish, and we thought it might be best to give it to Mr. Brainbridge. It'll kind of just keep our records from gettin' mixed."

APRIL WIND

By V. Vinyard Knight

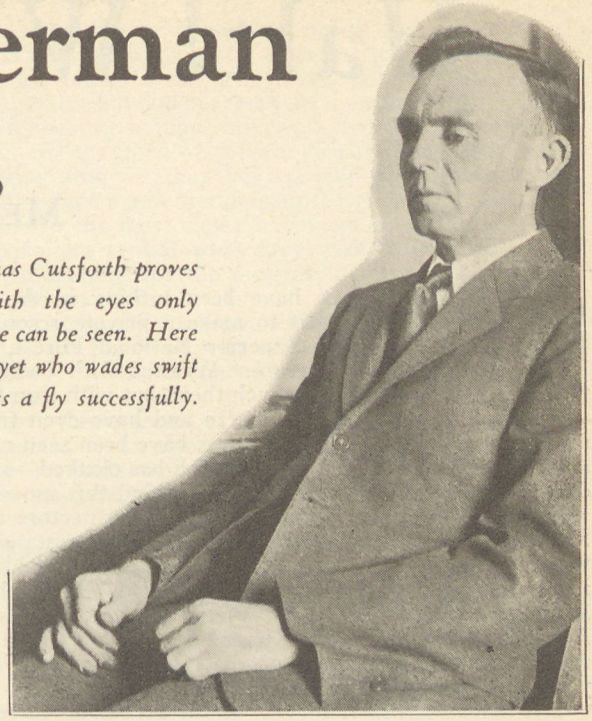
HE'S a merry little fellow
In a little coat of yellow
And a little pointed cap of palest green
And he's just as shy and lazy
As a little wilding daisy
Drowsing in a little meadow dream.

SO he plays a little while
Then he smiles a little smile
As he sees the dainty little queen of May
Pulls his little cap down tighter
And his little belt up higher
And whistling softly scampers on his way.

A Blind Fisherman

By
LEONARD H. DELANO

THIS story of Thomas Cutsforth proves that it is not with the eyes only that the beauties of nature can be seen. Here is a man blind since 11, yet who wades swift western streams and casts a fly successfully.



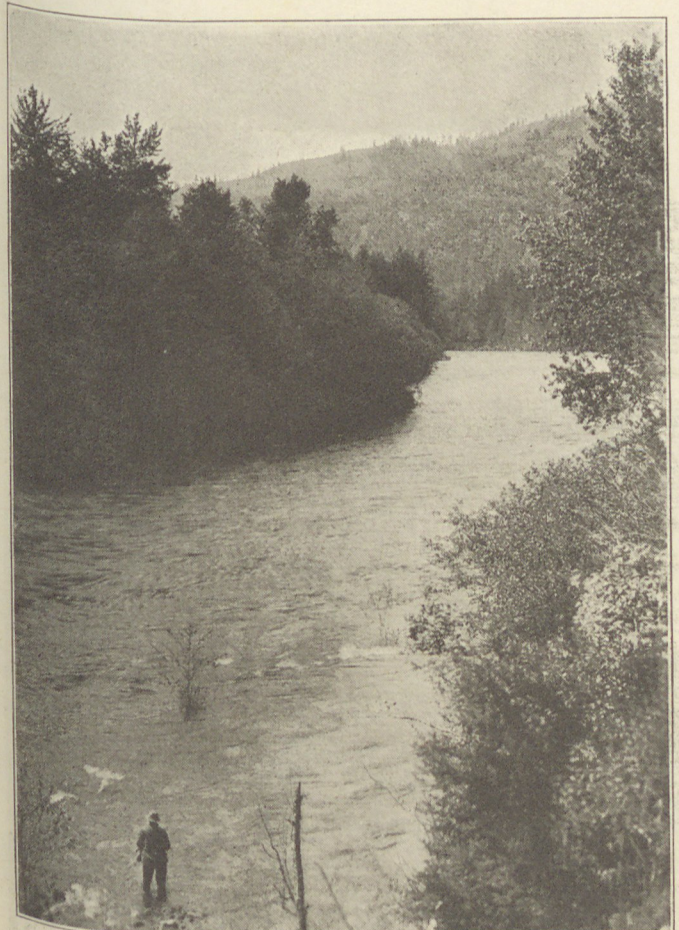
THOMAS CUTSFORTH, blind psychology instructor, until recently at the University of Oregon, doesn't burden himself with very much fishing equipment when he goes out after trout.

Some spinners which he makes himself: a little line in his pockets, a few hooks or a few pins to be used as hooks, a jackknife, and . . . . well, lots of stout willow poles grow along Oregon trout streams, so the list is complete.

Though without sight since the age of 11, this remarkably interesting Westerner, 33 years old, is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton and a lover of the out-of-doors. Few persons with sight know the trout streams of Oregon any better, or even as well as does he. In the wild Rogue river, in the snow-fed waters of the McKenzie and in most of the other fish streams of the Webfoot state he has tossed his line and been successful in catching members of the finny tribe. The lure of these mountain streams appeals to him as it does to all lovers of a full creel.

Does he have someone to go along to show him the way and help pull out the fish? Not if he can help it! Only on new trails he does not know does he have any company. He is a seeker after solitude, and he is as independent as possible.

"I make all my own fishing equipment myself when in the trout country," he declares. "It may be all right for the average person, especially 'the tired business man,' to use the artificial stuff. But I never did get any kick out of fishing that way."



"The banks of the Rogue and the snow-fed waters of the McKenzie are as an open book to him."

Cutsforth owns a cottage at Charleston near Coos Bay, in the midst of all the southern Oregon beauty. In past summers he has made repeated trips from this cottage into the woods and canyons. The banks of the Rogue are as an open book to him who must rely on his memory of places and on his inherent ability at orientation. Alone, he has traveled its banks, and alone drawn in the fighting trout.

His reputation as a woods guide in the fishing territory is not quite so wide, but still it is unquestioned. On numerous occasions, he has led parties of hunters and fishermen through the fir forests of Oregon which he has traveled before.

He is acquainted with all kinds of Oregon firs and pines and three or four different kinds of oak, as well as numerous plants and bushes through his sense of feeling.

"I was amazed a short time ago," he told the writer, "to hear of much publicity being given to the case of a young blind fellow in the Middle West who was able to detect the species of a few trees by touch. I hadn't realized until then that there was any blind person, who knew the outdoors at all, who could not identify a large number of trees!"

Some time ago, a group of travelers who had stopped near his cottage got into an argument as to the species of a certain bush by the wayside. Cutsforth settled the question immediately.

"That," he declared, after feeling of the bush, "is nothing more nor less than a huckleberry bush."

Tom's average mileage a day with a good-sized pack on his back is 20 miles, no mean accomplishment for even a sighted person. Well do many who have hired him as a guide realize this.

Of his ideas on fishing, he again declares, "I am a firm believer in the use of the wet fly for trout casting. At the time of the season when the fish are biting, any fool can catch them with a dry fly. But in a dull season, I believe one will get more success with a wet fly, if he knows anything about fishing at all."

He asserts that he is much interested in surf casting, a proven thriller because one never knows what he will hook.

For a number of years this blind man has been head of the University of Oregon elementary psychology laboratory and was recently awarded a coveted fellowship by the Social Science Research Council for a research into the subject of the economic relation of the blind to society. He is now making the study in the Harvard laboratories.

But wherever his profession takes him, Cutsforth is positive that he will annually visit the habitat of the western fish and walk anew along old trails.

Halt! Who's There?

By

MEL R. NYMAN

SHADOWY figures have been lurking in the background of the effort to make a private resource of the waters of the Superior National Forest, up in northeastern Minnesota. Wraiths with bodies that melt away when you try to touch them, but with iron fingers which clutch and tap and squeeze and have even tried to grasp the tiller of the ship of state, have been seen moving about in the dusk of anonymity which has cloaked—or tried devilish hard to cloak—the powers behind this move.

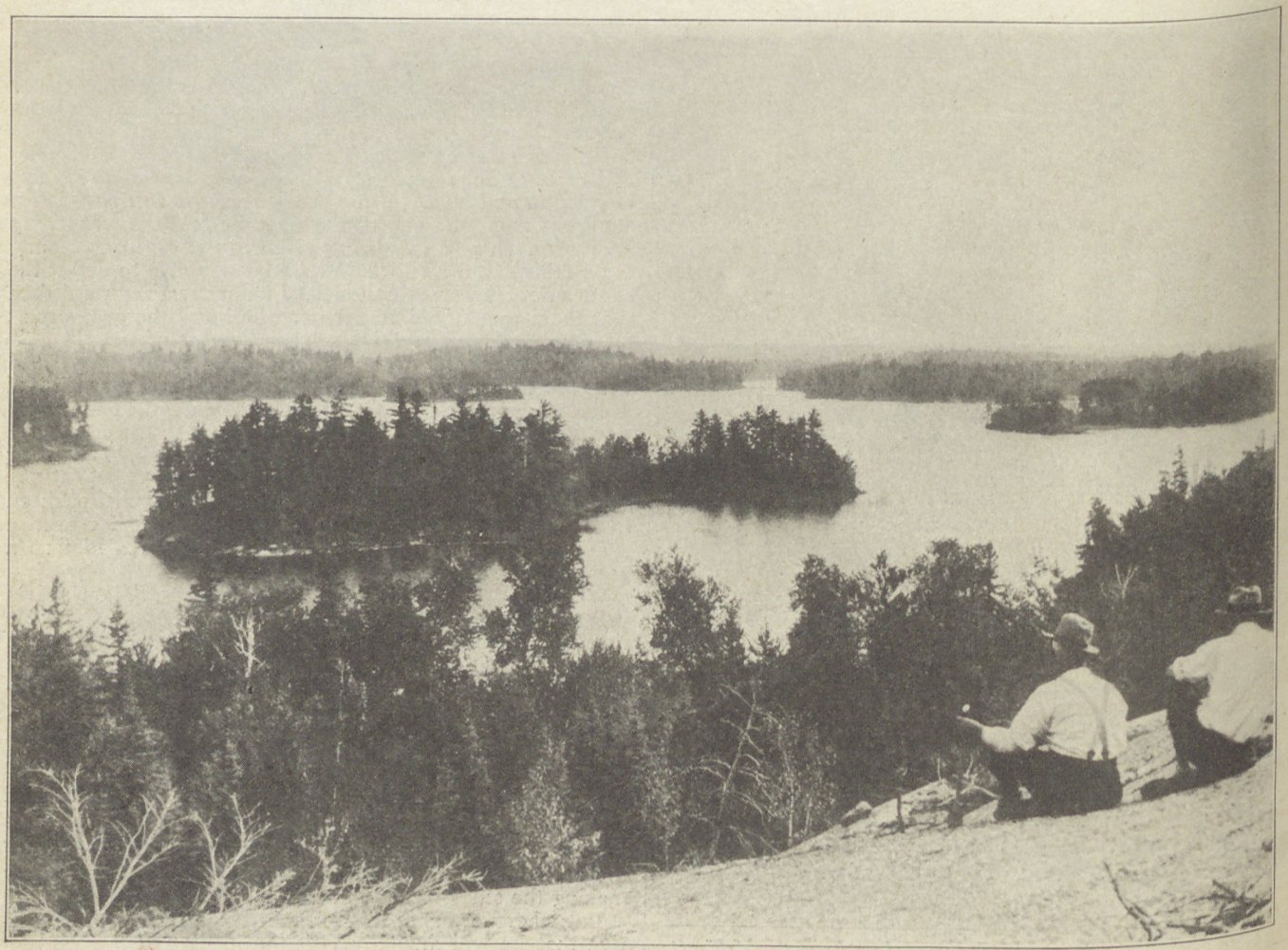
Such are the odds against which the protectors of the Superior Forest as a public domain, themselves standing in the light of day, clearly labelled, writing with bold flourishes their own names, have had to fight. It has been a long fight, and a hard one. Victory is not yet complete. But it is on the horizon: a victory doubly sweet because of the hardships of trying to combat things that melt before you, slinking away into the dusk.

The extent of the victory at the present moment consists in virtual assurance that the Shipstead-Newton bill will be passed by Congress when it reconvenes. This bill makes no permanent decision in the matter. But it does prohibit any further alteration in the water levels of any lake or stream in or bordering upon the Superior Forest without the consent of Congress.

That is to say, the enemy has been forced into the open air: from now on the targets will be clear-cut, distinguishable. Daylight has come. That those who have tried to grasp the Superior Forest will attempt to carry on their fight seems unlikely. Theirs is not the kind of fight that does well in the open. And the vehemence behind the opinion, not only public opinion but official opinion, that has been evidenced thus far in the fight, foretells the doom of any efforts to press the matter further. Its success was premised on swift strokes, hidden power, and smoke-screens. With these dissipated, the end was only a matter of time.

The whole campaign of those who have been opposing this proposed exploitation has been directed toward bringing the matter out into the light of day. They knew that if time to investigate were given, the merits of the entire case would decide it, and that the merits could decide it in only one direction. This fight has been going on since, unexpectedly, a group of Walton Leaguers and others appeared at a hearing of the International Joint Commission in 1925 and spoiled the plans of private interests to rush through authorization for the virtually complete commercializing of the Superior Forest and the flooding of countless thousands of acres of timber land.

Since that time all concerned have labored ceaselessly and well toward the opening up and clarifying of the whole issue. With the introduction of the Shipstead-Newton bill



Beautiful Lac LaCroix where nature is at its best and the exploiters would drown it out.

to preclude the raising of water levels, irrespective of any other authorization, until the consent of Congress was given, Congress became so intensely interested in the proposition that in August sub-committees of the Senate and House committees in whose province the bill came made trips through the Forest to study the problem at first hand.

Naturally, all of us awaited with the utmost interest the findings of these committees. The Senate committee reported the bill out unanimously with two minor amendments, and the House committee reported it out by a large majority. Right here the doom of the private exploiters was sealed. The sub-committees had made a thorough investigation. Proponents of both sides had been with them. They served as the jury before which the case was actually tried. And they decided in behalf of the Superior Forest and those who were fighting for it.

But the folks at Washington keep an eagle eye on the feelings of the people of the state in which a national matter is being decided. What did the people of Minnesota think about it? And since it was virtually certain that the matter would be brought up in the state legislature, the issue became a major one in the political campaigns. Every candidate for the Minnesota legislature was questioned in the matter. Many made it the principal plank in their platforms.

And on March 9, 1929, the legislature of the state of Minnesota memorialized Congress to pass the Shipstead-Newton bill, and the governor of Minnesota signed the concurrent resolution and it was sent to Washington.

So that's what the people of Minnesota think about it.

This resolution pleads for a fair shake. It asks that judgment be withheld until there is no question about the preponderance of public good that would come through the building of the dams, and it asks this on the basic fact that, while dams can always be built, if scenery is destroyed, if a wilderness is destroyed, it is destroyed forever and the mistake, if mistake it should be, can not be rectified.

That is all that ever has been asked. It is an answer to the propaganda that always gets set in motion whenever conservationists try to stop ruthless destruction of the public domain for the good of private corporations: that they are hindering progress, that they are wild-eyed sentimentalists, that they are a few standing in the path of benefit for the many—for the most clever argument of all those used by the exploiters is that what they wish to do is for the benefit of humanity, for the progress of civilization. But it doesn't always work.

It is just one of the old arguments that doesn't work any more. And all of them, with all of the strategy of the world that moves in the shadows behind the scenes, were used this time.

They were the weapons of an earlier age, effective on a sleeping public, or an unorganized public. They were too obsolete to use this time. The private interests that wanted a public forest have, like the Two Black Crows, "found that out."

All of which indicates that the handful of men who dared appear before the International Joint Commission in 1925, unprepared but fighting desperately for time, started a fight which beat, in his own state, one of the most powerful political forces, one of the richest men, one of the strongest disbelievers in the outdoor recreational value of the Superior Forest in the whole Northwest.

A fight won in the home state is half won at Washington. And with the bill reported favorably for passage from the committees at the Capitol, the end seems near. The handful of men, since grown to an army, who were laughed at for daring to oppose the greatest machine in the Northwest, have justified their faith in the rightness of their cause.

The direct result of dams flooding the shore line and killing everything within reach. Sand Point Lake, Minnesota.

STATE OF MINNESOTA

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Memorializing Congress to Pass the (S. 3913) Shipstead-Newton (H. R. 12780) Bill.

S. F. No. 166—Introduced by Messrs. MacLean, Lilygren, Anderson and Swenson.

WHEREAS, there has been introduced, and is now pending before the Congress of the United States, introduced in the Senate by Senator Henrik Shipstead, as Senate Bill, S. No. 3913, and introduced in the House by Congressman Walter H. Newton, as House Bill, H. R. No. 12780, that certain bill now commonly known as the Shipstead-Newton bill which **prohibits any and all further alteration of the natural water level of any lake or stream within or bordering upon the area now known as the Superior National Forest,** and all other public lands of the United States situated north of township 60 north in the counties of Cook, Lake, and Saint Louis, in the State of Minnesota, including the natural shore lines of Lake Superior and of the lakes and streams forming the international boundary so far as they lie within this area, which will result in flooding lands of the United States therein, without the consent of Congress, and places restrictions upon logging and upon all forms of entry or appropriation under the public land laws of the United States in such area; and

Whereas, this region, a part of the fourteen thousand five hundred square miles covered by the Rainy Lake water shed, lying in Ontario and Minnesota, and the immediately adjacent lands and waters constitutes the **only remaining vast wilderness area in the central part of North America;** and

Whereas, this region contains the only remaining extensive coniferous forests in the Middle West with unusual potentialities for the development of a future continuous supply of forest products; and

Whereas, this region is blessed with precious international historic values, rare scenic qualities and unique recreational facilities within easy reach of one hundred million residents of both Canada and the United States; and

Whereas, this area affords an unusual opportunity to preserve, perpetuate, restock, and increase various species of wild life of invaluable economic and aesthetic importance to both nations; and

Whereas, this region is now a great and beautiful pleasure ground for lovers of nature and wild life, visited annually by ever increasing thousands of recreationists; and

Whereas, the unrestricted development of this region may destroy or substantially injure the said forests, lakes and streams for recreational purposes, and may hinder the enactment of proper regulatory legislation for the development of this region consistent with the general purposes of such recreational area;

Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved, By the Senate of the State of Minnesota, the House of Representatives concurring, that the Congress of the United States be memorialized that it is the sense of the members of the Legislature of the State of Minnesota that **such bill should be enacted into law,** and such action be taken before the adjournment of Congress now sitting.

Be It Further Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate forthwith transmit a copy of this resolution to the President of the United States, to the Secretary of the Interior, to the Secretary of Agriculture, to the United States Senate, to the House of Representatives, to the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, to the House Committee on Public Lands, and to each Senator and Representative in Congress from the State of Minnesota.

Passed the Senate the Twenty-first day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine.

Secretary of the Senate.

W. I. Nolan

President of the Senate.

Passed the House of Representatives the Twenty-eighth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine.

Chief Clerk, House of Representatives.

John J. Johnson

Speaker of the House.

Filed March 9, 1929.

Secretary of State.

Approved March 8, 1929.

Theodore Christianson

Governor of the State of Minnesota.

Let us take a look at what Senator Shipstead has to say about the findings of the committees that investigated the affair in the Forest. He says, in part:

"The bill (S. 3913), if enacted into law, would give legislative sanction to a new conception of land service in which the inspirational, spiritual, and recreational potentialities of lands under the control of the Federal Government and their rapidly increasing importance and value to the people of the nation would be recognized and safeguarded.

"The area involved is closely related to large centers of population. As population grows it will have increasing need for such areas as described in the bill to moderate the strain of modern existence, for the regeneration of its spiritual, mental, and physical vigor.

"The testimony submitted to the committee has established the fact that the potential water-power resources of the lands described in the bill are of considerable extent, but that their realization necessarily would involve considerable modification of water levels markedly destructive of the present scenic beauty and inspirational power of a large part of the region and possibly of great detriment to the fish and animal life with which the region now abounds.

"There has been no convincing establishment of the fact that the industrial or economic welfare of the territory tributary to the Rainy Lake drainage requires or is vitally dependent upon the full realization of the potential power

capacity of the lakes and streams involved. On the other hand, there has been a strong showing of proof that the scenic quality and inspirational character of the area is unique, that it will in time be of great importance in meeting the recreational needs of large numbers of people and that from the standpoint of local economy and welfare the unique natural values, if retained in an unmodified state, will in time contribute substantially to the commercial and industrial life of the region and to the support of its institutions.

"The committee found that more power is being generated at present than is actually used by the local industry, since surplus power is being sold on both the Canadian and American sides of the Rainy River. The committee also found that to provide against emergencies and to take care of exceptional conditions, that the pulp and paper company at International Falls maintains an auxiliary steam-power plant. This appears to be used only to a limited extent, indicating that the energy generated by the water power is sufficient for the normal industrial needs.

"There is a far greater danger to stable employment in the woods and in the mill through the shortage of raw material than in the lack of additional reservoir facilities. Estimates of the available timber in private holding on the American side indicate that the supply cannot last but a short period and that *the committee did not find any inclination in that vicinity on the part of the private timberland owner to handle his forest in such manner as to provide for its regrowth and for a permanent industry.* In the face of the impending shortage of raw material, there does not seem to exist any economic justification for overexpansion of the power capacity.

"There seems to be no other immediate American source of the raw material for the paper and pulp industry at International Falls, except the one of the Superior National Forest. As this area is gradually made more productive under systematic forest management, it should become an ever-increasing source of the essential raw material and so furnish continuous employment, both in the woods and in the mill. As larger supplies of raw material become perpetually available, further development of water power may become economically desirable and justifiable. When such a time comes, the development of additional water power should be made under such public control that would safeguard the scenic beauty of the region, and guarantee an equitable distribution of power throughout the whole region instead of creating a private monopoly. In the opinion of the committee there is no such economic necessity at present.

"Objection has also been made to the setting aside of public lands for recreational purposes on the grounds that such lands would be chiefly used by the wealthy class of citizens for summer homes, thus preventing the less fortunate financially situated people from enjoying the recreational facilities of the area. If this were true it would be a severe indictment of the bill. However, this is exactly what the bill is intended to prevent. It will safeguard the area and at the same time make it possible for all our people to enjoy the out-of-door recreational facilities of this area without having their vacations spoiled by signs reading, 'Private property; keep out.'"

The great majority of our people, irrespective of their financial standing, enjoy the out-of-doors, and it is well known that the shores of many lakes of Minnesota and other States are rapidly passing to private ownership and that the general public is gradually more and more being deprived of enjoying a vacation or a week-end in camp, due to the lack of funds necessary for the purchase of a lot or acreage, and due to rapid acquisition of lake shore by private owners.

"'It is, therefore, hoped that by setting aside the Lake Shore property owned by the Federal Government in this watershed area instead of permitting it to pass to private ownership, it will be opened to the public for the use of the public, rich and poor alike, who may desire to use it for recreational purposes under such regulations.

"The preponderance of information available to the committee seems definitely to establish the fact that the extension to the described area of the principles set forth in the bill S. 3913 would conserve and enhance the natural capacity of the area to serve humanity in beneficial and stimulating ways without any interference with the commercial and industrial use of any of its material resources save and except that of water power. The commercial development of the potential water-power of the series of international lakes and of other lakes tributary thereto would be restrained by the provisions of the bill. The committee has not been able accurately to evaluate inspirational and recreational potentialities on the one hand, or the power potentialities on the other with a view to determining their respective public importance, but it has reached the conclusion that such doubt as may exist should be resolved in favor of the scenic and inspirational values which once modified or destroyed cannot be restored. It, therefore, recommends approval of the bill."

Looking towards the Narrows on Little Vermillion where it is proposed to build an 82 foot dam and hold back the water, completely killing all the stand of timber for many miles along the river. This will also raise the water level of Loon Lake about 40 feet and destroy all of its shoreline timber.

The Big Spread

By
JOHN B. THOMPSON
(Ozark Ripley)

"*BO' JOUR!*" The big Ojibway gutturaled the universal salutation of his parts, and looked me straight in the face with his expressive brown orbs. "Mebbe you lak know where get beeg moose? Mebbe dis fall—I know where is great beeg moose."

Without further ado I took advantage of the proffer of guidance and two months later I was packing in with the big Ojibway, east of Jackfish river, to venture into the terrain where numerous small lakes are doubtless feeders of this amazingly bountiful trout stream. The character of the going obviously was never created for speedy traverse.

Presently I began to admit grudgingly that the red man was packing more than his share, though he displayed no evidence of fatigue nor uttered the semblance of a word of complaint. But the load certainly must have been a tremendous tax on his strength, notwithstanding his great size and his 240 pounds of bone and muscle perfectly distributed.

I was about to ask the guide if I could relieve him of some of his burden when he spoke: "Better let me carry your rifle; she damn rough here."

And I was but carrying my rifle and a mighty light pack!

Dusk was far on its way before I realized it. A moment previous I had been startled by the appearance in the dim trail ahead of a yearling bull moose, a loose coupled member of the tribe, whose length of legs looked to be all out of proportion to the balance of his anatomy. Through the misty haze he seemed to be set on four long stilts, and his first antlers were entirely too small for his big long head. Whereupon a huge cow and two calves stepped into the soggy scene. The old lady displayed immediate suspicion at our presence, beating a hasty departure, while one of the big calves stopped so long that I felt sure it wanted us to have a good look at what its vanity told it were its magnificent proportions.

"Leetle bull, cow and fools calves," Ambrose remarked in monotone. "See beeg feller, mebbe one day pretty soon."

Moose and moose hunting just then were the least of my thoughts. I was tiring and tiring badly, at that. Furthermore, I was floundering. To add to my affliction I could barely see in the onrushing darkness. My only guidance was the nebulous frame of the big Indian in front of me imperturbably carrying on.

When through total lack of strength I was about to rebel against continuing farther, I heard the Ojibway crash through a small grove of mixed birches and poplars, stop and fling his burdensome pack to the ground.

"Camp here tonight. Camp here, mebbe so, all de trip," he vouchsafed, with the added information. "Dis great moose and Ahdik-caribou-country. Many beeg fellers here. Plenty wood. Whole damn plenty water. Dry all time under dis beeg ledge of rock. Right-away now supper. Den sleep whole much. No rain she touch you here."

Anyone who visited certain regions of the North Shore of the Lake Superior country of Ontario during the fall of 1928 will not fail to agree with me, that so constantly it rained, had the topography been composed of anything but cooled off melted rock and timber, it would have washed away in a liquid ooze. It rained all day every day. It rained all night, stripping the trees of leaves save that here and there some vigorous growth refused to shed its foliage until a hard freeze actually forced it. Desistance or cessation was unknown in the repertoire of the rain at that period. Even the Indian stoically admitted he had not seen more rain, but he would not agree with me that it caused unusual discomforts, or threatened in the least the outcome of our hunt.

"Mebbe she rain more, mebbe she quits some time," was his prophecy. "Get beeg bull just de same—mebbe tomorrow, mebbe enny time you ready to hunt."

"In this rain!" I flouted the very idea.

"Mebbe yes, mebbe no. Leetle wet no hurt man."

"Seems to me it's darned poor time for calling," I complained.

"You no think of callin' moose!" There was startling rebuke in the Ojibway's beautiful eyes.

"Tink callin' moose what you call sport? I no tink it sport. What you say now, 'Neence'-man?"

I was not in a frame of mind to contradict him. What did it matter, after all? The adjacent spruces weeping under their weight of rain argued badly for my success, anyway. But I could not but think of what the Indian had said. I beheld the Ojibway's compelling eyes, and, staring into them, I understood the immensity of his unexplained tenets regarding the wild creatures.

He thought it excusable to kill game when stressed for food how and when you found it, but killing for sport meant harder rules. In the presence of this son of the North Woods, my baser ideas were transmuted into standards of common sense sportsmanship. Was it reconcilable with the words fair play and sportsmanship to kill a bull moose when it was wholly under the spell of the most fervid lusting period, when Nature was demanding reproduction so emphatically? At such a time when all the subtle craft of a moose in eluding man was dwarfed by the call of the season.

The very next day I fell considerably in the estimate of the Ojibway. Discovering a large black bear aimlessly milling in some poplars I shot it. If I had killed a friend, the Indian could not have gazed at me with more dismay in his face. Had I remembered at the moment that Ambrose was a full blooded Ojibway, the bear would have escaped unharmed. Ambrose is of the traditional bear clan and as soon as the bear was in the rigors of death, the Indian began his prayerful apologies, emphasizing the ignorance of a certain nearby white man and pleading to Magua not to be regarded in the same class. How low I had actually fallen in the esteem of the Indian was proven a little later when we were skirting the rimmings of a small sized lake and through the slanting rain espied a very large bull moose on the opposite side. The Indian grunted, kicked a hollow log at his feet,

"My eyes held, fascinated, to the spot where the Ojibway pointed."

and to prove that his resentment still existed, strode without further ado toward camp.

If on the next day Ambrose bore me any grudge he concealed it carefully. I fancied that he purposely avoided the locality where I had killed the bear. Perhaps he was even more chary of speech than ever. After a long trail he brought me with laboring breath to a region of lakes of small size with which I felt I was pretty well acquainted, though I had never visited them except in summer. Placidly they reached out with seepy meanderings through small muskegs and cedar swamp.

It still rained, but in spasmodic outbursts that indicated it had been pouring down so incessantly that there was not much more of a supply left in the heavens.

Deep moose trails were constantly visible. They disclosed that notwithstanding the continual rain, game was starting to move about. Ambrose regarded the trails intently. With his right hand he pointed to some extremely large imprints—of so great size they were not to be eroded by the hardest rain.

"Magua!" The Indian cried excitedly, while we were pushing our way through a growth of alders between a tiny lake and a bare opening in the spruce woods. "Great beegges' bear I ever see. He beeg fool to tink he mebbe find some leetle patch blueberries dis late. Better be goin' to long winter sleeping place.

"You no shoot dis time?" he studied me with the perplexity of an Indian trying to reason things according to a white man's customs. He saw I was resolutely controlling my desire for a kill—if not through any private scruples, at least out of respect to his antiquated regard for the tenets of the bear clan.

"So you no shoot," he expressed his ecstasy. "You no shoot Magua! Mebbe yes, mebbe no. I bet today dis white man sees beegges' moose dan ever seen ennywhere 'roun' Bass Lake near Nipigon river."

This did not impress me so much as the return of friendship in the big Ojibway's face.

A small rivulet trickled an entrance into a bit of heavy cover, while a flanking moose trail threaded its route along our left, paralleling the very edge of a precipitous hill. Desultory snow flakes appeared, evidently foreshadowing a big snow. The red man's eyes, however, never deflected from the trail. Once he stopped to show me that a large animal had gone ahead. The huge imprint was barely visible, but the muddy state of the hither and thither of water corroborated the statement that its traverse had been very recent.

"Dis trail," whispered my stalwart guide, "she goes to moose wallow. Where she go out we find beeg bull."

Presently I discovered we were on the east bank of the wilderness near hidden Jackfish river; and a few more rods brought us abruptly against the largest moose wallow I have ever seen.

"But, Ambrose," I protested, "moose don't make use of the wallow this time of the year?"

"Mebbe not, mebbe so," he answered. "Sometimes bulls she comes now for salt taste, and dis bulls is just doing dot, I bet you, by damn! No much talk now. Mebbe wid wind, mebbe agin' wind, but which way dot moose leave wallow means you no talk any."

Whereupon Ambrose with the sagacity and keenness of a bloodhound or through some sixth sense, in the yellow milling muck picked one trail from a copious mingling of apparently similar ones, and followed it in a southeasterly direction, up a big hill of birches where I stopped and cursed every foot of the tricky clay soil. I could see this much, however, the rain had softened the ground so it was easy to pursue a trail.

After attaining the top of the eminence, the guide started slowly down into a swamp barricaded on all sides with immense close growing cedars. They were so close together as to seem absolutely impenetrable by any large animal. At the first few yards the Ojibway stopped, scanned carefully the imperceptible trail which was vanishing quickly as it entered the swamp area.

"Dat beeg bull she goes in here," he whispered. "Dey says beeg bull can go through any timbers no matter how tick dey bees. Dat no true. Watch here. In dese cedars de ole boy has to pick her way, so beeg he is. Look de beeg muddy places."

That instant I discovered the massive wanderer's trail. I exclaimed, but the Indian immediately cautioned:

"No talk. Dis swamp bout mile beeg. Very roun'. Tink beeg bull here. I sure he no yet get wind of us. Must find her soon. Nudder hour be too dark, and no see how to pick way out dis swamp. We goin' wade water, moccasin-top deep. Gets high groun' in center."

I studied the murky sky. The wind starting from the east was whipping into it great gaps of clear blue. I fell behind Ambrose, imitating his slow, high stepping gait, exercising the utmost care against splashing any in the cold water or stumbling over the myriads of long cedar roots, skillfully concealed by grass and deceptive growths of moss. Of the trail of the quarry I knew nothing more. To keep close to Ambrose in his slow, perplexing windings was enough grief for me without thinking of any indications of signs which the water was so subtly concealing. Had I been in a better physical state to observe, perhaps, like Ambrose, I would have perceived depressions in the moss and grass, as well as large round spots of disturbed watery underfooting.

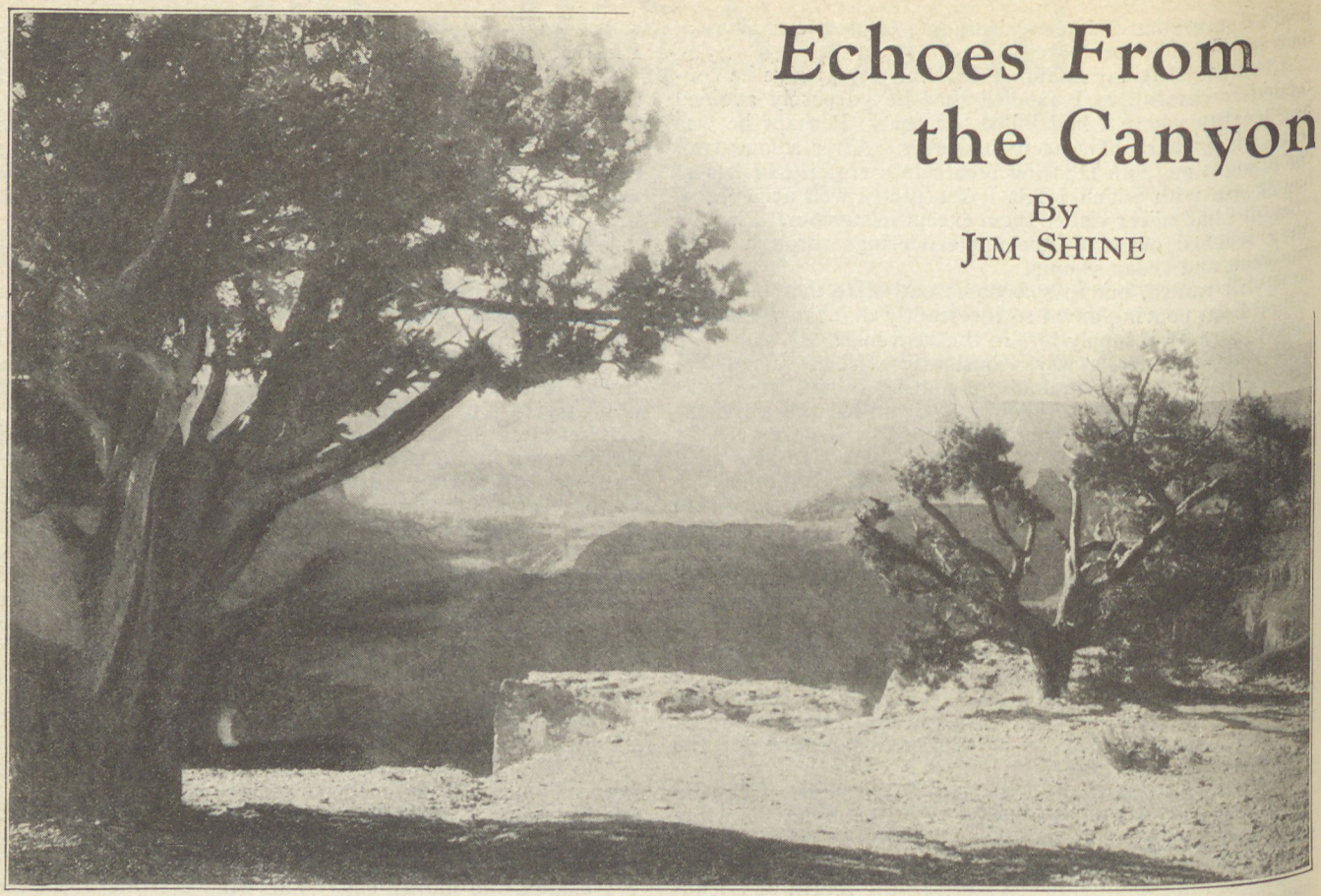
We came to a halt on some high ground which prom-

(Continued on page 104)

"My heart beat faster—a great black frame appeared—the largest moose I had ever seen in all my life—."

Echoes From the Canyon

By
JIM SHINE



"The Grand Canyon will ever be a fascinating mystery—you see it, feel its baffling immensity and remain dumb."

GEOLOGISTS, who have an explanation for everything, say that the Grand Canyon of Arizona is the work of "ancient cycles of deposition, uplift and erosion." Even at that remote period they had uplifters.

Two great rock systems—the Archaean and Algonkian—also functioned at an early date. The Archaean, being older and more settled in its habits, appears to have been selected for the canyon's foundation. Little is known about the Algonkian. Only fragments of it now exist. It seems to have petered out without accomplishing very much of lasting value.

These old pioneers were followed by an era whose scientific designation escapes me. Even if I could remember the name, it's not likely any one but a geologist could pronounce it. So I will call it the Fish Age. This is easy to spell and easy to remember.

It was during this period that the younger generation of the great fish family decided to leave home and see the world. The codfish branch finally settled in New England. Oysters and other shell-fish started across the plains, headed for the Grand Canyon. Very few reached there, and they eventually perished. Traces of them are still visible in the stratum of that period. The incredible hardships and sufferings these heroic fish faced without a murmur, their wanderings along the canyon rim, looking for water, and their tragic death among unsympathetic strangers, constitute one of the canyon's minor tragedies.

The casual observer, says the geologist, will have noticed, as he stands in awe on the brink of the canyon, frequent "zones of weakness," indication that work on the big project is still unfinished.

Canyon deer along the trails.

This may be so, but I didn't notice it myself. In fact, I was under the impression that the job had been completed long ago. This is discouraging: it proves that no matter how carefully you inspect the topography of the canyon, there's always something you are sure to miss.

Notwithstanding the geologist's simple explanation, the Grand Canyon, in so far as it appears to the average layman, will ever be a fascinating mystery. Powerful cameras do not seem to record it; veteran painters have given up in despair. You see it, feel its baffling immensity and remain dumb.

As a futile gesture you buy a picture post-card of Fred Harvey's Hotel El Tovar to send home to the folks and let it go at that.

The walk along the south rim may be compared to the Appian Way, where plebian and aristocrat greeted each other in ancient Rome. Likewise to the canyon rim come all manner of men from all parts of the world, to stare at this mighty spectacle, to ask banal questions, or to rave over its rare beauty, each after his own fashion.

Curio shops along the rim are well patronized. One of these bazaars advertises a big telescope free to visitors. A chance acquaintance, a tourist from New York City, whom I met on the rim walk, told me that among other items of interest he saw through that telescope was a retired grasshopper sitting on the north rim some thirteen miles away, sunning himself and pensively chewing tobacco.

I am sorry I was unable to verify this statement. I hung around there for an hour or so, but the place was so crowded by a party of enthusiastic Scotchmen that I couldn't squeeze in.

"I say, old chap," remarked a

jovial Englishman to me as we stood on the rim, looking at the canyon. "It's all deucedly stunning, don'tcha know."

A contemplative German, who was strolling by, stopped, removed his pipe, waved it solemnly and assured him that he, the Englishman, had uttered a profound and everlasting truth, the ultimate significance of which was beyond human comprehension. It was also my opinion that the Britisher had said a mouthful.

Sprinkled among the ever-changing throng are neatly dressed young men of the Hopi tribe. They wear bright-red headbands—a quaint custom of the Hopis and here revived, no doubt, to create a bit of local color.

Every evening at five-thirty, a middle-aged Indian, presumably a tribal chief, and his family give realistic interpretations of old-time Hopi dances. Though he is sincere and does his stunt with genuine gusto, the chief seems a trifle stout for this sort of thing. Liberal contributions from his pale-face audience have brought him prosperity and a well-stocked larder. Hence his increasing weight and profuse perspiration.

After the dance is over, and before he retires into the Hopi house with his troupe, the chief beams benevolently on amateur kodak fiends and poses obligingly, eagle feathers and all.

Bordering the rim walk are numerous signs for the spiritual guidance and information of visitors. One of these advises you not to climb over the rim. As far as I personally am concerned, the Park Rangers need not have gone to the trouble of putting up that sign. I was told, and I am willing to believe it without doing any measuring, that these rim walls in many places have a sheer drop of three hundred feet or more. I am inclined to think it's more.

Anyway, it's a feat that holds no attraction for me—unless, of course, I were accompanied by a competent guide who knew his business and who was willing to make the descent while I occupied a bench on the rim and offered him expert advice and words of encouragement.

In the old days when Navajo warriors wished to put on a snappy act to entertain visiting friends and relatives, captive Hopis were led to the rim and invited to jump off. If they seemed reluctant about taking the leap, which was natural, they were vigorously bombarded with arrows till all hesitation vanished. While their tormentors peered over the rim with barbaric enjoyment, the helpless victims had no choice but to jump; and jump they did, bristling with arrows.

Lack of time prevented me from descending into the canyon on mule-back via the Bright Angel Trail. But my acquaintance from New York—he who discovered the contented grasshopper—gave me a sprightly account of his own experience. Considering that this trip is one of the high lights of an excursion to the Grand Canyon, I shall try to repeat it here in some detail.

The New Yorker was assigned to a mild and friendly mule named Cyclone. Picking his way carefully down Bright Angel Trail that morning, Cyclone showed every indication of possessing that high quality of sagacity for which Fred Harvey's mules are celebrated the world over. The New York tourist congratulated himself on his good fortune in drawing such an intelligent and considerate mount.

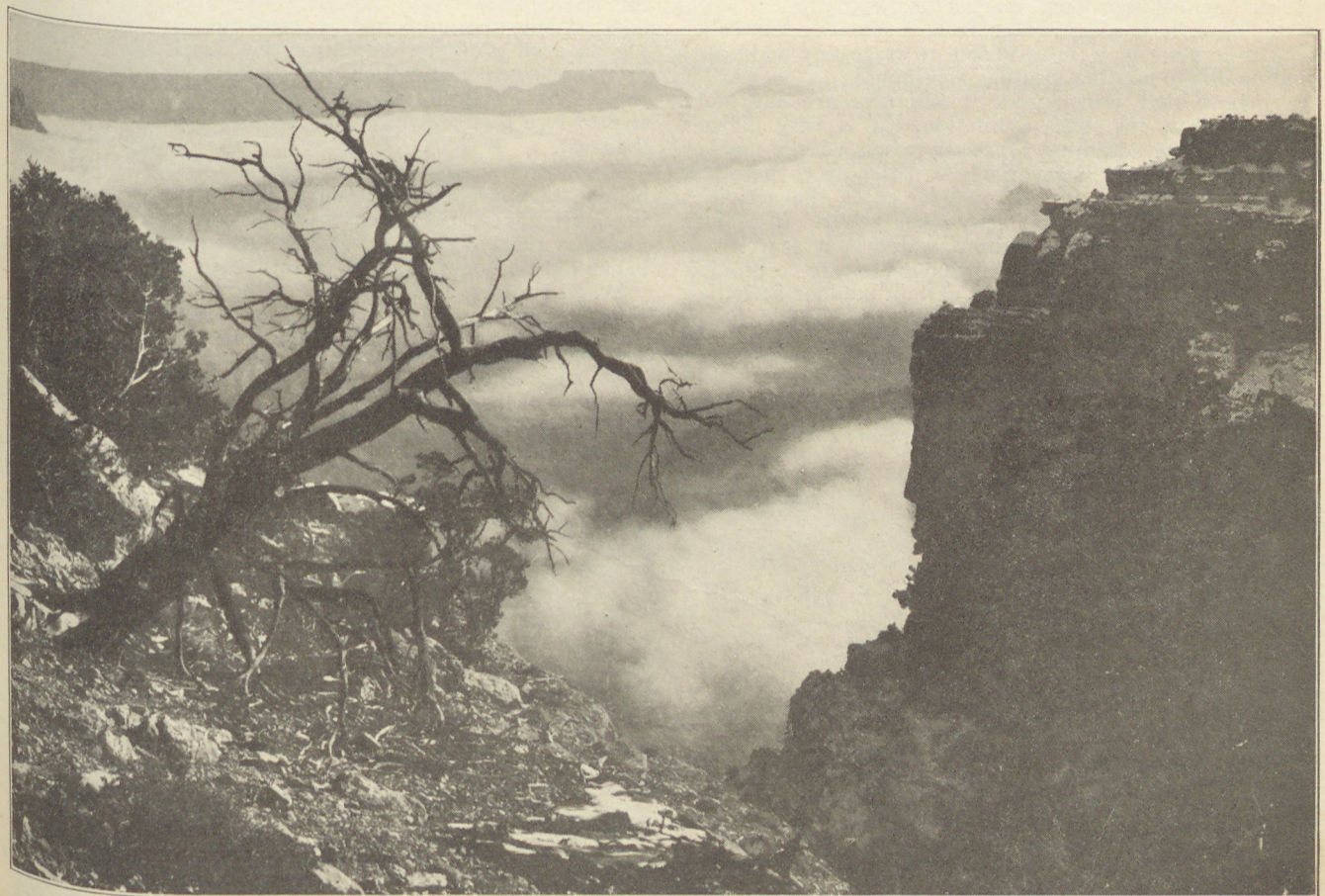
But it soon became evident that his influence over Cyclone was negligible.

Politely disregarding his rider's awkward attempts to guide him, Cyclone proceeded according to his own ideas. Rules and regulations meant nothing to this mule. He was an individualist, however, rather than an extreme radical: there was nothing vicious about Cyclone. He simply was sufficient unto himself and required no outside advice.

One of his peculiarities was to fall asleep whenever he felt so inclined, regardless of where he happened to be at the moment. This did not interfere with his progress, though, for he traveled quite as well in a somnambulant state as when he was wide awake and in full possession of his faculties.

The Easterner did not know this and was considerably astonished when his mule settled into a comfortable snooze. They were well under way by this time, down among the painted cliffs and bottomless gorges. Sound asleep and snoring softly, Cyclone headed straight for a precipice high as a sky-scraper, over which, if nothing intervened, he seemed likely to dive, human cargo and all.

Amid these alien surroundings, *(Continued on page 105)*



"I was told that these rim walls in many places have a sheer drop of 300 feet or more. I am inclined to think it's more."

Shall the Angler be Admitted?

By
NATHAN NELSON WOLPERT

NO fishing allowed!

But any true fisherman would be tempted to try his luck in waters so clear. Beautiful in its panorama, the large reservoir sparkled in the sunshine amid its majestic, wild setting. After such a tempting stage was arranged, then those in charge devise the hellishness of "no fishing."

Water works superintendents and engineers are faced with the problem as to whether or not they should allow fishing in lakes that store millions of gallons of drinking water for a community. In turn the camper and fisherman are tempted to brand the whole lot as public nuisances for disregarding the recreational needs of the community. The problem is a live one.

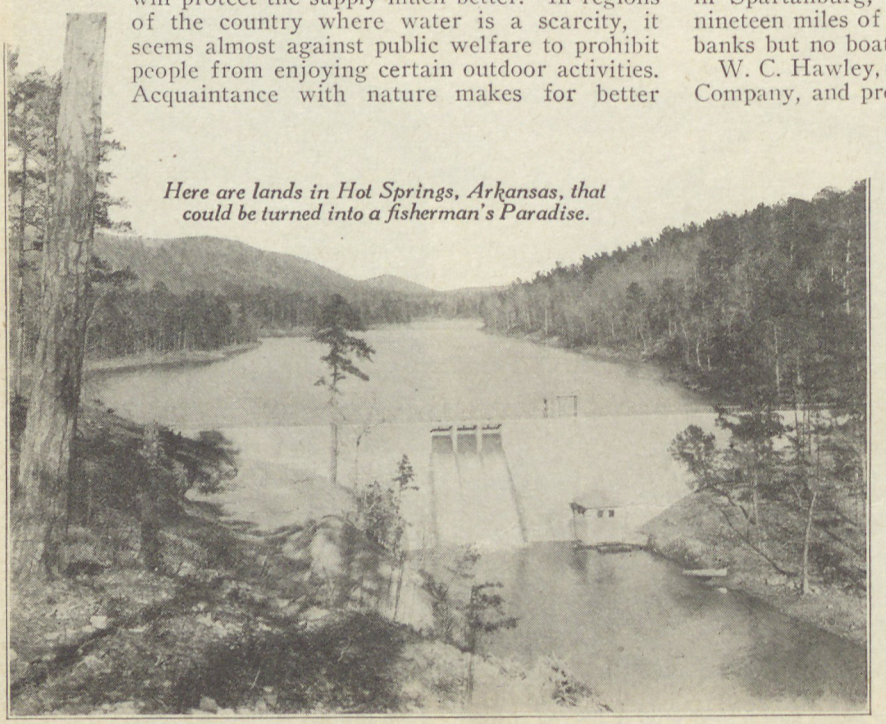
Cities are growing. With the growth of concentrated areas of population, it becomes incumbent on the cities to reach for greater and more dependable supplies of water. Municipalities are reaching out for unfailing water sources at points even one hundred miles distant. That means that land that formerly was considered ideal for the sportsman, areas covered with trees and abounding with sparkling streams, has now become a watershed. Fishing, camping, hunting and other recreational uses of the land are forbidden. The people have been deprived of their sports center.

No wonder then that many of the state boards of health are confronted with the problem of advising whether or not the public should be permitted to use reservoirs or even watersheds to provide outdoor life.

Dallas, Tex., has been faced with this important question. Fisherman and others clamored for the right to use the large reservoir. The following is the opinion of Helman Rosenthal, consulting bacteriologist to the city:

"We have been using water from a lake for a number of years and we have been unable to trace any additional pollution due to hunting, boating or fishing.

"I believe that well regulated activities are far more important than complete prohibition. It is very difficult to prohibit these activities, especially when a large number of the population is in favor of it. Friendly cooperation, therefore, with those who enjoy the activities will protect the supply much better. In regions of the country where water is a scarcity, it seems almost against public welfare to prohibit people from enjoying certain outdoor activities. Acquaintance with nature makes for better citizenship and should be encouraged instead of being discouraged."



Here are lands in Hot Springs, Arkansas, that could be turned into a fisherman's Paradise.

H. E. Moses, assistant chief engineer, Pennsylvania State Department of Health, said:

"Fishermen are insisting on their so-called inherent right to use not only the streams but also the reservoirs for fishing purposes. Camps and colonies are rapidly increasing on watersheds, and swimming and bathing are growing in popularity."

On the other hand, at Pine Lake, a large reservoir used for an industrial water supply in Struthers, Ohio, 15,000 fishermen come each season from a radius of three hundred miles to satisfy their feel for a rod and line. The water company has another lake that is used to breed the fish that are later taken to stock other waters. The reservoirs are stocked with large and small mouth bass, blue gills, catfish and perch.

At Independence, Kans., the superintendent does not permit fishing but he allows the Independence Casting Club to use the pond for practice in casting. He said:

"No boats are permitted. Some of those casting need a very large pool so that they can hit the water."

No doubt, that is a great exaggeration.

At the popular health resort of Battle Creek, Mich., there is a lake that is used for fishing and boating. The city takes its water from this lake and yet in spite of all warnings, the city has not had any epidemic requiring medical attention as a result of permitting the public to fish in such waters.

In Creston, Ia., the fishing problem is handled in a rather unique way. The community has placed the matter up to the sportsman's code. A fence was erected around the lake. While the municipality permitted hunting and boating on such property, it held a large local sports club directly responsible for the cleanliness of the land at all times. And being true followers of the sport with no desire to lose this privilege, the members zealously guarded the trust.

Reservoirs are not the small bodies of water that some believe they are. For example, the raw water reservoir in Spartanburg, S. C., covers 350 acres and consists of nineteen miles of shore line. Fishing is permitted from the banks but no boats are allowed on the reservoir.

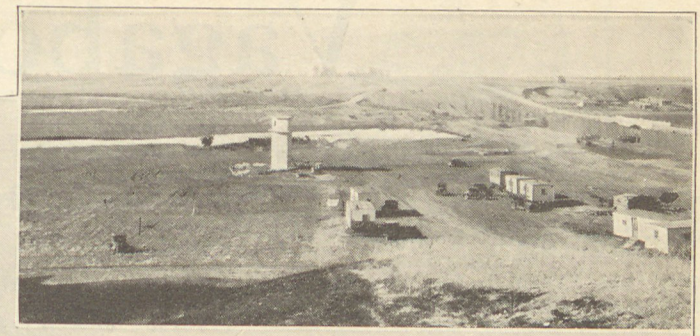
W. C. Hawley, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Water Company, and prominent in his profession, states:

"I can see no reason why fishing under regulation should not be permitted in reservoirs, the waters from which could be purified in a following process before being supplied to the consumer. If there is no such purification step, fishing should not be permitted."

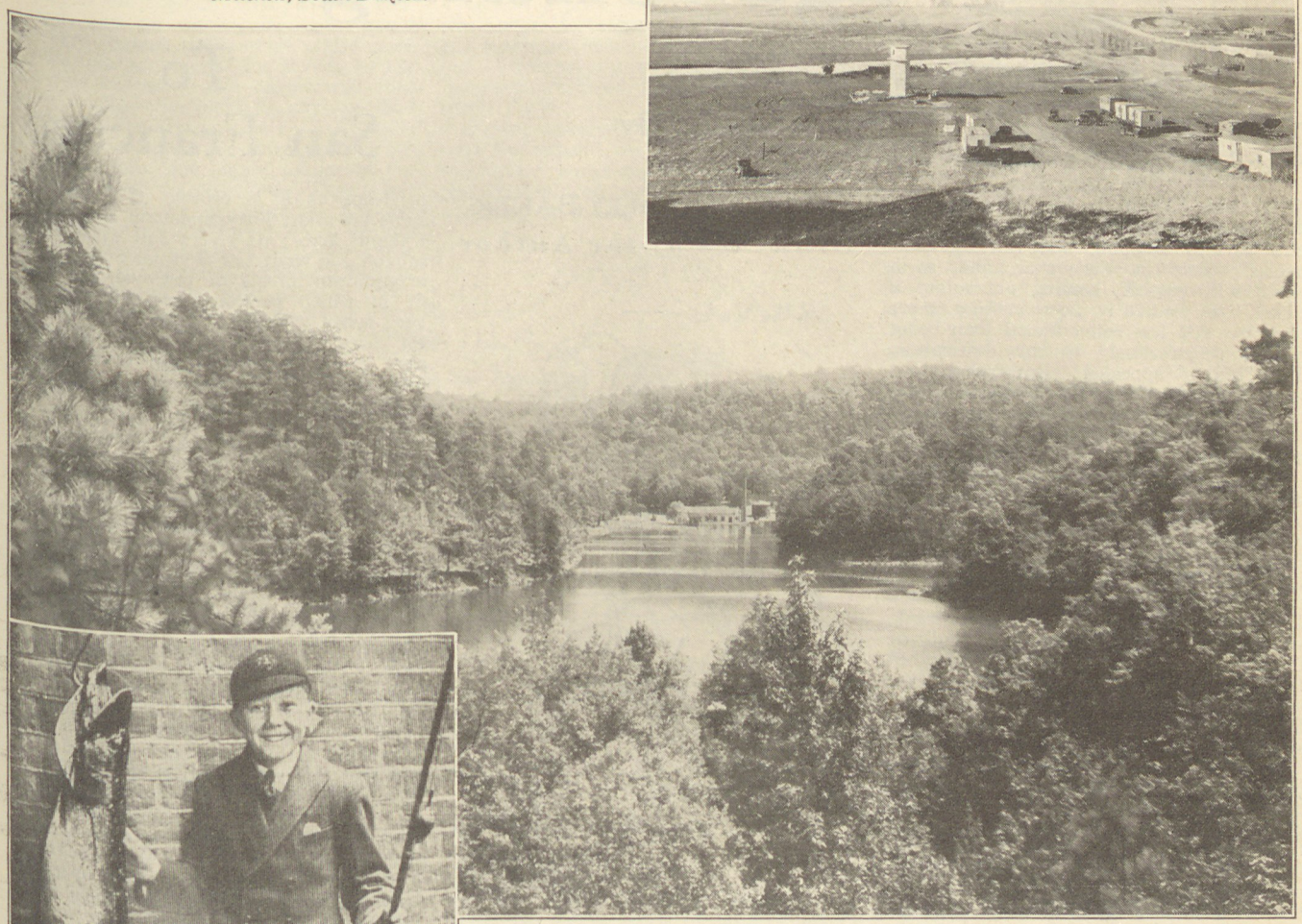
It may seem strange that some are in favor of permitting so ideal a site to be used for camping and fishing, while others are bitterly and unalterably opposed to the practice. If the sportsman could only understand the water department's problems, and the latter could only understand the public's basis of argumentation, some solution could be readily found.

Reservoirs are used for the storage of water. As a safeguard against pollution, the lakes are usually located miles from town, in the heart of a wooded area that is maintained in as near its virgin beauty as possible.

There are two kinds of reservoirs.



All this land will be inundated to form a lake for the storage of water. It will be used for recreational purposes as well. Mitchell, South Dakota.



Who wouldn't want to fish from such an alluring waterway? It is part of the water system in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Fish caught in reservoir supplying London, England.

One type is used for the storage of purified water such as the water that comes from wells and springs. The water is ready to be pumped into the mains. The other kind is used for storing water that must later go through purification and sterilization processes.

Places that are used for the storage of unsterilized waters or waters for industrial use can readily be turned over to the public to be used for camping and other outdoor sports. Any harmful bacterial growths that may be introduced into the watershed and water by fishermen can be checked by a later purification process, termed chlorination, before any harm can be done.

This destroys most of the typhoid or other dangerous germs and brings the bacteria content of the water to a normal count.

The sportsman can readily understand that it would be foolish indeed to permit persons to fish from waters that will be sent into the mains without any sterilization processes. It is utterly impossible to stand guard to see that fishing is done in accordance with the latest sanitary regulations so that there would be no danger from pollution.

In places where there is a municipal water supply, the fisherman can argue his point that the city should permit the sportsman to use reservoirs that store unpurified waters.

Warren J. Scott, director, Bureau of Sanitary Engineering, Connecticut State Board of Health, believes that it is possible that public opinion may eventually bring about a modification of present policies in New England. He argues that where a water supply takes away recreational benefits from a community suitable water treatment should be inaugurated so that the camping and fishing benefits would not be lost and so that the quality of the water supply will not be impaired.

When the public is permitted to run wild over the watershed, and no later sterilization process is employed, human excretions may readily work their way into the stored water and start contamination. Typhoid fever, dysentery and other diseases may result. That is why the water works profession is so careful.

But engineers and public health men today are taking a more liberal attitude toward the problem. Years ago when sanitation was something to be feared and rigidly followed, those in charge would not permit the slightest deviation from well established rules. But with the more general use of chlorination and other steps in sterilization, a different stand has been taken. The rights of the public to use the streams and reservoirs for fishing are considered.

And lucky is he who can fish from such picturesque streams and such clear waters. The lakes and ponds are stocked with game fish. There need be no fear as to whether or not fish abound. They do.

If the engineering faction and the angling fraternity in a community could only meet and each present their side of the problem, some solution could be found. No longer, after such a conference, would the outdoor-lover be confronted with the sign:

No fishing allowed!

Vagabonding

From British Columbia To San Francisco

By

EDITH G. RIDLEY-BAKER

Drawings by the Author

I TUMBLED on the idea of walking to San Francisco after having wandered into various shipping and railway companies' offices in Vancouver, and, in a pique with myself, coming out minus a ticket. I wanted . . . . *something* more romantic and less conventional than being rushed remorselessly to my destination. This "hiking" appealed! But friends—not too optimistic about the somewhat long tramp of over 1,000 miles by my solitary self—offered to motor me as far as Seattle in Washington.

The day was still in its youthful freshness when we slid out of the southern purlieus of the town, and joined the stream of vehicles that, without intermission throughout the year, courses the great arterial road down the Pacific coast. Vancouver's few sky-scrapers and the gigantic Douglas firs of Stanley Park soon shrank, veiled in mist, into the protecting bulk of the Coast Range. For once, it refrained from raining in British Columbia, and the blue heavens smiled down on the dimpling Straits of Georgia, patched with many sylvan isles.

No need to be informed that we had crossed the border and were in the United States. The Stars and Stripes fluttered gaily from every available staff on the buildings of Blaine; while good-natured, thirsty-looking officials soon scrutinized our belongings, passports and passes. At the entrance to every little town, with its "homey" wooden bungalows and pretty gardens, banners spanned the highway in such words of welcome as "Glad to see you! Come again!"

And, after my friends had deposited me outside the limits of the prosperous seaport of Seattle—my pack having been duly heaved to my very unaccustomed shoulders, my face set to the south—it became very apparent that, if I decided to keep to the highway, I might experience difficulty in adhering to my original intention of walking. The fraternal spirit of the West, forsooth, might not permit me! However, that pack determined my course, for, although I had crammed inside it just the barest necessities, it became a load on my back like unto Christian's; there was always the possibility, too, should I deviate to a less known and rougher route, of my becoming stranded all night in the wilderness.

Good Samaritans were not wanting in the proffer of lifts—jolly family parties; university students on vacation driving leviathan trucks conveying dairy or agricultural produce; commercial travellers (very voluble and very wileful!); farmers, miners from the Motherlode gold mines and wealthy cattle rangers (whose natural line was "Speed first, safety last!")—all provided as amusing and entertaining a motley company as ever rode to Canterbury.

When alone and on "shank's pony" I revelled in the sunny peace of the countryside: wild canaries and blackbirds vied to fill the air with their trills in crescendo, and the occasional flash of the exquisite blue-bird kept me eagerly alert for yet another glimpse.

Snow-capped peaks, rising majestically above the black fringe of forest and vastly rolling agricultural land, broken only by

ragged cleft of ravine or scattered hamlet, for several days comprised the perspective. Soaring above the crests of the Cascades in the long distance Mt. Rainier's snowy helm glinted; and, ere night had closed in, I gazed on the pink and white of Mt. St. Helen's profile, with Mt. Adams looming behind like a frozen cloud in the deep azure of the evening sky. Before turning in at the auto-camp, from the hills to the south of Portland, that large and spreading city of the rose carnivals flashed up—not unlike an over-dressed woman—her thoroughfares ablaze and scintillating with a multeity of whirling colored lights. Her marvelously constructed steel bridges that span the Columbia River—her famous showplace, the Columbia Highway, on either side of which waterfalls cascade hundreds of frothing feet over sheer cliffs—fully justify her pride!

The chain of auto-camps established at stages along the highway, with their cosy cabins, showers and up-to-date equipment, is a most welcome institution in the interests of the traveller who prefers the simple life to that of an hotel.

Tramping through the rural loveliness of the long—*very* long—Willamette Valley to the shady-avenued university town of Eugene—I eventually reached Grants Pass, the portal to the country of the active and dead volcanoes, numerous hot and cold therapeutic springs, boiling geysers, mud-pools and marble caves. Here, I decided to deviate from the highway and take the route that encompasses the great Klamath Lakes—the angler's paradise—and Crater Lake National Park.

Southern Oregon is as full of the romance of the days of the conquest of the Red Indian and the struggle for independence as it is prolific of its beauty spots set midst lofty mountain ranges and tranquil lakes; its rivers full of sporting salmon and trout; its abysmal canyons; its magnificent forests of redwood, pine and fir in which perennial twilight reigns—save when ravaged by the dreaded forest fires, when a malevolent glow is cast over the surrounding country for many miles, as I witnessed on that visit to Klamath when much valuable timber was destroyed in the Indian Reserve.

Came rushing up behind me a jarring, rude disturbance on four wheels, which sent me leaping for safety. Through clouds of dust two greasy, perspiring faces grinned at me from under crazy-looking eyeshields. "Where are yer going?" demanded one apparition. "To Klamath Falls," was my reply, feeling sure that that would not be their destination. "So are we—get right in if yer want a lift!" I obeyed, though not anticipating enjoyment. During one of the lulls, when the engine temporarily became inanimate, they confided that they had only that morning finished "putting her together"—from dismembered parts of old cars, it appeared—and that this was her trial spin. Whereupon, I feebly suggested that they should drop me at the next hamlet, but they would not hear of it! I must come with them to Klamath Falls! My only recollection of that ride is one long series of lurchings, rushings, abrupt stoppings, roarings; and then the finale, after madly careening up and down hills, negotiating dangerous curves and missing disaster by a fraction, when after one of her sensational refusals to function our palsied Tin Lizzie lept forward and rattled over a rattlesnake—which, no doubt, died of fright! I kept its rattle for a souvenir, as well as a throbbing head for a couple of days after. But, we arrived at Klamath Falls.

The next day I walked for quite a distance. The sun beat down with burning relentlessness on the dusty road that skirts the blue waters of Klamath Lake, flecked with roving flocks, or with statuesquely-still couples of snow-white pelicans. The encircling volcanic hills rose like impregnable ramparts; and what with the heat and the adhesive weight on my back, in recalling stories of the proximity of the Indian Reserve and of "wild and woolly" lumbermen, I fancied I saw a dusky, sinuous form stealthily gliding behind every other tree or rock—that keen-eyed, hawk-like features peered upon me from the shadows! I blamed the joy-ride of the previous day for the state of my nerves. And when the familiar purr of motor and slur of wheels greeted my ears, I hoped inordinately for a lift. Genie-like the car stopped abreast; and there confronted me—clothed in the flesh and in civilized garb—one of those dusky redmen that had been haunting my imagination. The while white teeth chewed gum voraciously, in typical American I was invited to a lift. Sitting in close amity with this modernized Indian was a pretty blond woman. "Here are West *and* West meeting with a vengeance!" thought I, relaxing nevertheless into the soft luxury of the limousine. They were going to the Reserve, on the

way to Crater Lake. Apparently he was one of the few aborigines who endeavored to increase his income beyond the Government's annuity of $600 allowed each Indian of the Klamath tribe; and he conversed with an intelligence that would not have shamed the average white man. By the time we reached the parting of the ways my interest in this diametrically opposite couple—ethnologically, anyway—had become all but romantic.

Very far away in the noonday heat appeared the grey-blue jagged outline of the Cascades that cradle Crater Lake; but after many hours of climbing through mountain gorges and forest trails, up and up to an altitude of over 7,000 feet—where the rarefied air circulating through the firs and pines was as the very elixir of life—I reached the summit. Here was a rambling log-house, the hotel, where I was duly warned not to fall into the lake a few yards off. Perplexed, I gazed around, till, catching a gleam of blue between a cleft, I hastily climbed to the ridge—when there spread before me a panorama of the most breath-taking grandeur that no words can describe! Surrounded by forests and mountain peaks, and as if sunk into the very bowels of the earth, was an immense inverted bowl of a livid rust-grey color, some 25 miles in circumference, the rim of which Nature had sculptured into all sorts of eerie fantastic shapes that were mirrored with mocking precision in the mystery of the lake, 2,000 feet below—waters that had none of the hard glitter of the blue of the Mediterranean but, even in brilliant midday, were invested with an ethereal strange radiance, and softest shades of turquoise merged towards the centre of the lake into the most wonderful, deepest sapphire. And, over all, there rested the beautiful peace of a sleep of a million years.

Many are the legends told by the Modoc and Klamath tribes of this mysterious caldera, and few Indians can be induced to venture to the rim for fear of the monster crawfish that they believe lurks still within its depths. Geologists aver that aeons ago this extinct volcano reared its cone to an altitude of about 15,000 feet, but that during some titanic cataclysm the upper part fell in upon itself. The volcano, however, was not quenched; it burst up through the collapsed lavas in three places, making the cones one now sees above the waters, one of which is called Wizard Island.

In a little log-cabin amongst the Redwoods I found a tall, lean old pioneer, with a face of a poet, tranquil and sweet. He was Judge W. G. Steel, to whose foresight and assiduous instrumentality Crater Lake, one of the natural wonders of the world, has been preserved for all time as a National Park.

Having crossed the California border near the summit of the Siskiyou chain, a second-honeymooning couple most meritoriously sacrificed part of their seat to me, and took me fishing at Lowe Camp on the

Klamath River, a favorite haunt of the trout that come down in large numbers from the lakes.

Mount Shasta had for the past few days been beckoning from many a captivating angle, presenting now a vista of dazzling snowfields and glaciers; then revealing a face of granite, broadly scarred with red and grey; but Black Butte's sinister starkness fascinated as, alone and unique like the Great Pyramid of Ghiza, it emerged from the flat of the valley. Every known species of rattle-snake infests this rocky fastness—nobody has, therefore, ever ventured to climb it.

Bidding my honeymooners adieu, I continued along the valley road, passing through the Spanish-looking village of Castella that is dominated by formidable terraces of livid crags, towering thousands of feet above; and, as the sun reached his zenith, the heat in the defile became most oppressive. The cars seemed to be all going the wrong way that day! And then came a little adventure with a couple of bootleggers. Peaches, they informed me, when I had gratefully accepted a seat beside them, comprised the load of their heavily laden lorry. Later, however, instead of that luscious fruit, they offered

me a bottle of perfectly good Lager beer *and* right off the ice! But they themselves had a very marked preference for the contents of a flask. I began to speculate as to the exact nature of their load *and* the merits of walking. But my request to be put down on the highway only resulted in altercation, in which an ugly-looking Colt was produced. I, therefore, deemed the wisest course was to appear to fall in with them and trust to luck! Shortly after, they turned off on to a rough track that came to an end at a tumble-down shack, where they said an excellent gin-fizz awaited me; and whilst one of these Gargantuan young men busied himself with unloading, the other—a trifle too attentively—escorted me to the door. A second later, as he turned back to help the other unload, I was streaking like a frightened rabbit over that half-mile stretch of arid, scrubby country to the highway, where to my immeasurable relief a milk wagon most opportunely drew up and offered to take me into Redding.

This experience produced within me an urgent desire to reach my journey's end; and no stories of Mt. Lassen's proximity, with its active volcano, boiling mud caldrons, geysers and ice caves could induce me to make the long detour.

The California, so familiarized in the "movies," with its sun-scorched hills—as monotonous as the rolling ocean—pocked with scrubby vegetation, unfolded in the lower Sacramento valley; but as the river spread its waters over the rich delta lands, the waste became transformed into intensive cultivation, rice fields and asparagus gardens; acres and acres of wonderful vineyards and fruit orchards, which, in due season, become burdened with a fecundity of peaches, prunes, pears and almonds. After visiting picturesque Sacramento City, with its long avenues of graceful palms, on the River Road a couple, returning to Berkeley from a fishing expedition, terminated my vagabonding.

Then, by ferry across the Bay to San Francisco—a modern Rome, built on seven hills—her tapering skyscrapers, like the immortal Towers of Ilium, in golden silhouette against the sunset; her wide, busy thoroughfares teeming with as cosmopolitan and heterogeneous a throng as ever crossed the Galata Bridge to Stamboul! And I was not sorry to feel civilization thus close around me, with all its artifices and insinuations, and wickedness — its softer clothing, silk stockings and high heels!

MEANDERING—By M. A. Cox

I WANDERED down a wooded path
in solemn meditation
On why all paths meandered so;
just why the deviation?

I FOUND the answer as I went
and heard the dim commotion.
A warning went before my feet
'gainst man's uncertain notion!

AND so all paths are made to bend.
'Tis Nature's wise protection
For bird and beast and little folk
who shrink from man's detection.

Give the Trees a Chance

By
BEN L. TAYLOR

THIRTY million dollars is a lot of money for one man to possess! An old man of my acquaintance started practically penniless as a young man and through exercise of unusual energy and business acumen succeeded in accumulating that much of this world's goods. He made it in timber and the lumbering industry, so when he spoke on reforestation I listened attentively.

"White and Norway pine will not grow where forests of these varieties have been cut away," my wealthy friend said with conviction. "The virgin forests took too much out of the soil. This land may produce scrub oak and poplar, and even jack pine, but it won't grow white or Norway pine again."

Age and experience had spoken, backed up by thirty million dollars, and I thought of the vast timber holdings this old man owns out in the California county made famous by Mark Twain's jumping frog story—timber which he personally cruised and estimated before purchasing.

Later that day I talked to my neighbor, a successful merchant of Manistee, Michigan, once one of the principal lumber producing cities of the United States.

"I don't believe he is right," my neighbor stated when he heard what the old lumberman had said. "Come out to my farm," he added, "and I'll show you something!" And he certainly did.

I drove with him to his 450-acre fruit ranch not far from the city.

"Don't stop," he said as we entered the barnyard. "Just follow the drive around back of the barn and then turn to your right into the lane."

Following his instructions, we entered a woodlot where red-berried wintergreens thrust their dull green leaves through the thin snow. Witch hazel, thornapple and other small bushes and trees formed intermittent hedges at either side of the drive, while on red oak saplings dry brown leaves clung tenaciously to gray-brown branches. The three-pointed track of a cottontail crossed our path and circled bushes and stumps in its tortuous route. Above the sound of a squeaking spring-shackle and the muffled exhaust of the car the hammering of old "Harry Woodpecker" could be heard as he sought out juicy worms from the heart of a dead tree. Then we came to a place where the ground was bare.

Tall, sleek trunks stretched heavenward. Clean they were and trim despite the jagged, scaly bark which gleamed red in a low sun filtering obliquely through the evergreens.

"Park here," said my host and we left the car in a convenient place.

When fire is kept out young pines such as this spring up on Michigan's stump plains. Picture shows ten year old Norway pine.

"The old man undoubtedly knows pine when he sees it," I was told. "Evidently he hasn't seen these trees. I don't think he would call them anything but the finest Norway pine he has ever seen."

There is something about pine that attracts and holds me as few other trees of the forest can do. So tall and stately they stand; so wholesome and straight and fragrant. I looked about in admiration. We were just within the boundary of a grove which must have covered 15 or 20 acres. All about me were healthy young Norways eight inches to a foot in thickness, towering 35 to 60 feet above our heads.

"This is second growth stuff," my neighbor said. "Yonder is a stump of a virgin tree and over there is another. This land grew some mighty fine pine in its day. It was still standing when I was a boy playing about the Manistee sawmills."

He paused to kick through the carpet of pine needles to the sandy loam soil beneath.

"If the first stand of timber took all the fertility from this soil something has put it back again, and I'm sure it wasn't any human being. My father owned this until he died, and I know he never did anything to it. These pines you now see hadn't sprouted from the seed when he acquired it. They waited for the sunlight to reach them."

"But why did this one patch of pine grow while about it there are no trees this size?" I inquired.

"Fire," he answered.

"Look here," he said as he walked close to one of the pines. From the earth to a point about two feet above, a scar marked the tree. Within it the wood was still soft and charred. Over this seared place the bark was beginning to roll in nature's process of healing the wound.

Together we examined other trees in the grove. All were marked in a similar manner, and in each case the scar was on the south side of the tree.

"The last big fire which came this way came from the south," my host explained. "It wasn't bad enough to kill the trees but it marked them for life and set them back ten years in their growth. Smaller trees were killed by this blaze. That's why second-growth pine has been slow in growing again.

"When the lumbermen cut their logs they left the tops and cuttings lying in the woods. When these slashings dried they made ideal fuel for forest fires of great proportions and enormous damaging effect. How could young trees survive against such an enemy? In places there were clearings or such natural fire-breaks as streams and roads.

In such places some pines survived and it is because of this fact that we can some day have a return of the forests as the first white men found them. You can go back and tell your old friend, the lumberman, what I have said."

I followed the owner of these trees to another enclosure adjoining the grove. Here Nature hadn't been so kindly dealt with. We picked our way among blackened stumps of what must have been magnificent pines. We brushed against healthy young evergreens ranging in size from six inches to ten feet in height. Their great luxuriant brushes of needles, waving in the breeze, revealed them as specimens of the same variety as the larger ones we had just inspected. Here and there a white pine was to be seen.

"How long ago did you plant these?" I asked.

"I didn't plant them," he replied.

"Who did?" I asked.

"God did," he said. "I don't know," he added, "how the seed from those trees over there traveled this far but it did. If these trees are given a chance they will some day be as fine as those over there. I'm going to let them spread until every acre I don't need for cultivation is growing timber."

"How are you going to keep out fires?" I inquired.

"I'll be as careful not to let any get started here as I possibly can, and I'll let the state of Michigan do the rest.

A glimpse of a fine stand of second growth Norway pine. Northern Michigan County.

"I want to show you something more before we go," he added, and led me to a rise of ground commanding a view of several miles of wooded countryside.

"See all that green in amongst the oak?" he asked.

The light was still strong enough so that I could see distinctly the sparkling verdure of conifers enlivening the drab of the winter landscape.

"Most of that is white and Norway pine," I was informed. "There is some jackpine, but the others are filling in rapidly. You can see some such sight as this from nearly every hill in Manistee county. Fire prevention is doing it."

Since that time I have investigated further. What my neighbor said is true. In one place I discovered a farmer cutting down small white pine to sell to a Manistee paper mill for pulp. I remonstrated with him, but after all they are his property.

White pines need some shade to retain moisture of the soil if they are to grow. Oak and poplar are supplying this cover. They also are supplying the home for game and wild life such as has not been available in many years.

I decided to give this system of fire protection which the state of Michigan is employing some study. Conservation officers at Lansing heartily cooperated to supply me with data.

(Continued on page 79)

What is left after hard summer fire in slash. Chippewa County, Michigan.

EDITORIAL

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

It Must Be Saved

IT must be saved! And the Izaak Walton League must save it!

This place of a thousand beautiful lakes and streams—all connected in one amazing network. Their intricate wooded shores, cool vistas, undefiled waters, beaches, countless islands, waterfalls, rapids—all remote from the haunts of man. God doubtless could have made more beautiful things but God doubtless never did.

The last stand of the stately white pine—the last remnant of that great forest that once covered a great part of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. A glacial rock-bound country with its ancient bed-rock exposed for the delight of the camper.

One of America's last remaining moose herds is here, the only haven left for the forest's uncrowned king. Occasionally a woodland caribou is seen. A paradise is this for the black bear—the playboy of the woods—and the ever-interesting beaver. A refuge for every original wild creature of the North.

Here is a great variety and abundance of fish life—a remaining dreamland for the angler—a spot where it is not "too long between bites."

This is the historical background of the many stirring combats between the Ojibways and the raiding Sioux. The Ojibways, one of the greatest, best known, and most numerous of America's native races, inhabited and still do inhabit in greatly diminished numbers this land of lakes and woods. Their songs and legends still persist and form a colorful background for history. On the rocks are found their ancient paintings. And their own special invention, the canoe, has become the foundation of a whole new order of American recreation.

This way by water went the early Indian travellers—here followed the explorers from New France, de Noyon, the Verendryes, and all the original fur-traders.

Here is a land of unspoiled landscape where man can feel his kinship with the outdoor world. Here he has the opportunity to lose his imagination in the infinitely complicated, magnificent, and ordered whole of which he is a part and the glory of which is his rightful heritage.

This is the Superior National Forest—America's last real wilderness! And this is the land that the devastators are seeking to destroy for all time.

We are beginning to appreciate its preciousness and thus rages the greatest conservation battle of history. We have come to realize that such possessions of inestimable value to mankind are becoming rare; and the responsibility rests upon us, especially upon the Izaak Walton League of America, as it never rested upon any generation of men before to see to it that the scattered remnants of natural character and beauty are preserved for the recreation and inspiration of the generations to come.

"God has never repainted a masterpiece marred by mortals."

Here is the appeal that springs from our deep racial instincts. It reflects the pioneer spirit, a true love for our native land and its natural features, and the high hope that our children may share some part of the healthful romance and beauty that have made our country glorious.

The Superior National Forest must be saved, and the Izaak Walton League must save it!

O. L. Kaupanger,
Ex-Vice-Pres. Minnesota Division
Izaak Walton League of America.

Nature's Balance

IT is dangerous to interfere with nature's balance, one thing killing others, all kept in bounds.

Yakima County, Washington, offered a bounty to exterminate hawks and owls, and thousands were killed, to protect game birds and poultry.

Investigation by government experts, examining hawk and owl interiors, found that the birds lived on snakes, grasshoppers, field mice and ground squirrels, all dangerous to man—especially the ground squirrels that spread bubonic plague.

Yakima has withdrawn the bounty.

Kill off coyotes and you encourage a plague of field mice and jackrabbits. Montana made that discovery. The wise plan is to destroy the objectionable creatures by scientific means. Get rid of small vermin and the bigger nuisances will disappear.—From reprint of Editorial by Arthur Brisbane.

Conservation and Farm Relief

IT is hoped that Congress will give serious consideration to measures for removing from farm competition about 50,000,000 acres of unproductive, farmed-out, marginal lands which never should have been cleared or drained.

Millions of acres have been cleared and farmed for a generation or two, then practically abandoned because they were no longer productive.

Millions of acres have been drained in the hope of supplying more good farm land, only to find that much of it is not dependable as a crop producer, resulting in practical abandonment. Worse still, thousands of neighboring acres have become practically worthless as crop producers because the underground water levels have been decidedly lowered.

Farming such lands is an economic sin! They should be restored to their original purposes, growing forests, growing farm woodlots, protecting watersheds, and furnishing recreational areas and wild life refuges.

Many farmers, though they can't possibly succeed, can't let go gracefully. Reforesting such lands, reflooding former lakes and swamps, would take such lands out of competition with good farm land and would soon again become an economic asset to the nation. Better still, lands so devoted would become invaluable to the nation in the prevention of floods.

While Congress is studying the farm problem, why not consider the conservation phases of it and give thousands of farmers permanent relief?

HIS FOREST POLICY

Cartoon by Florence Gibson McCabe

Harold Fights

By

ABNER ORCUTT

He Came, He Smelt, He Conquered

UNTIL I was fourteen I was absolutely sure every Harold was a fistless, fightless jellyfish. Then a Harold moved into our neighborhood. Three days later, astraddle my neck—his fist in my eye with a gorgeous accompaniment of seventeen million stars—he readjusted my definition to exclude at least one Harold. Years flew but a tendency to discount the red blood and backbone of Harolds still lingered.

Late in 1927, another Harold—Harold S. Cates of DeKalb, Illinois, drifted across the path of my primitive prejudice and wiped out the last remnant of faith in names as a measure of manhood.

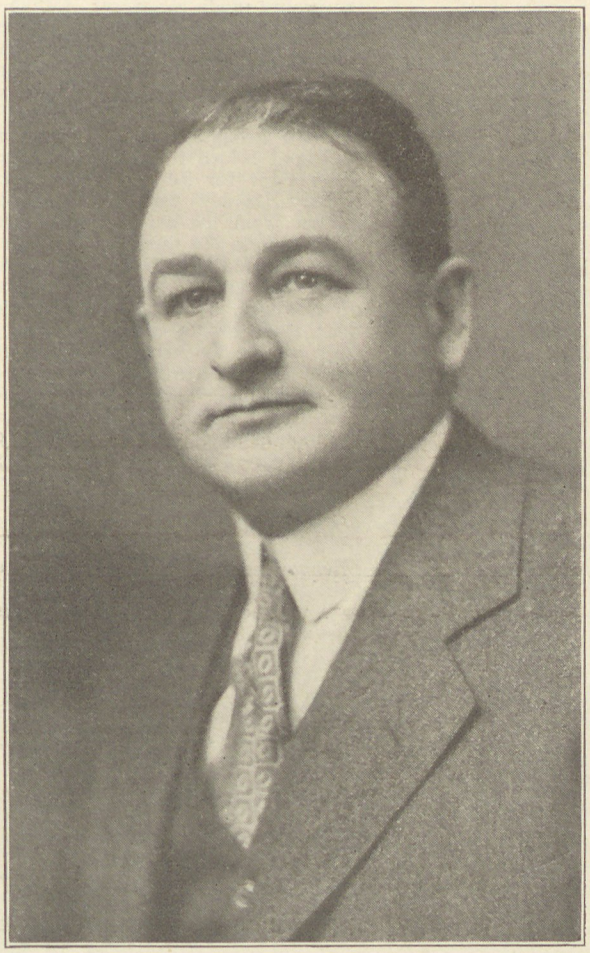
If nothing but the shivers of ghastly crime, the weirdness of the occult or the muddy thrill of sex can interest, then this real life tale of a Harold and his fight will miss its mark. But, if an epic of dogged, two-fisted, never-say-die, never-see-defeat persistence for right can bring a tingle, then let the beautiful Kishwaukee river and Harold Cates weave for you a modern American Odyssey.

The Kishwaukee, the very word intrigues. It paints phantom pictures of the feathered and clouted Redman as once he roved the banks of the little gem of a river in Illinois, which bears that name. It is a veritable gift from a generous God, which He intended man should never desecrate.

The magic of its Indian name and remnant beauty lends it power to brush away a curtaining century, so that in fancy you find yourself a hundred years ago at its wooded, ravine-sheltered headwaters. Ever so cautiously and watchfully you steal among the trees following the Kishwaukee's wanderings as it winds and widens. The green silence of dim woodland is broken now with the rustle and snap of bush as some four-footed friend or foe slinks away. Then a little later, as thinning trees admit a splash of sunlight—comes the drowsy drone of insect life or the trill of a bird, warning that life surrounds, though unseen and unsuspected.

A flash of bronze tells of wild turkey in flight, a lightening of the shadows warns you of a glade ahead. Hush!—the twang of a bowstring—a floundering crash of brush, and anon, from your hidden vantage, you glimpse a coppery Iroquois brave as he drags a buck to his canoe and paddles confidently down the Kishwaukee.

That scene fades into another. On Kishwaukee's banks are drawn up in a hollow square many covered wagons. Horses, men, women and children are drinking, bathing, washing or frolicking in its pure crystal shallows.



Harold S. Cates.

Westward Ho! On to a new empire. Hardship at best and even Death may reward their venturesome courage. But the Kishwaukee in its gracious pureness renews them for their journey.

A moment later you vision the crude stockade of a pioneer settlement on Kishwaukee's banks. Here hopeful life is sustained and the food and drink for existence insured by our dream river's pure, cool waters. From below a stranded tangle of drift, comes a lusty whoop from a ruddy, homespun-clad urchin as he drags out a fish—a fighting, flopping, flashing beauty—a whopping, small-mouth black bass. Such a small mouth almost any modern angler would give an arm to hook and land. And that was the Kishwaukee of long ago—as God made it.

Now—it is but a smeary, slinky, slimy, stinking sewer—menacing life—a blasphemy against the God who gave it to men. And that's the Kishwaukee of today—as *men* have made it.

Some such smoke picture or vision of "once upon a time" seems to have been one of the influences which riled this second Harold and started him upon a single-handed Homeric crusade such as I was once convinced no Harold would undertake.

But Harold Cates did!

The real zest of his conquest for right, you can enjoy best by hearing Mr. Cates himself explain, in his truly American style, how he cleaned DeKalb's Augean stable.

You are to imagine a medium height, chunky, gray-eyed, dark haired chap, in the fittest of fighting years and trim. His face flashes from grin to intensity in a split second, as it mirrors change of subject or circumstance.

With an impatient jerk of the head and an abrupt slash of the arm, he says: "Some years ago I came to DeKalb from Escanaba, Michigan. You know that's in the Upper Peninsula where once woods were forests—trees were giants and men grew big and wild. Even there, men and civilization have been busy with axe and fire, lifting old Mother Nature's face and changing her plans. But at that, those streams although mere apologies for a glorious past, just coaxed me to go a-fishing.

"Why do I speak of 'going a-fishing' instead of catching fish? Because any angler will tell you his great joy is in the anticipation of 'going'—of fighting with that 'one biggest ever,' above all, in getting out and rubbing shoulders with nature, raw and clean as God intended it should be. That's a college course in decency and virility which isn't found engraved in the cement of alleys nor taught in steam-heated flats. A pure stream, a fly rod and an itching hope are enough for the genuine sportsman. To continue, business and the dollar chase brought me to DeKalb, fresh from the pines and streams of Upper Michigan.

"I saw—no, first I smelled the Kishwaukee. Hunting around for what had died, I found the 'Kish.' That ended all hopes of 'going a-fishing' in or even near it. That is, unless I armed myself with a gas mask and went fishing for germs.

"At first, business so engrossed me I felt the loss but slightly. But later the old hunger to 'go a-fishing' blossomed and the stronger it grew the sorer that defiled Kishwaukee made me. Especially so, when I realized what it had been, could be, but wasn't.

"Then I became a member of the Izaak Walton League. What is the League? Why, it's a Builders' Union, which is renovating and remodeling nature, trying to bring back some of the wild life, beauty and opportunity you and I enjoyed when we were kids, so our youngsters can enjoy clean citizenship and body-building sport in the open, too.

"More and more, the Kishwaukee peeved

me. Our chapter and members used 'Damn the Kishwaukee' for our 'anvil chorus.' I guess I hammered and yammered as much as the rest. It was all 'wishful words but no work.' However, if you get mad enough, kick long enough and work hard enough, something is bound to happen. And it did about the Kishwaukee.

"Of course, as rivers go and flow, the Kishwaukee is neither a Mississippi nor an Amazon. But it's OUR RIVER. The best and all we have, and a little beauty at that. DeKalb is the first town below its headwaters, so we had no alibi. We were smelling our own stink and festering in our own filth. If the river bred disease instead of dollars we were to blame. If it was a cause for disgust instead of a source of sport and food—the fault was all and only ours.

"We put up a tourist camp for business. The Kishwaukee put it out of business. Our camp was crowded—with mosquitoes and smells.

"In the distance our beautiful country club nestled cool and enticingly on the banks of the Kishwaukee. Especially so at a distance. A gas mask for the golfer and a diver's suit for his caddy who might need to retrieve a sliced ball out of the Kish's disease charged waters were the proper mode for closer contact. What was both unbearable and impossible to blame on someone else simply had to be cured. The DeKalb Walton Chapter had snuggled into its shell and folded the edges down tight for several years. Possibly for protection from the aromatic Kish, probably just another tribute to the God of Civic Inertia. A handful of brethren, more deep-dyed river lovers or possibly more tender nosed, mildly persisted in the anvil chorus, 'Damn the Kish,' right up until eighteen months ago.

"Then something snapped.

"It was summer. I wanted to fish. Didn't have time to go back to Michigan, so I wanted to fish in the Kish.

"I was now President of our weary Walton Chapter.

"So, a trip to League National Headquarters in Chicago seemed in order. Somebody was going to clean the Kish for us, or I would find out why and who. I did.

"A visit—a session, and—

"I came away with three brand new and startling thoughts distinctly in mind.

"1. What you did you must undo.

"2. The 'Kish' is My River. It must be cleaned. Start cleaning it now.

"3. God helps him who helps himself.

"Last, but not least, I was madder than ever, for I had not found an angel to do our job. That's the best frame of mind for real work. Soreness is the seed, action the fruit.

"We called a meeting. Oh, how we talked anti-pollution—'Clean the Kish—Make the Kish breed dollars instead of disease,' and so forth. The harmony of our anvil chorus was never stronger. But when actual effort was suggested, the valedictory was 'Bunk' and 'What's the use, we've been talking about it for years.'

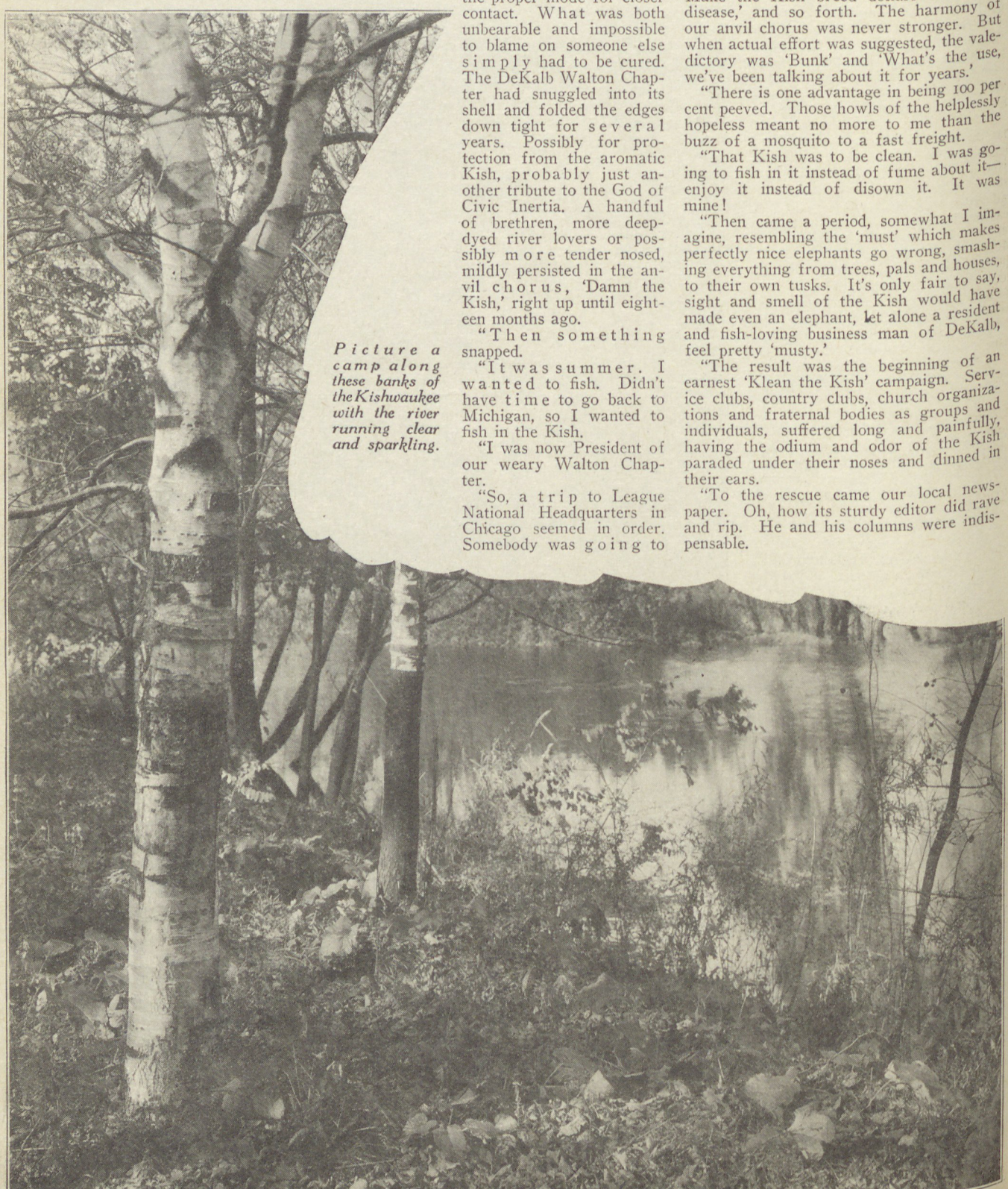
"There is one advantage in being 100 per cent peeved. Those howls of the helplessly hopeless meant no more to me than the buzz of a mosquito to a fast freight.

"That Kish was to be clean. I was going to fish in it instead of fume about it—enjoy it instead of disown it. It was mine!

"Then came a period, somewhat I imagine, resembling the 'must' which makes perfectly nice elephants go wrong, smashing everything from trees, pals and houses, to their own tusks. It's only fair to say, sight and smell of the Kish would have made even an elephant, let alone a resident and fish-loving business man of DeKalb, feel pretty 'musty.'

"The result was the beginning of an earnest 'Klean the Kish' campaign. Service clubs, country clubs, church organizations and fraternal bodies as groups and individuals, suffered long and painfully, having the odium and odor of the Kish paraded under their noses and dinned in their ears.

"To the rescue came our local newspaper. Oh, how its sturdy editor did rave and rip. He and his columns were indispensable.



Picture a camp along these banks of the Kishwaukee with the river running clear and sparkling.

"Mayor—aldermen—public officers of all ranks and degree, found in the Kish not only food, but whole meals for thought, at least three times a day and an uneasy bed which brought them no rest.

"Charge and counter-charge cries of 'filth and pestilence' on the one side—'higher taxes, extravagance' on the other, were the civic accompaniment to the march of our 'Klean the Kish' offensive.

"Souls were stirred, pocketbooks shivered.

"Friends were made and unmade. Enemies blossomed like the Night Blooming Cereus. But, always more and more interest and gradually more and more support. Then came a fateful day when the next move was to petition the City Fathers to appropriate some hundreds of dollars for a Sanitary Engineer to make a survey. The Waltonian wedge publicly stated its determination to beg, hat in hand, on the street corners, if the city were too poor to supply the small sum.

"The money was forthcoming. The fact that the Kish was dirty—that it should be cleaned and that cleaning required sewage disposal equipment, was now scientifically established. For some reason the faithful had always suspected this. Now we were reassured and made true believers. And yet—the unbelievers seemed to be legion. Merrily we shouted 'Klean the Kish' and the unbelievers roared 'Rot!' The true believers not only agreed with that, but said if the Kish were much more rotten it would have to be buried, not cleaned.

"To clean the Kish required a bond issue.

THE KID'S LAMENT

OH, wot's the use? 'Tain't no fun
T' go swimmin' now in th' ole mill run.
It's full o' snags an' filth an' muck,
An' ole tin cans, an' all such truck.
'Tain't like it was when Dad swam there
With trees all 'roun' an' warm pure air.
The new plant's pourin' all its waste
In the water now—it's just like paste.
Why don't my Dad—an' your Dad, too,
Make these plants do wot they oughter do—
Work up their waste—or ship it out—
So's the swimmin' hole kin be cleaned out?

—BRAD.

"Our Sanitary Sherlocks deduced the amount needed to be about $190,000.00.

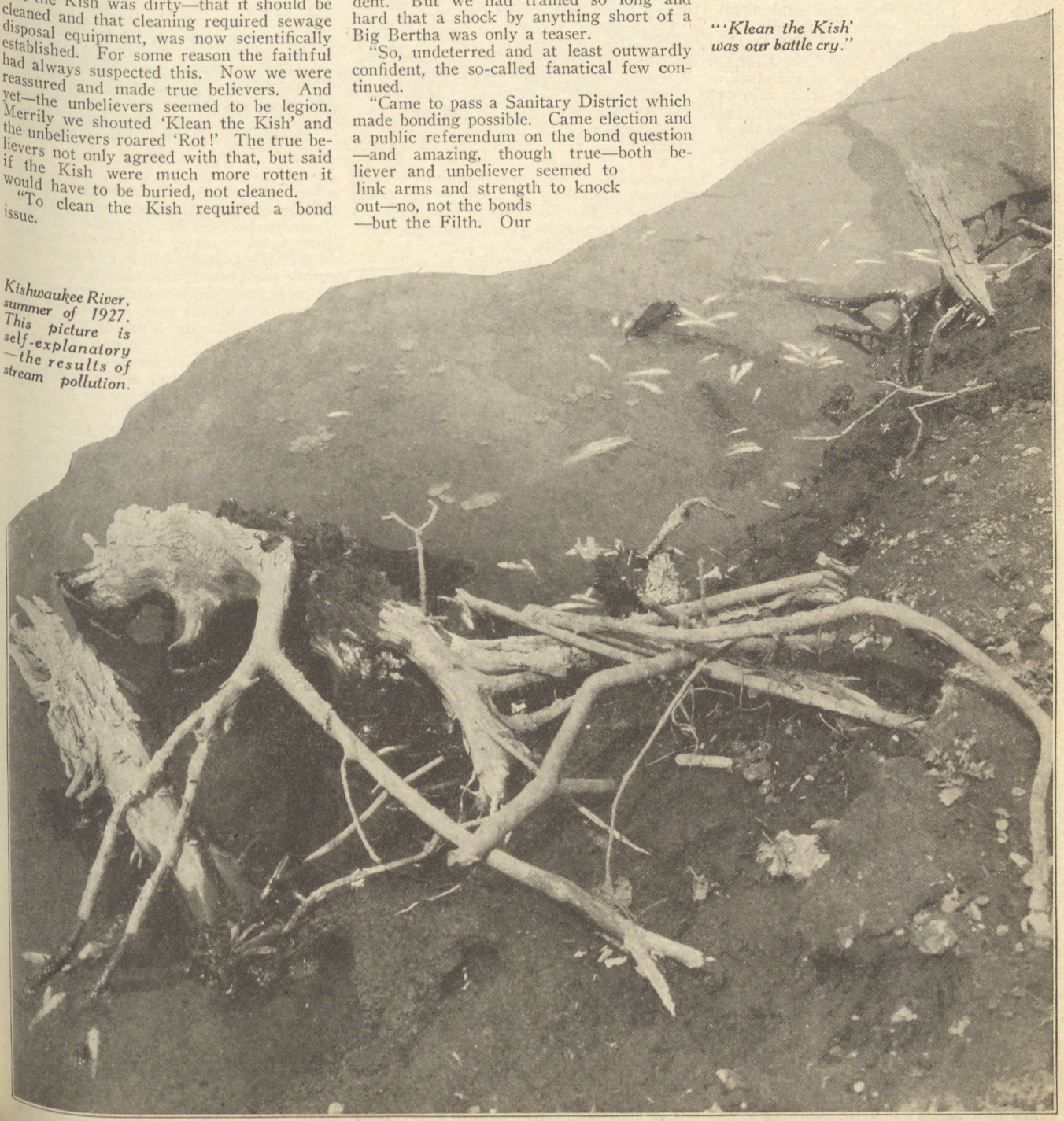
"That sum staggered even the most ardent. But we had trained so long and hard that a shock by anything short of a Big Bertha was only a teaser.

"So, undeterred and at least outwardly confident, the so-called fanatical few continued.

"Came to pass a Sanitary District which made bonding possible. Came election and a public referendum on the bond question—and amazing, though true—both believer and unbeliever seemed to link arms and strength to knock out—no, not the bonds—but the Filth. Our bond issue is authorized—soon to be sold—our sewage disposal plant soon to be built, and a 'Klean Kish' soon will be a reality instead of a wish."

And thus, my friends, a Harold humorously sang a song of a town's success in its wonderful fight for civic and individual cleanliness and righteousness. The vision of the "Kish" as it was once and should be, furnished the goal. A love for outdoors, community cleanliness and a detestation of spoliation fanned the flame. But Waltonism's practical guidance and purpose inspired that persistent idealism—that spirit of selfless service which developed both the machinery and prestige, that will "Klean the Kish," that will remake its power to breed dollars and delight and thus cause civic progress, pride and pleasure to blossom where dour disgust, dissatisfaction and disease recently reigned. Thus a man-made mess will be transformed into a natural gem, glorifying God its Giver.

"'Klean the Kish' was our battle cry."



Kishwaukee River, summer of 1927. This picture is self-explanatory—the results of stream pollution.

Scene from a Sawtooth Salt Lick

By Bob Limbert

TO those who like getting out and enjoying the great outdoors the writer wishes he might have sent an invitation to be with him last summer as he often crouched, almost breathless with suspense, and watched deer, elk, mountain goats, and various other animals walk up to within camera shooting distance. If one be seeking thrills they will find them aplenty in camera hunting, for truly it is one of the most fascinating pastimes in the world.

As a sport it calls for all of the stealth and caution of the hunting trail; affords the thrilling suspense of the most exciting novel and as a hobby can be followed thruout the year, regardless of game laws. For its fullest indulgence there is no better place in all of America than the Sawtooth mountains of central Idaho.

The abundance of game in this region is beyond belief unless one actually gets into the field and sees for himself. Just to illustrate, the least number of deer counted by the writer in any one day on a trip to the country adjacent to the extreme north end of the Sawtooth Range was 66, the most 271. During the past summer the writer spent 132 days in this region, vagabonding so to speak, from place to place with a saddle and pack horse outfit spending the greater part of the time among the high, little known peaks composing the very backbone of the Sawtooth Range. In this length of time there were many, many times when I did not know, except in a sort of a general way, exactly where I was and it might be added, neither did I care.

The object of the trip was the gaining of first hand knowledge of the game and scenic conditions in the Sawtooth and Salmon River sections and the pursuit of a hobby, nature photography. To substantiate the assertion that the study of game and game conditions is a most fascinating experience the writer is going to ask that you, the reader, fancy yourself as his companion and in imagination share but one of the many incidents of a similar kind which happened on the above trip.

A few miles from the upper end of Big Redfish Lake, in the very heart of the incomparable Sawtooth scenery is a salt lick which has been used by big game of various kinds for countless centuries. The incessant licking and munching away of the salty earth has scooped out a great depression or hole in the ground almost as large as an average sized cellar. In fact if it were possible to gather the yardage together in one place it would probably be much bigger. Deer, mountain goats, porcupines, with now and then a straggling elk come to this place daily for a taste of the salty mineral which seems so necessary to their existence.

Game trails radiate from the place in all directions and upon examining them I found they were being used both early in the morning and late in the evening. This could be told from the appearances of the tracks, especially those made while the dew was falling.

My first step in a place like this is to construct several brush blinds surrounding the place so that no matter which way the wind may happen to blow I can always be on the lee-ward side.

It might prove interesting to many to know just what kind of an outfit I used on this work. For a number of years I have been using a view camera as well as a Graflex, and by these machines have secured a number of really fine views of both bird and animal life as well as scenics. To spend much time on a hobby costs money, real money and plenty of it, as I have found out. Unfortunately the writer, perhaps like the reader, has to work for a living and to make both ends meet. It was for this purpose that I decided to add a motion picture camera to my equipment, believing that I could at least dispose of enough of the film I secured to help out considerably on the expenses of my trips.

After considerable deliberation and letter writing I decided on a DeVry Automatic using the standard 35 mm film as is used in our motion picture shows. That this was a good selection has been proven many times.

Placing both my Graflex and my DeVry in a pack sack I left camp arriving at my blind a little before daylight. Wrapping up in a blanket to shut out the chill of the morning I settled down for something to happen. There are but two things to remember in a place like this and they are—silence and no quick motions. Wild animals, altho they cannot distinguish form, are exceptionally quick to see a movement of any kind, however slight.

At last the sun came up and I had been sitting basking with enjoyment in the warm golden glow of the morning when suddenly a movement on the hillside above attracted my attention, and there, like magic, stood a big buck deer. How he ever got so close without my seeing him sooner will forever remain a mystery.

For a full minute he stood testing the air with his nose for the scent of possible danger and sifting the air with ears almost as sensitively adjusted as a microphone. In my imagination I can see him yet, that big antlered monarch of the woods. Finally he made up his mind to come in to the lick.

On, on, on, he came, step by step, a foot, a yard at a time. Suddenly he whirled quartering away from me with the hair along the back of his neck and his white rump patch roached forward. My spirit sank at the thought of his leaving just as success had seemed almost certain.

For perhaps three minutes he remained motionless with his neck arched, his head raised and his ears tilted forward in a listening position. I imagined him, as I was, tense and quivering with excitement expecting every second to see him bound away and then—he surprised me by calmly reaching down and nipping off a blade of grass. A moment later a doe, followed by a fawn, ambled into sight from over the ridge in the direction he had been looking.

Something, some subtle instinct, too minute for me to grasp, had warned him there was something moving just over the ridge and it would be well for him to investigate before venturing further.

The two animals came walking with confidence until they reached a point even with the buck. Here she began to show even more signs of caution, if possible, than the buck. Continually they turned their heads from side to side and as I slowly lifted my binoculars to my eyes I could see their black moist noses twitching as they tested the air for the scent of possible danger. Well did they know that it is from such places as the overhanging branches of a tree near a lick that their most deadly enemy, the cougar, likes to spring and make his kill.

They appeared so close, through the lenses of the binoculars, it almost seemed as if I might reach out and touch them. Suddenly a mosquito stabbed the back of my neck and it took all of my will power to resist reaching up and slapping him. Next I wanted to sneeze and nearly strangled in the effort to choke it back. It is really amusing how many aggravating and irritating little things can and will happen to you at a time and place like this.

The big buck seemed to sense that all was not as it should be and hung back apparently regarding it as his duty to act as a lookout for the others as they crowded forward to munch the saline earth they craved so much.

(Continued on page 89)

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

No Possible Alibi

Dear Editor:

Would it be possible to furnish me with 100 reprints of page 26 of the March number? I want the whole page as is with no change at all. I cannot imagine anybody spending fifteen minutes reading and thinking of this page and then manufacturing a satisfactory alibi for not working with the Izaak Walton League. If the editorial is at all comprehended it ought to make any American worthy of the name as uneasy as hell.

HARRY F. WILEY.

Laconia, N. H.

The Wind, She Blow So'east?

Dear Editor:

Before I go any further I want to say I like you immensely and know we are going to be friends for a long, long time. I think the new covers on Outdoor America are a big improvement, but on the March issue why the man bucking a south wind while the grass and shrubs are blowing east? Remember that Outdoor America's readers have been trained to observe the little things outdoors.

WILLIAM B. GREENIG.

Buffalo, New York.

We think it is perfectly marvelous of Mr. Greenig to figure this out. We couldn't. —EDITOR.

We Admit It

Dear Editor:

May I congratulate Outdoor America on Erle Kauffman's excellent article in the April issue on the subject of Florida's forest fire problem.

This was a fine piece of writing, bravely done. I say bravely advisedly, as I have had the same criticisms myself of Florida but not the courage to speak out loud, knowing what the violent reaction of my many Florida friends would inevitably be.

Mr. Kauffman has—pardon me—guts and so has Outdoor America. More power to both.

S. R. SIDNEY.

Miami, Florida.

Tears and Smiles

Dear Editor:

I almost wept over MacKinlay Kantor's tragic story of one of our poisoned rivers in the April issue, and then reading the following story I got my wife to play My Souvenirs on the piano while I sang lustily, if not harmoniously, the words of Porter Wittich's outdoor version of the song.

So you see I have Outdoor America to thank for a variety of emotions.

HAROLD CATES.

DeKalb, Illinois.

Beg Your Pardon

We regret that in the list of professional contributors to Outdoor America listed in Part Two of the April issue, the name of A. Osborne Mayer was omitted. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Mayer for the excellent drawings and cover paintings he has generously donated to this magazine.

EDITOR.

We Agree With You

Dear Editor:

"And We Call Them Dumb" in your March issue, from the pen of our talented writer, Leon Archibald, was greatly enjoyed. This young war hero spent some time in this town during his convalescence, after four years overseas with the Imperials where he served as First Lieutenant with the 63rd Field Co. of the Black Watch, and with a tremendously fine record to his account. During his stay here he sent a daily column to the Philadelphia Ledger then under the editorship of Christopher Morley.

Some of his war stories were greedily snapped up by a leading magazine, during which time I learned that he also had material ready for a book. One Editor said to him: "You have the style of the immortal Ian Hay."

I have seen several short stories from his pen during the past year or so, and I congratulate you on having secured the services of such a writer for your splendid magazine.

He possesses a wonderful power of telling true stories of animals and the great outdoors in a realistic and gripping manner and with supreme literary effect.

R. DE WOLFE.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

(Continued on page 104)

About Our Contributors

DEVIL'S RIVER—HEAVEN is the second contribution of **Betty Benton Patterson** to OUTDOOR AMERICA. Mrs. Patterson is a constant contributor to various newspapers and magazines. Her camping and fishing experience is not surpassed by any sportsman we know, and her camp cooking cannot be equalled. Her fishing career began at the early age of eight years, when she went fishing with her distinguished grandfather, then Lieutenant Governor of Texas, for whatever the waters of the Gulf of Mexico might give forth. "It was then," she says, "that I was taught conservation of fish. Nothing was wasted. Years of salt water fishing followed, but it was my camping partner, incidentally my husband, who taught me to love fishing in swift, fresh water streams.

"For many years we and our three sons fared forth to camp and fish. The fishing was fun, but the camping was—well, but why try to tell what camping means to a camper.

"We are spending the month of May on Devil's River. They are damming it even now, and we are going early to beat the dam."

We are justifiably proud of OUTDOOR AMERICA's festive spring cover this month by the renowned **John Held, Jr.** This is the second cover he has made for us and we are grateful to be able to announce another for the October issue.

We are also proud of the frontispiece, a Superior National Forest cartoon drawn especially for this issue by **Everett Lowry,** whose splendid work is well known to OUTDOOR AMERICA's readers.

Donald Hough and **Robert Page Lincoln** are with us again this month with their respective stories, *The Last Trout* and *A Gentle Disciple of Walton.* Both of these popular writers are well known to OUTDOOR AMERICA's readers and need no further introduction. Innumerable letters reach us constantly praising their contributions and asking for more.

In *The Better the Day*—by **Elmer E. Rawdon** we again meet Billy and Spider and find them advanced to fly fishing. Mr. Rawdon is a devout lover of fishing and of boys, spent four years in the late world unpleasantness and now resides in Akron, Ohio, and fishes as much as possible with his small son.

Leonard H. Delano, *A Blind Fisherman,* is a student at the University of Oregon and is a sincere admirer of the hero of his story. He says, "I fear that with my eyesight unimpaired I cannot as thoroughly sense the beauty of the outdoors or fish as skillfully as this remarkable blind man."

Col. Mel R. Nyman, *Halt! Who's There?* is an outdoor lover and active conservationist of the finest type. He is President of the Minneapolis Chapter of the Izaak Walton League and has been a strong factor in the League's fight to save the Superior National Forest. He is much interested in the Indians of his state, speaks several of their languages and has been adopted into one of their tribes.

John B. Thompson, *The Big Spread,* is better known to us as Ozark Ripley, under which name he has delighted his readers for many years. Ozark is part French and part Indian, spends every possible moment in the woods when he is not on speaking tours in New York, Chicago and all points west; lives winters in Tennessee and knows every quail covey in the state; lives summers in Canada and knows every acre of it, and above all, he is the happiest hearted individual we have ever known.

Nathan N. Wolpert, *Shall the Angler Be Admitted?* received his Mechanical Engineer degree from the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. He is assistant editor of "Water Works Engineering" and has written a number of articles on water supply and water problems, so he is well qualified to speak with authority on the subject of municipal reservoirs.

(Continued on page 104)

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Tippecanoe Rescued

USING brute force to combat power and strength is barbarous. Marshalling public opinion is a much better weapon. A few years ago public service corporations generally were cold-blooded and grasping. Now public good-will and the rights of the public are better respected.

Many streams have suffered greatly during periods of low water because the flow from power dams has not been equalized. One time there is a flood; then the stream bed is left entirely dry. Often these changes take place very rapidly.

I can cite no better proof of the change in attitude than a recent agreement between the Indiana Division of the Izaak Walton League and the Indiana Hydro-Electric Company with reference to the flow below the Oakdale dam on the famous Tippecanoe River.

Minimum Flow Guaranteed

There has been constant friction ever since this dam was built. The riparian owners demanded their just share of the water and an equalized flow; the power company claimed the right to take all or none of the water as it saw fit. Bathing and boating waters were uncertain and dangerous; beautiful waterfront property was materially reduced in value; and fish life was often left stranded high and dry. The situation was most unsatisfactory along the forty mile stretch of river.

Promises were made but never kept. Finally court decisions were cited and court action threatened. The two committees met, and after deliberation the company agreed to replace one of the large wheels with a smaller one, and use this smaller wheel during the period of low water, June 16 to November 1.

The operation of the smaller wheel will provide three times the minimum flow maintained in the past, and will substantially relieve the rise and fall of the river during at least part of the year.

A suitable flow during the spawning season is assured. During the balance of the year the operation of the dam will be so regulated that the rise and fall will be less abrupt than heretofore. We should like more definite assurance that at no period of the year will the stream be robbed of all flow.

We hope the Tippecanoe is safe at last! There are numerous streams throughout the country where like agreements should be made without delay. A minimum flow should be guaranteed!

With Congress

DURING the recent session of Congress, conservation and park legislation received considerable attention. Taken as a whole the progress was quite encouraging. Many good bills were passed, many failed to pass and others have advanced so that they may be given intelligent consideration at the next session. The important bills are:

Forests

Forest legislation passed during the First Session of the 70th Congress was reported last July. The Second Session passed little additional forest legislation except bills transferring forest areas to National Parks. Unfortunately Congress did not appropriate anything like the funds authorized for forest extension, forest protection and forest research, all of which must be given more liberal support.

Among the bills which were still pending when Congress adjourned are measures to establish an effective forest fire prevention program; a bill enabling the Forest Service to effectively protect watersheds within National Forests which are the sources of water supply for municipalities; reserving to the government surface rights to mineral claims within National Forests; giving the government the right to set aside refuge areas within National Forests; giving the Forest Service permission to establish recreation areas within National Forests; and regulating forage resources on both National Forests and public domain.

National Parks

National parks legislation received much attention. Among the bills passed are an act establishing the Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming; authorizing the President to appoint a commission to study areas involved in the proposed adjustment of the southeast, south and southwest boundaries of Yellowstone Park; making adjustments in Yellowstone Park boundaries on the north and northeast sides of the park; authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to investigate and report upon the desirability of creating a national park in the Florida Everglades; providing for the acquisition of the magnificent stands of sugar-pine along the western boundary of Yosemite National Park; and creating the Badlands National Monument in South Dakota.

A bill establishing the Quachita National Park in Arkansas was passed but was vetoed by President Coolidge. A large number of new national park bills failed of passage, but a resolution directing investigation and including a limit of $12,500 for expenses was passed.

Recreational Areas

The Shipstead-Newton Bill to preserve the natural beauty of the Superior Forest country was given favorable endorsement by both the Senate and House Committees, and its passage was almost unanimously endorsed by the Legislature of Minnesota. Appropriation was made for special study of the engineers' reports, and this bill is in excellent position for favorable consideration at the next session.

Fish and Game

No additional fisheries legislation was enacted. A pending suit may decide that the White Fisheries Program, affecting thirty-three states, is a valid program without reintroduction, and the matter was not pushed. A bill appropriating $35,000 for

Do You Know:

An agreement partly safeguards the Tippecanoe River?

Congress advanced conservation?

States change conservation officials too frequently?

What your state's legislative program is?

See stories below.

The Tippecanoe River at Oakdale Park Riffle, July 30 last, at 6:50 A. M.— a dry, ruined river!

in Conservation

Fine Progress!

The international recreational area plan is making fine progress. Both committees in Congress made very favorable reports, and the Minnesota Legislature overwhelmingly endorsed the Shipstead-Newton Bill. See special article page 20.

the enforcement of the Hawes bass law did not receive favorable consideration, and will be reintroduced next session.

The outstanding wild-life legislation of the session was the Norbeck-Andresen refuge bill covered fully last month. A bill appropriating $275,000 for the purchase of elk haylands in Wyoming failed of passage and must be reintroduced next session. Appropriations for research activities were far below the authorized amount and must be increased at the first opportunity.

Pollution

One measure, combining the Kiess Bill, the Tagenhorst Bill and others, was passed and approved. It directs the War Department to make studies of certain streams from the standpoint of flood control, and specifies that "the reports of the preliminary examinations of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, Pennsylvania, and the Auglaise, Blanchard and Ottawa Rivers, Ohio, shall also contain data relative to devising methods whereby the sources of pollution of said streams may be removed."

The session as a whole gave conservation much favorable consideration.

Bad Business!

SUCCESSFUL business firms pursue business methods and pay their stockholders reasonable dividends. They do not change policy frequently to suit someone's whim!

Conservation is serious business! But rarely do the stockholders (the taxpayers or license contributors) rise in their might through organized effort and make it so. The result is that all too often it becomes a political football. Some states change conservation officials every time a new governor is elected. This is bad business!

Nebraska right now is considering the most progressive step yet taken by any state to guarantee continuity of policy and service of efficient men. The new bill, sponsored by the Nebraska Walton League Division, provides that the non-partisan, non-salaried commissioners who govern policies *shall serve for ten-year periods.* That's more like it! Under such a plan Nebraska should lead the whole country.

Eastern States, watch your laurels!

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

New Officials

A number of new officials have recently taken charge of state conservation departments. Among them are:

C. C. Woodward of Tampa, Florida, has been appointed to succeed Jordan B. Royall, Florida's first Game and Fish Commissioner, who was summarily removed by a new Governor after four years in office.

Ralph Bradford of Pontiac, Illinois, has been appointed Director of Conservation succeeding Gus H. Radebaugh, who served but nine months and then resigned. Mr. Bradford was formerly in charge of this work when it was under the Department of Agriculture.

Keith McCanse, for four years Game and Fish Commissioner of Missouri, has resigned to accept another position. His successor has not been named.

John W. Thompson has been appointed Chief of Ohio's Division of Fish and Game, part of the Department of Agriculture, to succeed Dent O. Thompson who held that position for some years.

John J. Slautterback, for more than thirteen years an employe of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, was appointed Executive Secretary to succeed John B. Truman, who served in that capacity for a few months over two years.

Col. Louis B. Nagler, the Director of Wisconsin's new Conservation Department, resigned after less than two years of service. Mr. Matt Patterson, one of Colonel Nagler's assistants, and for a number of years an employe of the Department, took charge temporarily as Acting Director.

Fortunately a number of these men have had experience in the service, and it is hoped the vacancies will be filled by capable, experienced men *regardless of politics.*

Under the usual course of events many of these men will barely have time to learn their jobs before they are replaced. It is a mighty bad practice. So long as the sportsmen and taxpayers are willing to pay political debts instead of insisting upon honest service we can hope for nothing better.

State Programs

IN the March issue we gave a number of state legislative programs. Some additional ones which have reached us are:

Arizona: An entire new game code, providing for a non-partisan commission with broad regulatory powers and the right to select its own administrative officer. Also higher license fees.

Arkansas: An effort to create a forest commission with a real forest program, also better anti-pollution legislation.

Connecticut: Broader regulatory powers for the Fish and Game Commission, and a close season on grouse for one year.

Illinois: Creating a sanitary water board of three members to control and eliminate pollution.

Indiana: Established a universal fishing, hunting and trapping license, established a fire warden service, authorized cities to establish sanitary districts and to construct sewage disposal plants, appropriated $100,000 for purchasing public lands and more liberal appropriations for anti-pollution work.

New Jersey: Public forest purchase and public hunting grounds program; a five-year close season on hen ringnecks; and close season of two years on wild turkeys.

North Dakota: Better statewide control of game and fish affairs, and placing greater responsibility upon the administrative officer.

Oklahoma: Broader powers for the Fish and Game Commission, including eminent domain; preventing removal of commissioners except by impeachment; a resident fishing license; revocation of licenses; and extending close season on deer and turkeys.

Oregon: Broader regulatory powers for the Game and Fish Commission; better control of public waters of the state.

Wyoming: A general revision of the game and fish laws.

In a later issue we hope to give the readers a résumé of the legislation enacted this year in all the states.

The same spot in the Tippecanoe shown on opposite page photographed 30 minutes later—a flood!

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Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRED H. DOELLNER, General Manager

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

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Fish and Furniture

IT happened in a Pullman smoking-ing compartment. Lots of things happen there. The fate of nations—the election of Presidents—the future of Wall Street—the grand championships of liars and story tellers are settled daily in those little smoke and voice-filled cubicles, where congregates the wisdom of worlds and sages.

I was the solitary occupant. Soon two men entered. True to form, in five minutes conversation was three-cornered and cards were exchanged. Looking at mine, one said, "Izaak Walton League. Oh, yes"—and I sensed he didn't know, but wanted, without displaying ignorance, to know what it was. The other—younger, and a bit self-assertive—grabbed the opportunity to exhibit an encyclopedian mind, and said:

"That's the big fishermen's club—they've got clubs all over the country."

It wasn't the first nor has it been the last time I encountered that same definition of Waltonism. One of my companions was in the furniture line and the other life insurance. A statement that the League was a very real dollars and cents benefit to their respective lines was greeted with incredulity.

Both courteous—the older man doubted merely with a rather quizzical smile, the younger with an outspoken but smiling, "How do you get that way? Fish and furniture don't mix even if both do begin with 'F.'"

So it again came to me that strangers label Waltonism "fish." A few say "sport." Comparatively few realize the enormous economic significance and value of Waltonian philosophy, and the League as its working army. For the instant forget entirely the spiritual and recreational betterment the League is producing. For the sake of argument, let's assume that dollars alone are the yardstick of aspiration and success. Now Business will say, "Waltonism can't serve us."

But—is that true? Let's see.

Wages and profit are measured in dollars. So is business. Now though Waltonism deals in pure sentiment and idealism it actually builds the foundation for such material things as wages, sales, profits and dividends.

For instance, when Waltonism developed public opinion to insure passage of the Woodruff-McNary Bill which will cause the Federal Government to acquire and scientifically make millions of acres perpetual producers of trees, it served commerce and industry as well as spiritual and recreational ends.

From those acres will come trees, timber with its many by-products, in addition to myriad forms of food, fur and sport-producing wild life.

Who will be the beneficiaries of this single example of a single kind of Waltonian work?

Trees mean pulpwood for paper. That means workers' wages, selling, advertising and railroad expenditures for the whole pulpwood and paper industry. It means paper in ample supply at reasonable prices for the producer and purchaser of periodicals and newspapers—work and wages for their workers; reading matter, advertising space at lower prices; maintenance of business for the advertising profession and its workers; and a market for writers. Then, too, it results in the freer use of paper—more waste paper which produces cheap forms of fiber board needed for packing various commodities. Without trees these activities would suffer, without Waltonism reforestation would suffer. So Waltonian forestation means prosperity, wages, dividends.

Forgot not the moisture retention encouraged by large forested areas—tending to slow up the flood-producing rush of surface water—the decrease of erosion and silting of streams, especially when the forestation shields barren bluff or hillsides—the food, shade and shelter which trees and the vegetation which accompanies them furnish for game, bird, fish and fur-bearing life.

And so, as the forests and game and fish increase, so increases the number of sportsmen and outdoor recreationists. Then expenditures for camping equipment, food, service, gasoline and tires become greater. There must be material for good roads, workmen and engineers to build the roads. Money which comes from vacationists' spending brings increased revenue for the communities near places which furnish choice camping sites or harbor fish and game; and as the sportsmen demand more equipment, shoe—boot—clothing—arms—ammunition—manufacturers and sellers find a greater market, bigger sales and profits, as well as employment and wages for their workers. Strangely Waltonism does seem to produce measureable commercial and industrial benefits. Manufacturers of wood furniture—fixtures—cabinets—toys, need these trees unless they prefer to engage in the production of monuments or safety pins. Furthermore, until we live in entirely cement or steel structures, even the building trades must have lumber. Without it they would be curtailed millions, and their employers and employees suffer accordingly. Even the shingle, lath and spool maker are benefited by Waltonism when it causes four trees to be planted where none existed before. Our giant automobile industry is doubly indebted to Waltonism for it not only inspires the growing of trees for the woodwork in the cars but it actually sells cars to those who wish to visit and play in the

(Continued on page 76)

Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

The Convention—April 18, 19, 20

AS this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA goes to press, arrangements for the Seventh Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League, grandest of all, are rushing along toward completion.

And what a convention it will be!

Conventions are abundant—of every description. Thousands of them! But not one is comparable to the Waltonian Convention. Each year the League Convention stands out as a beacon event of service and gripping public interest.

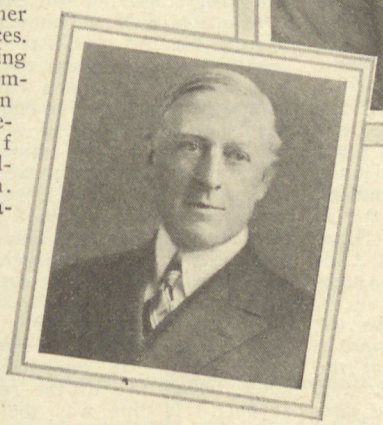
At this Convention you will again rub shoulders with leaders in thought, outdoor sports, science, business and service to man and country, in an atmosphere of wonderful democratic fellowship. Each and every delegate from the foremost to the humblest becomes fired with an unselfish zeal—a love of outdoors and a patriotic desire to help make America better and Americans finer. As this or that speaker pours forth his inspired message the army-like gathering hangs onto each word in a silence of enthralled interest. And again, when some moot point is under discussion the air is charged with electric tensity. Truly there is no such convention as the Waltonian Convention!

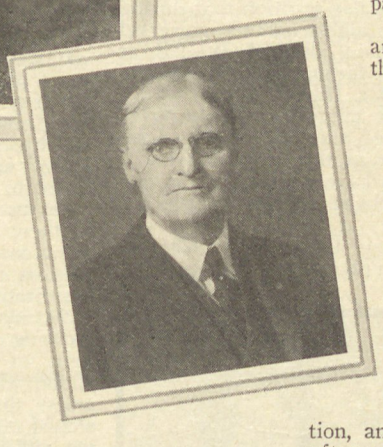
At this great convention these delegates are consecrating their time, convenience and effort to work out the salvation of America's assets—her outdoors and her natural resources. They are serving every man, woman and child in this country regardless of caste, class, color or wealth. It is that saturation of sacrificial fervor, that undimmable democracy, that unselfish zeal which makes Walton conventions different and more wonderful than any others.

And this year, as the cock's crow ushers in the dawn of April the eighteenth, will begin the first day of a Walton Convention surpassing all that have ever gone before.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President, determined that this significant Seventh Annual Convention shall be the premier, has personally sacrificed time and convenience to insure a program never before equaled. Because of his untiring effort a glorious galaxy of speakers and features has been assembled and conservation and outdoors will have such a day as never before.

Such stars in the constellation of conservation and national affairs as Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Scout Executive of the United States, will grip the hearts and minds of listeners with a message regarding the "Walton League and Boy Scouts." Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies and Chairman of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, internationally recognized humanitarian and conservationist, will drive home a lesson never to be forgotten. Paul G. Redington, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, will make "The Welfare of Our Migratory Waterfowl" a living issue in the minds of his auditors and Americans generally. George D. Pratt, President of the American Forestry Association, whose magnificent devotion to our forests stands as a monument to his personal fineness, will make an address on "Our Forests in Relation to Game." Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, will make "Federal Fisheries and Administrative Problems" a thing of living interest to all as only an authority and a magnetic speaker can. George E. Scott, President of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, conservationist, sportsman, acknowledged leader of big business, and a philanthropist and sacrificing lover of outdoors if ever one lived, will make "The Progress of the Foundation During the Year" a glorious pæan of satisfaction and encouragement to every listener. Dr. John C. Phillips, President of the American Wild Fowlers, will reveal unsuspected and pungent facts pertinent to our native game birds and the importation of foreign game birds as few others could. Horace M. Albright, Director, National Park Service, not only an administrator, but a lover of natural beauty and parks, who cut his eyeteeth upon the great Yellowstone Park and had as his testing grounds the entire park system, will make an epic of the development of our marvelous system of national parks.





President Hoover, Honorary President Izaak Walton League. Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President (right) George E. Scott, President Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation (left).

The President's annual dinner to the National Directors, National Officers, the Executive Committee and State Presidents will be a special function on Wednesday evening.

Thursday morning will be occupied with the organization of the convention, and Thursday afternoon the general topic will be "The League During the Past Year." The two main items of the afternoon are the National President's Message, and the report of the National Treasurer.

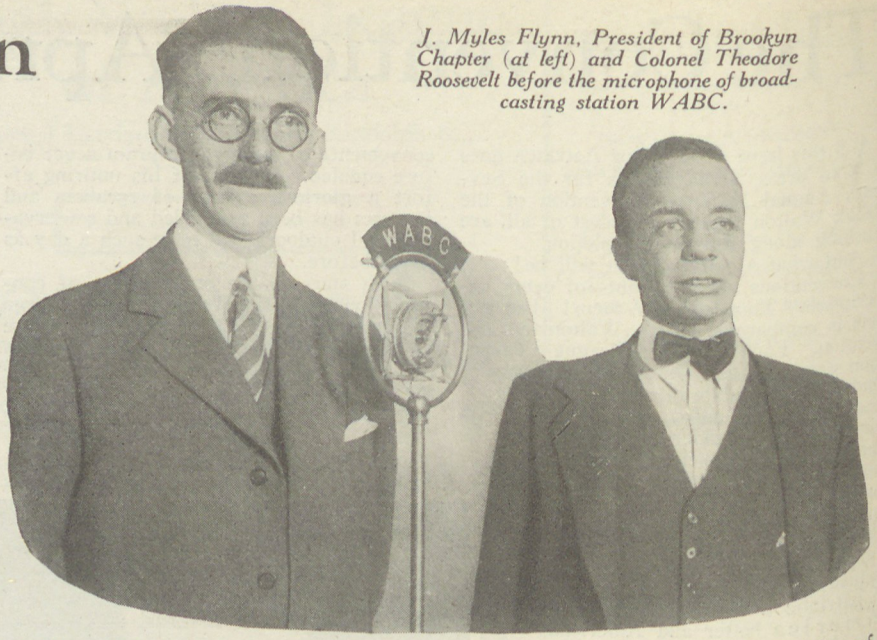
Thursday evening will be devoted to the Sportsmen's Show, with wonderful special entertainment, a smoker and motion pictures. It will be a regular three-ring cir-

(Continued on page 80)

Distinguished speakers at the Izaak Walton League Convention, April 18, 19, 20.

How Brooklyn Chapter Reaches the World

By J. MYLES FLYNN
President, Brooklyn Chapter
Izaak Walton League of America



J. Myles Flynn, President of Brookyn Chapter (at left) and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt before the microphone of broadcasting station WABC.

THE Brooklyn Chapter of the Izaak Walton League offers no apologies if it has not succeeded in its efforts to spread the gospel of the League throughout the length and breadth of the United States. We can go further and prove that the territory covered in this respect has reached from Belle Isle, in the Bay of Fundy, to Cristobal in the Canal Zone, and from New York in the East, to Los Angeles in the West.

In writing this article I wish to say that were it not for the generosity and courtesies extended by Mr. Alfred H. Grebe, pioneer radio manufacturer, owner and operator of stations WAHG, WBOQ, and WABC, in supplying the facilities since 1925, without time limit or restraint and without compensation of any sort, I believe that there are hundreds of thousands who would never have heard of the League. I might also mention that during 1927, the League added another powerful station to its chain, that of WGBB at Freeport, L. I., through the generosity and courtesy of Mr. Harry Carman, owner and operator. It might be interesting to note the voice of this station has been picked up as far as the Catalina Islands, so that we still have proof that beyond the coast the policies of the League are being preached.

To be sure, we of the Brooklyn Chapter have held the upper hand in publicity. Who has not heard of the memorable dispute between two members of this Chapter as to the ethics of worm and fly fishing when practised by a President of the United States? Scarcely a newspaper or magazine throughout the country that did not headline the event. Members of clubs who heretofore had lived in peace and kept their fishing secrets to themselves, forgot all about their harbored feelings and now that the opportunity was theirs took sides on the League's views or otherwise. Rebuttals came from other stations attacking our attitude, but as these were of a political nature we held our peace.

It is rather difficult to try to condense into a page of reading material the activities of our Chapter, but foremost, I believe, have been the educational value of our broadcasts which were reviewed by practically every newspaper in the United States to the extent of editorial comment.

Let us for a moment tune in on a few of these addresses: United States Senator Hon. Frederick C. Walcott, of Connecticut speaking for the Brooklyn Chapter, Station WABC:

"It may be possible to purchase the shooting rights on large areas of land in some of the eastern states so that the public will always have the benefit, for, unless the more desirable areas are purchased outright by the state, or the sporting rights owned by the state, the lands are going to be posted against the public. That is the inevitable tendency, as rapidly as lands are stocked and made interesting to the sportsman. The same principle applies to the streams, but the purchasing of fishing rights is more easily accomplished than the purchasing of shooting rights."

Again on the following week we hear: "Disposal of waste by a means which does not involve the pollution of inland and coastal waters is a responsibility that our people owe to civilization. To bring back the gleaming sparkle and crystal depths of life to dead and melancholy waters choked with putrid animal and industrial pollution, is one of the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America." The voice is that of Attorney Galen Hutchinson of New Jersey, speaking from WABC for the Brooklyn Chapter.

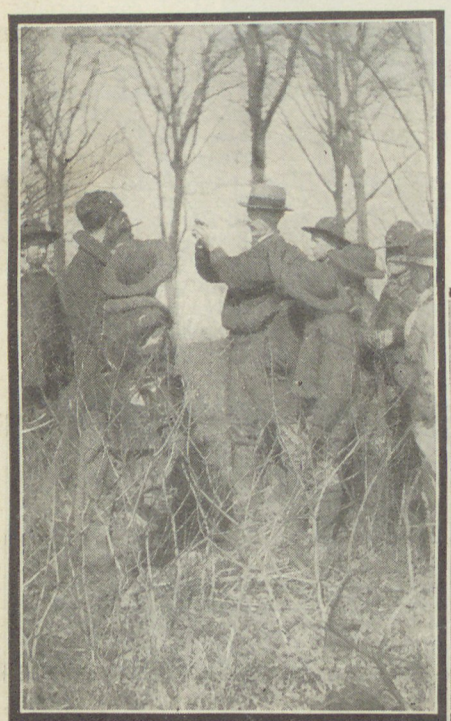
If in these quotations there is not food for thought and action on some of the League's points, then I believe our work has been in vain.

I can illustrate the value of the radio best by mentioning the recent Norbeck-Andresen Bill. Seth Gordon, Conservation director of the League, sent on a request to broadcast the nature of the bill and ask our people throughout the country to write their representatives in Washington to support it.

What was the result? Personally, I received more than forty copies of letters from listeners in my own locality and about twenty-five of the replies assuring support. If this was the local answer what then was the result from the nation-wide broadcast? The final passage of the bill speaks for that.

I take this opportunity to extend to Commissioner Alexander Macdonald of New

(Continued on page 51)



At left—J. Myles Flynn, President of Brooklyn, N. Y., Chapter, I. W. L. A., explaining to Boy Scouts the ravages of the Tentcaterpillar. At right—Mr. Flynn showing Boy Scouts how to tell the age of a tree from the rings on the stump. The stump being examined was found to be that of a tree 86 years old.

Dubuque Proud of Its Bass Hatchery

By J. RAY BROWN

Secretary, Dubuque Chapter No. 10, Izaak Walton League of America, Dubuque, Ia.

Above at left—State and Local Fish and Game Department men seining young fry from Dubuque, Ia., smallmouth bass hatchery. Above at right—Dubuque Waltonians working with State Fish and Game officials to take small fry from Dubuque, Ia., smallmouth bass hatchery. Below—View of Dubuque, Ia., smallmouth bass hatchery.

ONE of the two hatcheries devoted to the propagation of small mouth black bass in the United States is located at Dubuque, Ia. The operation of this hatchery was undertaken by the Dubuque Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, in the later part of 1927 and the story of the project and its wonderful success during the first year of its operation is interesting.

For some years past the local chapter had been searching for some suitable place to start a fish hatchery. In due course of time, a lake was found on the grounds of the Sisters of Mt. St. Agnes of Dubuque which seemed to be the ideal place. Its setting in the midst of a beautiful garden of trees and shrubs, as well as its proximity to the city, seemed to make this an ideal location for a smallmouth black bass hatchery.

The owners graciously granted permission to go ahead with the project and state and government experts were unanimous in their recommendations and declared the location to be a rare find for the purpose.

In the pool are many species of moss and other aquatic plants, making a fine refuge for minnows and fish and frogs and furnishing ample natural food. There also are pond lilies and arrowhead lilies growing in profusion in the shallows. The depth of the water averages about six to eight feet, with here and there deeper holes which never will freeze solidly.

During the winter of 1927-28, when the pool had frozen over, many loads of gravel were hauled onto the ice and scattered along the edges. When the ice melted in the spring the gravel went to the bottom and formed spawning beds for the bass that were to come.

Early in the spring of 1928, fifty-seven smallmouth black bass were put into the pool by the Iowa State Fish and Game Department and in June these fish spawned. The result was thousands upon thousands of baby bass.

The members of the Hatchery Committee, under the leadership of Mr. S. F. Weiser of Dubuque, not only were surprised, but deeply gratified at the large number of baby bass. It gave them courage to go ahead with the project, which already had taken much time, effort and money.

Their work, however, was not over by any means. For the balance of the summer they were kept busy providing crawfish and frogs, watching the supply of water and seeing that it was fresh at all times, and last, but not least, acting as policemen to keep small boys and some not so small away from this prolific source of fresh fish.

In October all their efforts and hard work were rewarded. Under the direction of the State Fish and Game Department of Iowa the lake was seined. Between 15,000 and 20,000 young bass from three to five inches in length were taken and transplanted to the streams in and adjacent to Dubuque County.

Experts declare this hatchery to be the best they ever have seen and congratulate the members of Dubuque Chapter on their fine work in conservation.

It might be interesting here to note that smallmouth black bass are a very hard fish to propagate because they cannot be bred artificially, as can trout and many other species. For that reason they are very rare and were one to buy them from the government hatcheries to stock private pools the price would not be less than 60 cents each. It is conservatively estimated, therefore, that the value of the black bass released into the streams of this county by our Chapter last season was $10,000.

Dubuque feels proud of her hatchery. The community has had a distinct asset added to it and the local League Chapter has aided materially in making the outdoors more alluring than ever.

The members of the Chapter who had the direct responsibility of establishing and maintaining the hatchery during its infant days are: S. F. Weiser, F. J. Cornelisen, Martin Bardill, Fred Kempf and the President, Dr. W. J. Baumgartner.

SOUTH BEND'S BIG PLAN

Indiana Chapter Takes Steps to Handle 13 Preserves

South Bend, Ind., has taken definite steps toward the organization of the twelve wild life preserves under its control. Action toward this end was taken by the sanctuary committee of the South Bend Chapter of the Izaak Walton League at a meeting held recently at the Chamber of Commerce auditorium, South Bend. A thirteenth preserve, the property of M. S. Caldwell, located on the east side of St. Joseph River, north of the Four-Mile bridge, was offered the League at the meeting. The protection of its wild life will be undertaken as soon as feasible.

Leechburg Does Good Work

Leechburg, Pa., reports the following accomplishments:

Refuge: Leased tract of land containing 750 acres, 200 of which will be included in a game sanctuary and the remainder public hunting grounds. Refuge will be administered by local chapter.

Trees: Planted 1,000 trees fall of 1928.

Miscellaneous: Presented to Leechburg Library case of mounted game and birds. Value of collection about $900. Continuing collection of specimens for library display.

Paris, Ky., Protects Game

Paris, Ky., reports the following accomplishments:

Waters: Impounded two acres for breeding purposes. Built two rearing ponds for crappie and bass. Rear about 2,000 bass and 1,000 crappie yearly.

Fish: Stocked 15,000 big mouth bass; 1,000 smallmouth bass; 8,500 crappie.

Game: Stocked 75 pair of Mexican quail.

Miscellaneous: Planted food in cover for game.

Bluffton, Ind., Plants Trees

Bluffton, Ind., Chapter reports the following accomplishments:

Trees: Planted trees and shrubs. Helped to clean up Wabash east of city. Cost, $15.00.

Waters: Chapter is helping to restore Limberlost in Adams County.

Fish: Impounded rearing pond as an experiment. State and Federal aid. Stocked 6,500 various kinds.

Game: Stocked 10 pheasants and 300 pheasant eggs. These were purchased.

Misc.: Winter game and bird feeding campaign. Planted food or cover for game. Bird House building contests in schools. Essay contests in schools. Rifle and pistol shooting. Carrying on educational campaign through farm organizations in an effort to bring about a better understanding between farmers and sportsmen.

Trout Creek, Mich., Chapter has stocked 64,000 kinds of fish from the state hatcheries and has set aside four nursery streams.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

FLORIDA CONVENTION

THE fourth annual convention of the Florida Division was held in the city of Orlando, Fla., Feb. 14, 15 and 16. This convention proved to be one of the most important conventions ever held in the Sunshine State, inasmuch as more than twenty-six changes in the present Florida game laws were suggested and approved unanimously by the body and a full time executive secretary was selected to handle the affairs of the division for the coming year.

An official monthly state publication to reach every member of the League in Florida was established, along with a publicity bureau to gather and distribute news of Waltonian activities through the state press.

Outstanding among the proposed changes in the state game laws are the following:

Section 7, which recommends the discontinuance of the August deer hunting season, which at present allows hunting during Fridays and Saturdays through August.

This section also provides that the head, instead of the hind quarter, be tagged, thereby eliminating the removal of sexual markings. It prohibits the killing of all deer except bucks with horns more than two inches. Prohibits the killing of fawns with spotted coats, the chasing, capturing or killing of deer while swimming, and makes the open season from Nov. 20 to Jan. 31.

Section 9, which prohibits the use of the steel trap in the woods or along the waterways of Florida.

Section 13, which recommends that section 36 of the present state game laws be amended so as to prohibit the sale of black bass from five lakes now open in Osceola county.

For Conservation Body

Section 15 recommends that some protection be given the alligator, which is rapidly becoming extinct under the present law.

Sections 16 and 17 recommend that it be unlawful to carry a gun, or take a dog in the woods during closed season.

Section 19 provides that all fresh water fishing be placed under the department of fresh water fish. At present a part of the waters of the state is being seined under the salt water laws after those respective bodies had been declared salt water by the Florida Legislature and placed under the shellfish commission, making seining legal.

And most important of all, section 29, which recommends that a conservation commission or department be established to unify all conservation work for the better protection of Florida's natural resources.

At the present time there are several departments, all working for the protection and development of the state's natural resources with no definite plan of co-ordinated activities. It is believed that better results can be obtained under the direction of a commission or department.

Officers Elected

Officers for the coming year elected by the convention were: W. Ed Brown, Orlando, president; Dr. J. C. Crist, West Palm Beach, first vice president; W. P. Wepf, St. Augustine, second vice president; Fred C. Stuck, West Palm Beach, secretary; Dr. F. F. Thompson, Orlando, treasurer. The Honorable A. V. Knott of Yankeetown was re-elected honorary president.

The convention was well attended and much enthusiasm was manifest.

Fred H. Doellner, general manager of the Izaak Walton League, favored the division with what were declared to be wonderful ideas on organization. His address was wholly along the lines of organization and was well received by those present. Mr. Doellner often was called upon during the convention for his views on various matters, and he responded graciously.

The state division hereafter will maintain a headquarters office at West Palm Beach, out of which *"The Sunshine Special,"* official publication of the Florida Division, will be published. Elmer Burgess, the founder and publisher of this little paper, which has been in existence for more than a year as the bulletin of the Palm Beach County Chapter, will continue in the capacity of publisher, assisted by Fred Stuck, State Secretary, ex-newspaper man, who will devote his full time in the future to the interests of the Florida sportsmen. This is Mr. Stuck's second term as State Secretary.

The convention selected West Palm Beach, where the state offices are located, as their next convention town. The convention next year will be held some time the latter part of February.

Put Fish in Mountain Top Lakes

Chehalis Chapter of Chehalis, Wash., had quite a "blowout" when its members went to stock Twin Sister Lakes on the summit of the Cascade range. The members of the chapter packed the fish fry in cans on horse and burro backs for a distance of twenty-five miles. Above illustration shows the fish planting crew at a ranger's cabin on the summit of Cascade range.

GAME REFUGE OPENED

Garden City, Kans., Chapter Puts Over Splendid Program

Garden City, Kan., chapter reports the following works:

Trees: Tree planting campaign now on.

Waters: Built three rearing ponds for bass, crappie and ring perch. Work and expense borne by members.

Fish: Stocked 20,000 bass, crappie, ring perch.

Game: Stocked 50 quail and 10 pheasants. Established 30,000 acres for three game refuges.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Predatory bird and animal control campaigns. Aid to boy scouts. Nature study and outdoor trips. Establishment of a zoo in city park, where game birds will be cultivated for stock.

Starts Tree Planting Move

Maquoketa, Iowa, Izaak Walton League chapter reports the following accomplishments:

Trees: Chapter responsible for planting trees Arbor Day.

Waters: Two ponds have been made, one from a spring and one from a small spring. Purpose is the raising of crappie and blue gills. Cost $250, borne by both chapter and members.

Fish: Large number of various kinds obtained from the federal government and state. Lost a large number of fish when the Lakehurst Dam broke early last year, hence the state sent an unusually large number to restock.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Planted food and cover for game. Assist in bird house building. Essay contests.

Nation Aroused by League Saves Starving Game Birds

IT is doubtful if at any time in the history of the country that public interest in the preservation of the wild life of the nation has been aroused to such an extent as it was aroused during the winter just closed. Much of the credit for the arousing of the public toward the benefits, as well as the humanitarianism, of saving game which had been suffering hunger and had been starving in tremendous numbers because of the long hard winter, is due to the various Chapters and State Divisions of the Izaak Walton League.

Throughout the United States local Chapters of the Izaak Walton League have made heretofore unheard of efforts to feed game birds and wild animals, where wild animal life does exist, so as to preserve for humanity those forms of food resources or opportunities for recreation.

Stories coming in to National Headquarters from Chapters all over the United States tell of many wonderful sacrifices that have been made by people of the communities where some of the Chapters are in operation in order to protect the game. Great snowdrifts were waded through. Lives even were periled through going into frozen marsh or watered country in order to place food for wild life habitues at points where they not only could find it, but would feel safe in seeking those points as a haven of shelter and feeding.

Among the largest campaigns put on for the feeding of game birds was that which was instituted during the winter by the Cook County organization of the Izaak Walton League Chapters, of which Chicago is the headquarters. This organization secured from the bakers of the city several tons, comprising six or more truckloads, of stale bread. Enlisting the support of the Boy Scout organization as well as of various members of the Izaak Walton League Chapters, a feeding organization was established by the Cook County Chapters under the leadership of Walter Kennicott, President of the Cook County organization.

Mr. Kennicott, marshaling his forces of men and Boy Scouts, passed through the miles of forest preserves which Cook County, Illinois, already has established, spreading the bread and other forms of food that the organization succeeded in securing, at strategic points throughout these preserves.

In some places that were exposed to the bitter colds of the winter temporary refuges of shrubbery or tree branches were constructed and food placed beneath them where the small game birds could feed in safety and feel unafraid.

The principals among the crew organized by Mr. Kennicott were Ed. Schultze, Treasurer of the Des Plaines, Ill., Chapter; Tom Bissland, Arthur Larsin, Otto Nelson, and George Poole, member of the Des Plaines Chapter. Members from Palatine and Arlington Heights joined in the work, in addition to a considerable number of men from Chicago Chapters and Chapters in other Chicago suburbs.

Among the wild game which avidly sought the food were Canada Geese, Pheasants, and Black Mallards, with a large variety of smaller game birds. Some of these birds were in such a state of starvation that they seemed to lose their fear of mankind and flew and flopped around the human army of feeders, utterly content apparently, with the fact that they had found something to eat when the deep snows and hard frozen surfaces prevented them securing their natural foods.

Such was the interest aroused in Chicago, a city of more than three million people supposedly knowing little of wild life, that a considerable crowd watched operations at each station of the Forest Preserves, while the Chicago newspapers sent reporters and photographers to give liberal publicity to the event in both newspaper print and illustrated form.

As to the Boy Scouts, it may be said that they worked enthusiastically in scrambling over heavy snowdrifts, rough frozen surfaces of wooded lands and the iced coverings of streams, seeming to take an intense delight in the humanitarian element of what they were doing. They assisted the men in various ways, some of them climbing trees to place food in the higher branches for that type of birds which might fear to seek food upon the ground when human beings and stronger enemies in the birdland might be around.

Newspaper reports coming in to the Headquarters from points all over the United States show that the newspapers themselves have recognized the humanitarianism of this phase of Waltonism. Space was given freely and liberally, most of the stories being written in such a human interest form as to command the attention of the general reader of newspapers, instead of confining the interest solely to the sports element interested in the preservation of game only as a means for enjoyment.

Above at left—Group of Boy Scouts from Des Plaines, Ill., loaded with bread to feed game birds in the Forest Preserves of Cook County, Illinois, of which Chicago is the metropolis. Below at left—Three members of Walter Kennicott's crew of men constructing temporary refuges from cornstalks and placing feed for the game birds in the Cook County Forest Preserves. Above at right—Walter Kennicott with some of the Boy Scouts placing feed for birds in the trees of the Cook County Forest Preserves. Photographs by courtesy of Chicago Daily News.

OKLAHOMA STATE CONVENTION

State Division convention will be held at Muskogee, May 20 and 21.

NEBRASKA CONVENTION

July 4, 5 and 6 at So. Sioux City, on Crystal Lake.

Chapter Secures $175,000 Works

Shreveport, La., reports the following accomplishments:

Waters: Impounded salt water during low stages and releasing during high stages of stream. Cost $50,000. Purpose to prevent from going dry. Dam on Caddo lake getting very weak and was instrumental in getting government, state and Caddo Levy board to appropriate funds. Cost $125,000. Reflooded 11 square miles. Done by building bulkhead to hold sufficient water to prevent from drying up. Cost $4,000. Built two Hoover ponds. Raise Black Bass, large mouth.

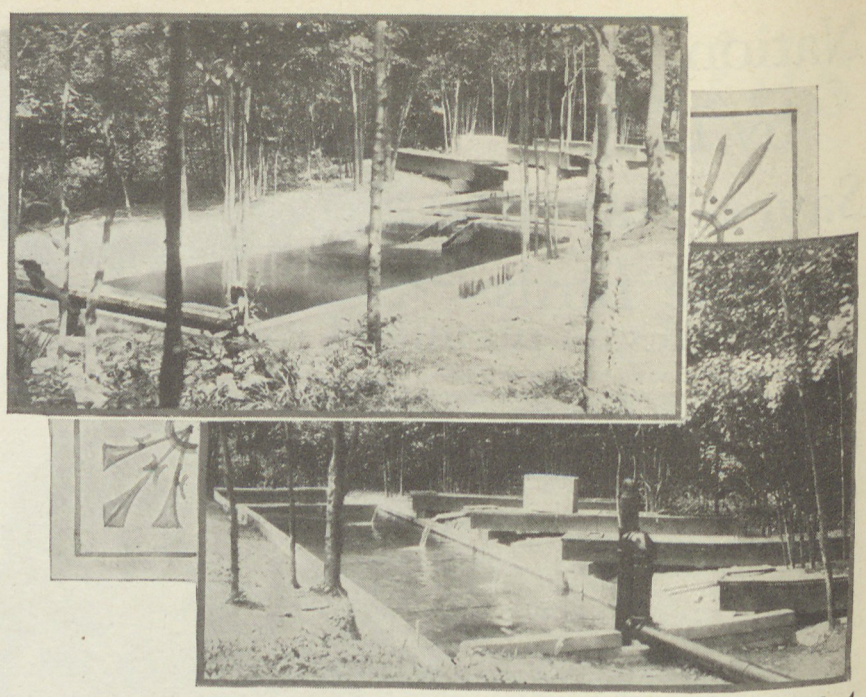
Fish: Stocked 15,000 Bass and 8,000 perch.

Game: Set aside 15,000 acres for one game refuge.

Shreveport chapter of the Izaak Walton League was successful in obtaining passage of a bill in the recent session of the Louisiana legislature, creating a game and fish preserve in the Caddo Lake section. Outstanding accomplishment was the campaign slogan.

Fight Is On to Save Large Trout Rearing Pond

By M. C. COLEMAN
President, Renovo, Pa.,
Chapter, I. W. L. A.



Views of two trout rearing beds at Renovo, Pa., where the Renovo Chapter of the I. W. L. A. is making a strenuous fight to protect its investment in 267 acres of land bordering a trout stream. The chapter is seeking a trade with the State Forestry Commission which will protect this investment already amounting to more than $4,500.00.

EVER in accord with the wide spreading efforts toward propagation of woods, waters and wild life, members of Renovo Chapter No. 14 of Renovo, Pa., have overcome numerous obstacles and reached a point where they are able to point to their achievements with just pride.

Working in conjunction with the Renovo Lodge of Elks, whose membership is synonymous with that of the Izaak Walton League Chapter, they have, in the last two years, reared and distributed more than 150,000 brook trout in the streams of Pennsylvania. These fish have been secured from the United States Bureau of Fisheries as fry and reared to a length of six inches in an auxiliary nursery on Young Woman's Creek, in Clinton County, Pennsylvania. This nursery was constructed at a cost of $2,000.00 and is maintained by the Renovo Lodge of Elks, which leases and maintains a country club and playground at this point. A total of $4,500.00 has been expended in equipping and improving this beauty spot, which is open to all during the summer months.

Young Woman's Creek affords some of the best trout fishing to be found in the East and there are more than ten permanent camps along its course, which are owned by prominent sportsmen from all parts of the state.

There are 500 miles of fishable streams within a radius of 50 miles of this nursery and, if they are to be saved from depletion of trout, heavy stocking will be necessary. Hence this venture by the Izaak Walton Chapter.

The success attained has manifested itself in financial gifts, letters and words of praise from far and near. The resultant increase in the number of sportsmen along this and near-by streams last year has made it plain that our work would have to be made permanent, if the interest is to be maintained and the opportunity for sport afforded.

The present location is on a site located in Pennsylvania State Forest where a plot of two acres has been leased. Since the investment has been heavy and must be increased, neither the Elks Lodge, nor the Walton League Chapter feels justified in making the necessary improvements on other than their own land.

With this thought in mind, 267 acres have been purchased from individuals. This plot lies along Young Woman's Creek, about 1½ miles further from an improved road than the present location and does not afford the same natural advantages insofar as the nursery is concerned. Due to the expense involved, should it become necessary for the Elks Lodge to move its country club and playground, the nursery plan may have to be abandoned.

It was the thought of the Chapter that arrangements might be made to effect an exchange with the State Forestry Commission that would be mutually beneficial, they securing a plot much more desirable as forest land and we, at the same time, filling our needs more economically and advantageously, retaining our present investment and at the same time enabling us to continue our work of conservation and making possible the opportunity for sport and recreation for all.

An exchange of properties would mean a continuation of the present plan of playgrounds, fish hatchery, etc. To abandon them would be a distinct loss to conservation which would be felt most by the disciples of Izaak Walton who love to fish with reasonable hopes of procuring something for their creels.

The necessity of immediate action is apparent and results can only be obtained through the co-operation of the State Forestry Department. To date we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to effect an exchange agreement. While no objections have been voiced we find ourselves unable to disentangle ourselves from the confusion placed in our paths by manner of procedure, better known as "Red Tape." Our many friends can greatly assist us and insure themselves a fruitful trout outing whenever possible to visit this territory, if through your moral support you can further our plans. Anything you can do will be greatly appreciated.

N. Y. LAW IS PUSHED

State Division Carries on Battle Against River Pollution

Ward B. Edwards, President of the New York State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, has received word from Senator Chas. A. Freiberg that the Senate Finance Committee will soon report out the Freiberg anti-pollution bill and that its chances of passage in both houses are very good.

Regarding the bill Mr. Edwards said:

"Considerable misunderstanding has arisen in the minds of people regarding the provisions of this bill. While it has some mandatory provisions, yet it places broad discretionary powers in the hands of the Health Commissioner of the state and safeguards the interests of industry and municipalities in every way.

"It never has been the aim of the Izaak Walton League of the State who have sponsored this bill from its inception to hamper industry or burden unduly any municipality, but on the other hand to cooperate with them in every possible way. The officials of the League believe that the State has a responsibility to point the way to a scientific elimination of trade wastes and municipal sewage and that the state who has also been an offender shall start the cleaning up process.

"This bill grants an appropriation of $100,000 for the purpose of setting up a laboratory in the New York State Department of Health and the employment of experts who will work out a fair and just solution of these problems. At the present time there are many industrial wastes the process of whose elimination are not definitely known. Industry is entitled to have state aid in the solution of these problems.

"Contrary to a general impression the Izaak Walton League always has approached this subject from the standpoint of public health and not from the angle of the fisherman, although incidentally fishing will be improved. The League believes that the boys and girls of this State are entitled to clean streams in which to bathe and swim, that the people generally are entitled to wholesome drinking water, that our rivers and lakes shall be cleansed of polluted material, that our fish, animal and aquatic life shall have a fair chance for existence."

Bay State Waltonians Plant Rivers With Yearling Trout

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., CHAPTER members held quite a celebration during the latter part of February, when they planted a fine lot of yearling brook trout, raised at the Palmer hatchery, into suitable trout streams within the Springfield area.

This development was accomplished through the co-operation of W. C. Adams, director of the state fisheries and game division in Boston. As a consequence, fishermen in the Springfield area are looking forward to splendid sport during the coming seasons.

Planting the trout was accomplished by the members of the chapter braving zero weather. They went to the hatchery wrapped up in heavy winter clothing, prepared for wading deep snows, filled the cans with the yearling brook trout and proceeded in a motor truck to the various streams where the planting was to be done.

Part of the trout was poured into the Quaboag River in the West Brimfield district. The trout, all six to eight inches in length, swam out against the current as soon as they were released and showed themselves to be in a splendid, healthy condition. Seventeen cans containing 600 trout were distributed in the different streams.

The Springfield Chapter is giving credit to Superintendent Monroe of the Palmer hatchery for the fine work he is doing in rearing yearlings, and the courtesies being extended to the Walton Chapters in his vicinity. The committee who made the distribution is shown in the illustration below, including chairman, Percy E. Barrett; vice-chairman, Guy L. Sickman; T. F. Cushing, Donald Clark, Louis Hinckley, Leon Soland, Henry Mackler, Roger Southwick, H. S. Stearns, F. A. Armstrong and John Halpin.

Rural Schools Come to Front

In a recent newspaper release from National Headquarters the suggestion was made that local chapters prepare plans for beautifying grounds of rural schools.

Responses from chapters over the country have been numerous. The idea, which originated with J. W. Cluett, of Lake Andes, S. D., has taken like wild-fire.

National Headquarters will be glad to hear from any other chapters proposing to help the farmers beautifying their school grounds.

BEAUTIFYING ROADS

Arkansas Division Campaigns for Scenic Highways

The Arkansas Division of the Izaak Walton League, according to W. D. Mitchell, Secretary, has undertaken the work of dressing up the highways over the state. All Chapters of the League and public spirited citizens are co-operating.

"The plan is this," said Mr. Mitchell, "the League is now soliciting flower seeds, bulbs and flowering shrubs of every kind and from every source. State headquarters are paying express and refunding parcel post charges to Fort Smith, or to any local Chapter of the League. These seeds and plants will be re-distributed over the state and planted along our paved highways. Zinnias, Cosmos, Daisies, Hollyhocks, Poppies, Cannas, Iris and Lilies are all suitable. Dogwood, Redbud, Crepe Myrtle and shade trees of all descriptions beside the roads will make our highways bowers of beauty and fragrance to welcome those who drive through Arkansas' wonderful Out-of-Doors.

"The object of the Izaak Walton Movement is service to humanity. To protect our forests, fields and streams and beautify our highways attracts more people into the health-giving Out-of-Doors and makes us a happier and stronger nation. Give them flowers while they live."

Muskegon, Mich., Chapter is beautifying its locality. Works done follow:

Trees: About 10,000 various kinds. Cost $100.

Waters: Cleared 2 lakes of pollution from manufacturing and industrial plants. Done by co-operation with plant officials. Cost $125. Constructed 2 bass ponds approximating 50 acres.

Fish: Stocked 17 cans various kinds. Raise small and large mouth black bass.

Game: Established 800 acres for game refuge.

Radio Column

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P. M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo Chapter. Courtesy KGHF. C. M. Ritchie and J. E. Finch, owners.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane Chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

KVOO Tulsa, Oklahoma. Every Monday 6:00 to 6:10 P. M. Central Standard Time. Wave length 263 meters. 1140 kilocycles. Courtesy W. G. Skelly and Southwestern Sales Corporation, owners of KVOO. Programs sponsored by Tulsa Chapter.

KWSC Pullman, Washington. 215.7 meters. Program intermittent.

WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. Courtesy Daniel G. Murphy, part owner station. 256.5 meters. Sponsored by Philadelphia Chapter. Every Saturday, 8:00 P. M.

WCCO Sponsored by Minneapolis Chapter. Broadcast every Tuesday night 10:15 to 10:30 P. M. over Gold Medal Station, Nicollet Hotel. Wave length 370.2 meters. 810 kilocycles. Through courtesy of Colonel H. A. Bellows, manager station.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth Chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P. M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona Chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P. M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore Chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P. M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. 8:00 to 8:20 every Thursday evening. Auspices J. Miles Flynn, station through courtesy, Harry Carmen, owner and operator.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica Chapter. Every Wednesday evening from 7:50 to 8:00 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans Chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights Chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P. M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin Chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic Chapter. Every Friday, 7:30 Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. Dwight Lydell Chapter. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P. M. Central Standard Time. 1270 kilocycles. Courtesy Walter B. Stiles, Inc.

WSM Nashville, Tenn. Schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:30 P. M. to 1 P. M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College. Wave length 1440.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Friday, from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co. 225 meters. 1330 kilocycles.

WJR-WCX Courtesy Richards Oakland Co., and Detroit Free Press. Detroit Chapter. Detroit, Michigan. Each Tuesday, 3:00 P. M.

WKBZ Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8:00 P. M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons, 1500 kilocycles. Ludington Chapter.

Three views of trout planting in the Quaboag River at Springfield, Mass. At left—a group of Springfield Chapter members pouring yearling brook trout from cans into the river. Middle photo, left to right—John Halpin, Louis Hinckley, Thomas F. Cushing, H. S. Stearns, R. W. Southwick, Donald Clark, Henry Mackler, G. L. Sickman, and Leon Soland. At right—chapter members with truck loaded with cans of yearling brook trout raised at the Palmer hatchery near Springfield.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Do you want an expert to inspect your fish pond sites?

TREE PLANTING

1. Our chapter has laid plans for tree-planting work this spring, and I would like to know what some other chapters have done; also which states furnish trees for planting purposes without charge.—C. B. J., New Jersey.

I AM glad you have planned a real tree-planting program. You can do nothing better than plant trees. Local civic organizations, the schools, the Scouts, the Camp-fire Girls, the 4-H Clubs, and the farmers will all join hands with you.

The places to plant first are those in public ownership, or property which belongs to the chapter. I would suggest public-owned forest or park lands be given first consideration. Many watersheds are in need of much more cover. Parks, roadside and streets, and about public buildings are all fine places to plant trees. But plant trees!

Chapters often help the schools put on special planting programs about the school buildings. Many rural schools need windbreaks as well as trees to beautify the grounds.

A Few Good Examples

Below are just a few examples of what chapters have done to plant trees:

Chapter	Trees Planted
Golden, Colorado	6,000
South Bend, Indiana	6,000
Fort Wayne, Indiana	12,000
Wichita and Garden City, Kansas	14,000
Frederick, Maryland	2,300
Ludington, Michigan	21,000
Muskegon, Michigan	10,000
Hibbing, Minnesota	6,000
Hay Springs, Nebraska	3,000
Brooklyn, New York	22,000
Buffalo, New York	34,000
Cadiz, Ohio	15,000
North Baltimore, Ohio	16,000
Belleville, Pennsylvania	6,000
Renovo, Pennsylvania	10,000
St. Mary's, Pennsylvania	5,500
Edgerton, Wisconsin	8,000
Evansville, Wisconsin	10,000

Arrangements should be made not later than February or early March for the trees needed. If they can't be obtained from public nurseries, the cost per thousand from commercial nurseries is not prohibitive. The states are constantly increasing their output and supply trees at low cost, two to five dollars per thousand. A few of the states which supply trees for planting are:

Annual Distribution

State		Cost to Residents
California	50,000	At cost
Connecticut	400,000	At cost
Indiana	500,000	At cost
Iowa	200,000	At cost
Kansas	500,000	At cost
Kentucky	50,000	$3 to $10 per M
Louisiana	500,000	At cost
Maine	250,000	At cost
Maryland	510,000	At cost
Massachusetts	3,500,000	At cost
Michigan	12,000,000	At cost
N. Hampshire	2,000,000	At cost
New Jersey	5,000,000	At cost
New York	35,000,000	At cost
N. Carolina	200,000	$3 per M
N. Dakota	65,000	
Ohio	5,000,000	At cost
Oklahoma	50,000	Nominal cost
Pennsylvania	15,000,000	$2 to $5 per M
Texas	300,000	At cost
Vermont	3,000,000	
Virginia	45,000	Nominal cost
West Virginia	200,000	At cost
Wisconsin	1,500,000	Nominal cost

CONFIRMS BOBCAT DOPE

2. Your advice about the bobcat in the March issue is absolutely right. As state trapping instructor, I have studied these fellows and know their tricks. I have found at least 25 deer killed by bobcats, and they kill grouse, rabbits and other game in large quantity.

I saw where one big cat weighing 32 pounds (yes, we later weighed that one) killed two deer in one night, one large doe and a fawn, within 60 feet. I also saw where a buck weighing 130 pounds with real horns was killed. The cat rode the buck's back for 60 yards before he fell with his throat cut.

Several years ago two of us saw where a bobcat had killed an adult doe the night before. While we were on his trail he came back for another meal. After a chase of a few hours we holed him in a den of rocks. We plugged the holes, set traps inside, and that rascal made us come back twelve successive mornings before we had him. In the meantime, we caught a raccoon and a porcupine in that den of rocks.

We took him out alive and uninjured, but he ruined a new pair of $10 pants for Bill Gray, chewed John Ross' finger, and made things lively for all of us while we took a movie of him. We shipped that cat to the State Farm Show and Harry Van Cleve, one of my co-workers, soon tamed him so that he was much like a domestic cat. We used him for several years at the county fairs as part of the Game Commission's animal exhibit.

Why didn't you tell the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA *how big our cats run? We killed over 400 last year, and this year will pay bounty on about 350 of them. My experience is that Pennsylvania bobcats run from 15 pounds to 38 pounds. I never saw one weighing more than 38 pounds, but have heard of many supposed to be bigger. I inclose a photo of a 34-pound bobcat Bill Gray and I killed last winter. This is one of over 30 we killed in that section in three years.—C. E. L., Pennsylvania.*

State Trapper C. E. Logue and Bill Gray holding 34 lb. Pennsylvania bobcat. One of thirty killed in that section in 3 years.

Thanks, Chauncey, for the cat dope and the photo. I hesitated to say anything about those big Pennsylvania cats for fear the fellows would think I was pulling a fast one on them.

FISH POND INSPECTIONS

3. We want to start a fish rearing pond or two. Please send us a copy of your bulletin, "How to Grow More Fish," and later, if available, we would like to have an expert come to examine our sites. How can we obtain this service?—J. E. R., Ohio.

AM glad to send you a copy of the bulletin. Every chapter is entitled to one copy free. Additional copies are supplied at 10 cents each. They have gone like hot cakes!

Study this bulletin carefully, then look over your proposed sites, and if you still want the services of an expert to go over the ground with your committee, probably your state fish department can send you a capable man. If not, the United States Bureau of Fisheries will be glad to send you one of their field experts if it can be worked in as part of an itinerary into your section. I am inclosing a special official government blank for that purpose, as we have a supply of them on hand.

Return this request to us and we will follow it up. If I can aid you further, just say so.

ORDERING PHEASANT EGGS

4. Our chapter wants to set a lot of ring-neck pheasant eggs. When should we place our order? Believe we can best get setting hens about June 15. How many will each hen care for properly?—S. E., North Dakota.

IF you have not yet arranged for your supply of pheasant eggs, do so at once. The earlier you place the order the more certain you are of having it filled.

If your state department can't supply your requirements, it will be necessary to buy the eggs in the open market. See advertisements in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Prices run all the way from $20 up to $35 per hundred. The early eggs are usually higher, because most breeders feel that the early hatched birds are stronger and have a better chance. Much depends upon weather conditions. Birds hatched too early face equally as grave dangers as those hatched too late.

My experience is that eggs set up to June 15 are better than those set later, but many eggs have been set early in July and the birds reared successfully. The incubation period is twenty-three days.

Will gladly send you instructions for handling the eggs and young birds. Most breeders supply instructions with the eggs. From 15 to 17 eggs make a nice clutch for the average hen. The lighter breeds are more desirable than the very heavy hens. Clean-legged bantams are fine. Heavy hens are too clumsy and kill too many tiny pheasant chicks.

How Brooklyn Reaches World

(Continued from page 44)

York, to Commissioner N. R. Buller of Pennsylvania, President H. J. Burlington of New Jersey and Superintendent John W. Titcomb of Connecticut, the thanks of every true Waltonian for their cooperation in making it possible to hold for the first time, I believe, from any radio station the Commissioners' symposium representing the four states, each with their own message and all of interest to the other.

I also wish to acknowledge the fine assistance given us by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. John B. Burnham, Mr. Carlos Avery, Dr. Payne B. Parsons, Dr. Arthur Newton Pack, Captain Sodergreen, Mr. Herbert Prescott, Commissioner H. B. Woods, Dr. Frank Hale, Chief Bacteriologist, Dept. of Water Supply, Mr. W. W. Brush, Chief Engineer Dept. of Water Supply, New York City, Ex-Congressman Van Duzer of Nevada, Mr. Lee White and scores of others who have assisted me in spreading the gospel of the defenders of America's woods, her waters, her wild life, the health and happiness of her people.

The Department of Conservation, in its annual report to the Legislature, acknowledges the assistance of the Brooklyn Chapter in its educational work through the use of the radio, as well as extending to Mr. Alfred H. Grebe the thanks of the Department for his cooperation.

I now come to some of the other activities of our Chapter. Situated as we are in the heart of the great city and drawing most of our members from the Metropolitan area, it is difficult to adopt any program other than educational. Still we have, in spite of the surroundings, extended into the heart of Long Island and established a Chapter at Calverton in territory supposedly impregnable because of individual clubs. Chapters also have been founded at Patchogue and Belleport and others are now in the making.

We stocked Lake Ronkonkoma with large and small mouth bass, supplied by the United States Bureau of Fisheries two years ago, and have brought back to that lake life that was nearly extinct. Several other lakes and ponds have been stocked and our applications are now ready to be filled this month for further stocking.

We have liberated a large consignment of pheasants and expect to release as many quail through the cooperation of the Department of Conservation. We can take especial pride in this respect inasmuch as no selfish motive guides our stocking policy. All fish and game released are for the benefit of the people, and not for the few.

Our Chapter has four special game wardens and one United States Deputy Game Warden, and their activities and prosecutions have extended all over the state. We believe the League as a whole have helped more to put the fear of God and man in the poacher's heart than any clubs or organizations that ever existed and through educational and practical methods by enforcing what we preach.

There is one phase of the activities of the Brooklyn Chapter that I as its President believe stands out above all others. That is, our cooperation with the Boy Scout organization.

At our Chapter session in November, 1927, the question came up sponsoring the movement in the way of offering prizes for the best work done on the League principles and in line with the Scouts' merit badge requirements on Conservation, Forestry, Bird Study, Pioneering and Pathfinding. It was unanimously agreed that the prizes would amount to $50.00 in gold —$25.00—$15.00—$10.00 and that these prizes would be open to the troops of the four boroughs, Kings, Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties.

Mr. Gilbert Gendall, Regional Director, was advised of the Chapter's offer, which was graciously acknowledged and adopted by the Executives of the various Councils. The competition started in 1928 and as the year closed we find, as results are checked, one of the greatest object lessons ever put to our people of what Scouting can accomplish with a little encouragement. Every phase of the Merit Badge requirements comes to the front:

Trees planted, pollution of streams reported, closing of public dumps, removal of signs from trees on the public highway, bird houses erected, boys pledged to feed birds, reporting to game warden of illegal trapping and hunting—this was Baldwin troop's accomplishment and first prize of $25.00 went to Scoutmaster Nieman, which was presented at a Scout Father and Son Dinner that created enthusiasm in Scout ranks and resulted in doubling the number of boys at the next troop meeting.

The second prize went to Mattituck troop for the removal of 27,000 ten caterpillar egg masses.

Third prize to troop 76 of Kings, for removal of 13,000 wild gooseberry and currant bushes and therefore eliminating the menace of white pine blister rust from several hundred acres of forest preserve.

We trust indeed that other Chapters of the League will extend to the Scouts what the Brooklyn Chapter is attempting to do. There is no finer contribution that man can make than extend the hand of fellowship and guidance to our future citizens. On them alone does the future of our Country depend. They are the Presidents, the lawmakers and the future defenders of the Republic.

Scouting sends out an appeal for volunteers for a cause that will pay dividends far in excess of Uncle Sam's treasury. There is, alas, a laxity in our people and particularly where laxity is not expected. I refer to some of the members of our Izaak Walton League. There is an indifference to the extent of laziness. The comforts of home and the rocking chair is the only charm, and only broken when extra urging or news of something extraordinary can induce them to attend a meeting of their Chapter.

If the League is to get ahead we must cast aside that cursed indifference to a situation and condition that demands the best that is in us. We must not let the few bear the entire burden. Work for and support your Chapter and its officers, try to help your local Scout problems; if you are pioneers, if you are nature lovers, just look on the wistful eyes of a lot of boys craving for your guidance, begging for your companionship. Teach them the great things in preserving the out-of-doors, be a true Waltonian and when you are gone and the grave closes over you they will carve on your tombstone "Here lies a defender of America's woods—her waters—her wild life—the health of her people." No nobler epitaph!

Stock Up on Rabbits

Members of Lancaster and DePew, N. Y., chapters delighted their localities during the winter by releasing a considerable number of cottontail rabbits. Above illustration shows them taking the rabbits from temporary hutches to turn them loose. Reading left to right the chapter members are Wilbur Wander, Raymond Prestine, President, and Albert Mook.

Chapter Activities

South Sioux City, Nebr.—Waters: Succeeded in raising water level in lake.

Fish: Four acres under construction for fish rearing. Stocked around 200,000 crappie, bass, sunfish, bullheads in 1925. 150,000 ring perch, bass, crappie in 1926 250,000 of same in 1927.

Game: Stocked 400 pair ring necks from State. Established 2 game refuges totalling 2,000 acres. Several shipments of Hungarian partridges.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Predatory bird and animal control campaigns. Planted food and cover for game. Aid to Scouts. Bird house building contests. Essay contests.

Dam: Built a dam of concrete with spillway across creek fed by springs from hills and the laying of a three foot tile for a mile ten to thirty foot under ground, carrying a supply of fresh water to Crystal Lake. Expenditure of nearly $35,000.

Club House: Buying and paying cash for 115 acres and 12 room club house on bank of Crystal Lake and setting aside for recreation purposes for members.

Keene, N. H.—Water: Impounded 4 acres for fish rearing ponds. Trout and small bass. Cost $700, borne by chapter and members. $25.00 per month.

Fish: Stocked 7,000 trout. Set aside one acre for spawning area. Closed two miles for nursery stream.

Refuges: Established one wild life refuge covering 1,640 acres.

Camden, N. J.—Waters: Cleared two lakes of bluestone and jap beetle poison. Responsible for one rearing pond for large mouth bass.

Fish: Stocked 4,000 brook, brown and rainbow trout.

Johnstown, N. Y.—Reforestation: More than 10,000 trees of various kinds of pine and spruce have been planted yearly.

Fish: Have planted upwards of 100,000 trout also many black bass yearly.

Field Station: Have an established field station which takes care of from 100,000 to 150,000 fry yearly, keeping them at the station until early fall when they are planted; they have attained a length of from 4 to 6 inches.

Game: Have liberated not less than 150 snow shoe rabbits each year and these are doing very well and furnish good shooting in the fall. Have also had from 1,500 to 2,000 pheasant eggs for hatching and about 75 to 100 live birds for liberation each year.

Breeds Trout and Combats Pollution

View of trout nursery established by the Peterborough, N. H., chapter of the I. W. L. A., the nursery being supplied with miniature trout from the Federal Hatchery at Nashua.

WHEN Peterborough, N. H., in September, 1927, was the site of the organization of the first State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in New Hampshire, the Peterborough local Chapter set out for itself a program of accomplishments that would maintain the reputation given to itself by the lavish provisions made for the entertainment of the new State Division.

From that time to this the Peterborough Chapter has sustained the reputation it then made, and has added to it by various accomplishments that have given Peterborough a standing that makes it the cynosure of Waltonian eyes, not only in the Granite State, but throughout the country wherever its accomplishments have become known.

One of the most recent accomplishments the Chapter has completed was the establishment, in cooperation with the local Sportsmen's Club, of a trout nursery built on a pretentious scale, which will supply the trout streams in that portion of New Hampshire with sport fish for all time to come.

Some conception of the size of the trout nursery that was constructed can be gained by the photographic reproduction with this article, in which members of the chapter are shown pouring miniature trout into the nursery from cans in which they are sent from the Federal Hatchery at Nashua, N. H.

This trout nursery is destined to attract the attention of tourists from all over the country because it is located on the state highway and only one-half mile from the center of Peterborough. The illustration furnishes a splendid example of how to construct a trout nursery for other chapters of the League to follow.

In addition to this plan to provide New Hampshire fishermen with real sport fish, the Peterborough Chapter has started a determined effort to clear the Contoocook River from pollution. The Chapter realizes it has a difficult task upon its hands.

Recently a sanitary survey of the river was issued by Charles D. Howard, and published in a bulletin issued by the New Hampshire State Board of Health. In this bulletin the difficulties of removing contamination from the stream were set forth, especial reference being made to the pollution caused by the sewage of several villages entering into the river as well as the heavy outpouring of wastes from various factories in the towns located on the banks of the Contoocook.

In concluding the report, Mr. Howard pointed out that an attempt to clear up the contamination in the river would be met with many obstacles and would result in much expense. But he pointed out also that "there can be no doubt, however, that were the various towns and villages concerned disposed to take up such a problem, considerable improvement could be accomplished by means of screens, settling basins and septic tanks. These, particularly if combined with final chlorination, would do much, and the application of such means may become realities in the future, if public sentiment so wills."

Following out a definite plan of anti-pollution campaign, the Peterborough Chapter is conducting educational work and laying the foundations for such improvements at least as were pointed out in the paragraph quoted from Mr. Howard's report.

Various other conservation matters are being handled by the Chapter, including the clearing of forests from underbrush, the establishment of forest fire fighting brigades, and similar activities.

PLANTS BLACK WALNUT

Belleville, Pa., Chapter Places 775,000 Game Fish in Area

Belleville, Pa., Chapter reports the following accomplishments:

Trees: Chapter was responsible for the planting of 6,000 black walnut trees.

Waters: Chapter was responsible for building and maintaining a co-operative nursery. Brook trout have been reared and the annual production is 25,000. The cost of establishing the nursery was $700, all of which was borne by the members. Maintenance cost to Chapter or members is about $100 per year. The building of the nursery was done by the members, hence no labor charges.

Fish: Stocked 450,000 Susquehanna salmon; 250,000 brook trout and rainbow; 75,000 black bass.

Game: Stocked 495 rabbits; 41 pair ringneck and 37 pair quail and 8 pair Hungarian quail.

Miscellaneous: Put on winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Planted food or cover for game.

Huron Does Good Work

Huron, S. D., Chapter reports the following work done:

Fish: Three acres for fish hatchery; bass reared. Cost $3,000, borne by State. Stocked 250 bass, 4,000 perch, 1,000 bullheads, 1,000 pike, pickerel and crappie.

Game: State stocked pheasants and Hungarian partridge.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Predatory bird and animal control campaigns. Aid to Scouts.

Atoka, Okla., Chapter sends the following report of activities:

Fish: Impounded six acres to be used for nursery ponds for bass, blue gill and a crappie. Annual production 10,000 mixed. Cost $250 to both members and chapters. Stocked 55,000 perch and bass.

Game: Stocked 800 Mexican Bob Whites; 125 pheasants. Established 5,000 acre game refuge.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Predatory bird and animal control campaign. Planted food and cover for game. Rifle and pistol shooting.

Spokane, Wash., Chapter announces the following work done:

Trees: Purchased strips of virgin timber along the highways and made them into parks.

Streams: Stopped streams of oil distilling pollution.

Fish: Millions of fish stocked by the game commission.

Game: Cooperated with game commission in stocking Hungarian partridges, raising and planting Chinese pheasants and planting quail.

Miscellaneous: Aid to Boy Scouts.

Chapter Buys a Park

Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter reports that a special committee of the Fond du Lac Chapter purchased the equity of the estate of the late F. J. Wolff, in Columbia Park property, near Calumet Harbor, thus taking the initial steps towards the creation of a county park on the shore of Lake Winnebago.

Stocks Ten Million Trout

Rock Springs, Wyo., tells of the following work done:

Streams: Cleared streams of sawdust.

Fish: Ponds for fish raising. Stocked about 10,000,000 various kinds of trout in the last five years.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Planted food and cover for game. Aid to Boy Scouts. Bird house building contests.

Devil's River—Heaven

(Continued from page 11)

watched my partner battle with big bass and land them in the prescribed manner. But after my first fish my canny concern for the larder triumphed, and I continued to make a sure catch by hand under the water. This confession of poor Waltonian technique is humiliating, but using it I lost only one fish that struck my lure.

Eight days of this with perfect weather. Our tender skins were cooked brown and our city-lax muscles that had been sore and quivering after the first few days were hardening. We could make six or eight-mile trips in the river and over rocks without groaning all night.

One evening we had drawn our chairs near the water's edge to watch Venus make her brief appearance over the hill across the river. Just as she disappeared and Jupiter appeared on the hills behind us, thunder roared and echoed down the gorge. Much of this and lightning was followed by the anti-climax of a most gentle rain. Just a shower, we said, and mentioned how we enjoyed sleeping in a water-tight tent with the rain pattering. We did. But cooking under trees, in however gentle a rain, is quite another thing. For three nights and days it rained with increasing enthusiasm. Our tent was the only dry spot for us and the mattresses filled it. We managed coffee the fourth morning, but that was all. We knew that we were camped on overflow ground, for we had seen Devil's River on a rampage. We also felt that as long as the water was clear there was little danger.

After the coffee we discovered that the lily pads near the bank had disappeared. Then the short, lush grass even nearer faded from view. We'd have to break camp and climb to the higher ground on our sage hill.

We were hungry. We felt helpless and homeless, with the dreadful task of breaking and making camp in torrents of rain before us.

Up to then our only human contact had been a Mexican shepherd who guided his flock over the hill above us every morning. His communications had been limited to a proudly spoken "Hello, good-bye." This miserable morning he came into camp and announced a casual warning in Mexican that the river would soon cover our camp site.

This flung us into action. Mattresses were deflated and rolled with blankets. All of my clothes were drenched, as I had carelessly allowed my duffle bag to touch the tent walls. I had no choice but to wear the big man's faded khaki breeches and a sweat shirt. Two large safety pins confined the trousers in an unfashionable fullness.

In the midst of all this a deep blue norther hit us. With it there appeared George Crystall, the lean, young foreman of the Carruthers ranch, riding as calmly as on a June day. In his low, gentle voice he commanded me to go up to the house and he would help break camp. "This is no place or job for a woman," he added. I fared forth meekly over rocks, up hills, drenched and shaking with cold. At last the house, in a valley. The smoke from that rock chimney was beautiful. Mrs. Crystall opened the door and welcomed me. I was a comical sight. The grotesque breeches and shirt, the dripping witch locks, framing a sun-baked face brought forth no smile or comment from my hostess, whose sole concern was drying me out and feeding me.

The rain, with a driving cold wind, continued three days. Freshly shorn sheep and goats suffered and died from exposure. Mr. Crystall and the Mexicans worked all day and into the night searching for the lambs and kids. Many of these had found shelter in caves and the loss on the Carruthers ranch was not heavy. But some of the less fortunate ranchmen lost as much as 50 per cent of their stock.

After one day of warm sunshine we went back to our camp. Our stuff was piled high in and around the car. We found that several giant centipedes, a king snake and a variety of lizards and bugs had taken refuge in our duffle.

We dried the tent and pitched it on higher ground. The mattress-blower repeated his former achievement, and, in addition, took our clothes and bed linens into the river and accomplished amazing laundry effects with floating soap and rough rocks.

Not being in direct touch with the world of news we did not know of the disastrous tropical storm, the tail of which had hit us. Nor did we know how any political campaigns were coming along and suffered little anxiety concerning them. We felt removed from any sense of commercial loss or gain. We had enough to eat. We had a place to sleep. The fishing was even better since the rain. No telephone or postman or peddler interrupted our days. We were as detached as cut off buttons from outside demands. The world of the river was ours. We were utterly content.

Snip, the ranch dog, adopted us. He slept just outside our tent. To paraphrase a popular machine record he was an airedale but did not know it.

Such was Snip's humility.

The flowers bloomed in profusion after the rain. Everything growing and blooming seemed more pungently fragrant. Even stronger than the bouquet of fragrance came the clean smell of water over rocks and the wet earth at the mossy banks.

We renewed our diplomatic relations with Geraldine, a large, beautiful skunk, and her two less lovely kittens. Geraldine lived somewhere on the hill back of camp, and with her playful offspring paraded majestically to the river each morning and evening. Knowing our Kipling, we respected the "Law of the Jungle." Apparently Geraldine was equally versed in the "law." She evidenced this by her highly ethical behavior, leaving us in sweet peace.

As the cool weather continued, wild geese came honking from the North, and with mallard and teal ducks, swarmed the river. They fed in the shallows and appeared to know that we were law abiding, and that they were safe near us.

Each day near evening a pure white heron came near our swimming pool to feed. Her behavior rarely varied. She would alight with a cry and then, picking her way daintily at the water's edge, begin her meal. From time to time she would pause, head atilt, and inspect us; then with a complacent air, continue feeding.

So the birds and animals accepted us as harmless visitors. Of course, the man had a gun and hungered for squirrel. But he was kind to animals in our camp and went far over the hills for occasional shooting.

He chided me about my revulsion to killing game, making a point of my inconsistency in taking fish without a quiver of compunction. My distinction was and is that fish have no eyelids, no expression, no personality, which to me makes the justifying difference. Naturally, the man found all this most amusing and entirely illogical.

We took only bass from the river, but many fishermen prefer the catfish, the sheephead perch and other less favored fish in which the waters of Devil's River abound. The perch will rise to small dry flies and cork-feathered bugs, but the bass is the only other fish that strikes any artificial lure.

So passed the long, lovely days and weeks until—I refuse to use that stock closing for all outdoor stories, "We broke camp with a pang." We broke camp with work that did not seem tiring because our thoughts were busy with plans for next year.

If the things that must be done could give way to desire, I would build me a small rock house on the crest of my sage-covered hill. Dam or no dam, I would be above the water line. I would give keys for those red gates to all my friends so that they might come and love Devil's River as I do.

Out-O'-Door Holiday

By Ralph Cheyney

THE big wind walks
Where red chief stalks
The deer that bounds above the sod
Like a living, breathless piston rod,
And talks aloud to the great Red God,
The God of woods and clear, wild waters,
Of Whom the stars and peaks are daughters.

I AM the chief—on my holiday.
I'm free and off and miles away
From the wilderness of steel and stone
That cannot make our hearts its own,
The wilderness that is made, not grown.
Out here where winds and waters rush
But no man drives me and no mobs crush
I swear I almost touch the hush.

AND yet each brook and tree's a friend
Who croons a song that has no end.
Fancy? Yes, but far more real
Than the jail I've left of clock and wheel!
The air is good to smell and feel.
Enough remains as yet of the wild
To keep my spirit reconciled—
For man is nature's truant child.

See Betty Benton Patterson's famous camp recipes page 115

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring—

FROM early spring, when the Pasque flower opens on the prairie hillsides, and you find the hepatica pushing its beautiful little blossoms through the drifts of decaying leaves in a sheltered woodland ravine, until late in the fall, when the hard frosts have killed all other plants, and you discover in an upland meadow the slender Lady's Tresses, filling the air with their fragrance, you will find a succession of interesting wild flowers, if you have trained your eye to find them and you go where they are to be found.

You cannot expect to discover the wild flowers in open fields, or in well pastured woods. You must look for them on steep hillsides and ravines where thick underbrush has protected them. You must seek out unfrequented bits of woodland.

When I was going to high school they had a spring course in botany. In taking it I was not inspired by a burning desire for knowledge, but by the fact that the class was given one half day a week in the woods to gather the specimens for a herbarium. We were required to show where each plant was to be found. My wife has made sport of my herbarium, both because the flowers were all marked "Habitat, railroad track," and because of the marks of labor which are so much in evidence on the pages. A girl may gather flowers, press them, and paste them neatly on a white sheet of paper, but whoever knew a boy who could do this without certain shaded marks which are the well known joyous heritage of unwashed boyhood? Then too, girls can hardly be expected to understand that the term "railroad track" covered all the hillsides adjacent thereto.

This particular railroad track followed the windings of a little creek from the high prairie above down to the river level. Along both sides were high hills, deep timber, shaded ravines, the home of wild flowers, squirrels, rabbits and all things dear to a boy's heart.

Now that the fields have been plowed, the woodlands cut or pastured, the railroad right of way is almost the only place where one may find many of our prairie wild flowers.

In an article in Scribner's magazine a gentleman wrote how he as a boy rode on the engine, when the railroad was being built westward from Dubuque. He wondered whether the hillsides were still covered with the wild flowers he remembered. I go over this road frequently. One day the conductor, thinking I would be frightened, asked me to ride on the engine. He did not know I had frequently ridden on engines and enjoyed it. It is so much better place to look out, and see the wild flowers covering the right of way. I was glad I could write the gentleman and tell him the wild flowers were still blooming as he saw them so many years ago.

If you are keeping a sharp lookout you will find many flowers. For a long time I had tried to find the Indian Pipe without success. One day in August I was tramping along the headwaters of the Maquoketa

river. There was no trail and we were clambering over rocks and through underbrush, when I felt my foot slip. I looked down to see that I had stepped on a beautiful clump of these waxy white plants. Finding it in a dark and shaded ravine I could readily understand why it is called "Ghost Flower."

Having once discovered it I found other specimens in woods nearer home. It will quickly wither, if picked. With the diminishing supply of wild flowers we should not pick them at all if we expect to go back to the woods another season and find them blooming. So many people are going into the woods and carelessly destroying the wild flowers that their future is very doubtful.

For a long time I had not been able to find the large Flowering Trillium. In a secluded bit of woodland I found them in bloom, and later went back to get a picture of them. Near the woods I met a little girl, her arms filled with these plants, and behind her a trail of wilted blossoms. She had no thought of destroying the beautiful woodland picture forever. When we see the wild flowers in their native setting we want to continue the pleasure by picking them and bringing them home.

However, these wildwood plants are not at home in a vase indoors. The alarm which rapid and almost complete destruction of the wild flowers has occasioned among those who appreciate their beauty in the woodland setting has at last reached the law-making bodies. Illinois and West Virginia have in force laws prohibiting the

picking of wild flowers, and the Iowa Legislature is now considering a similar act.

John Burroughs speaks of the Showy Lady Slipper as "rarest and choicest of our wild flowers." In all my rambles through our woods I have found but one, although a leading botanist of this state told me that years ago he knew where there were large numbers of these plants.

If you wish to extend the pleasure, take your camera afield, and with the portrait attachment, which may be gotten for all small cameras, you will be able to keep delightful remembrances of your trips afield.

I have looked forward to the perfection of color photography, so that I might catch the beauty of the wild flowers.

In August I should like to go into a dark, cool, shady place in the woods, where a cardinal flower raises its strange stalk, like a bit of brilliant flame, beside a dark pool, in which the brilliant color is reflected, capture all this, and bring it home in my camera to be mine to enjoy thereafter.

If you wish to make a permanent record of your flowers, gather one specimen, and place it over a bit of blue print paper in a photographer's printing frame. Smooth out the petals and leaves, then expose to the sun. Wash the paper and you will have a blue print of the plant.

The little flowers are elusive, and unless you stop, identify and fix them in your mind you may lose them.

As you wade the little brooks, after fish, or if you follow streams in a canoe, there are always some blossoms along the bank to attract your attention, so that if you fail to land any fish you have the pleasure of finding some new flower. As I write I think of the bend near the headwaters of the Cedar River, filled with the white pond lilies, of the great lotus beds, as found along the Upper Mississippi, the sight of which always gives me as much pleasure as the landing of any fish.

In order to identify the plants you should have access to some plant guides. A small flower guide is published with colored illustrations which just fits in one's pocket. For years I have used the Field Book of American Wild Flowers. Either of these will help you identify the plants you find, though a larger and more complete book is desirable. If you have access to a public library you will find there many helpful books.

If you start to identify the flowers of your own immediate prairies and woodlands you will be surprised at the number you will find, and the pleasure which is yours to be had in unfrequented prairie or woodland.

My Boy and I

This contest proved of so much interest that we have determined to run another like it.

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip, fishing, hunting, canoeing, camping or hiking.

The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.

Age is no barrier. You may be 70 and your son or daughter 40. You may be on the right side of 30 and your boy or girl turning five.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00.

The contest closes December 1, 1929.

"We co-operate perfectly."

MY boy and I are 8 and 33 respectively. For six years we have made it a habit to get out in the open at least once a week for a hike. We have made four trips of two weeks duration. Last summer we took a trip to Canada. He caught several trout, and fell in love with an old Indian Dugout which we floated down the creek. We returned a day too soon and sonny-boy broke his arm the first day home.

The next week Sunday was the Waltonian picnic and we went. Tom Lally, National Vice-President was in charge and had an outboard motor (Johnson), twin, to give away as an attendance prize. He saw the one-armed boy and decided he was the one to do the drawing. Son dug down in the box and handed a slip to Tom who read out my name. I do not know who was more excited, the little boy or the big boy.

If we can co-operate as well in the future as in the past "my boy and I" will have a great future together.

L. H. Barnes

Spokane, Wash.

POSSIBLY I am ineligible in the "My Boy and I" contest, but I have a girl who will take the place of any boy.

She hunts, handles dogs, rows, bait casts, skates, swims and photographs all with her Daddy and in camp she makes life a luxury. She started when she was knee high to a duck; she is now fifteen and I forty-three.

Now how many of you who have a boy would boast that he is a girl too? This is one on you.

Carl R. Stahl

Terre Haute, Ind.

I AM fifty-six and my son is twenty-five. We have taken many trips together, but not enough. We are both losers. When old age creeps on, these outings should be cherished memories.

Twelve years ago, we started semi-annual trips to Kankakee River in Indiana. Had some great times.

Eight years ago we spent two weeks at Lake Timagami, Ontario, camping out—a wonderful vacation. Two years later we spent two weeks in Wisconsin, fishing for muskies.

Hiking down Mt. Wilson trail.

Hiking down Mt. Wilson trail (photo) we had inspiring scenery, snow, hail, rain, thunder—everything. This will live long in our memories.

J. A. Singler

Altadena, Cal.

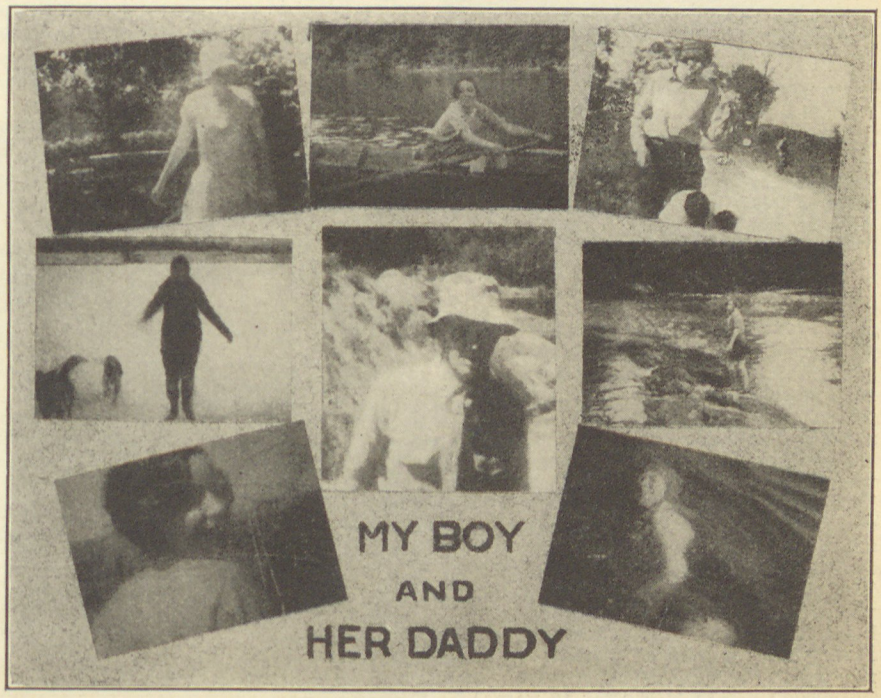
Already almost a veteran fisherman.

WE had been married eleven years when our only child was born. He is now eight months old (I am thirty-eight), and he has already been with me on seven fishing and three hunting trips.

I hope to be a real pal to him and to make him a sincere "Waltonian," one who will defend, encourage, enforce and perpetuate the principles and objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Ernest H. Cantrell

Springfield, Mo.



This girl will take the place of any boy.

"Hot or cold, wet or dry, 'good camping' has been our lot."

MY boy is a girl. Twenty-nine years had passed before she came to me twenty years ago. From infancy she has shared my vacations and week-end trips. The ashes of our campfires are buried by scores of rivers and lakes of the middle and northwestern states and in Canada. Hot or cold, wet or dry, "Good Camping" has been our lot.

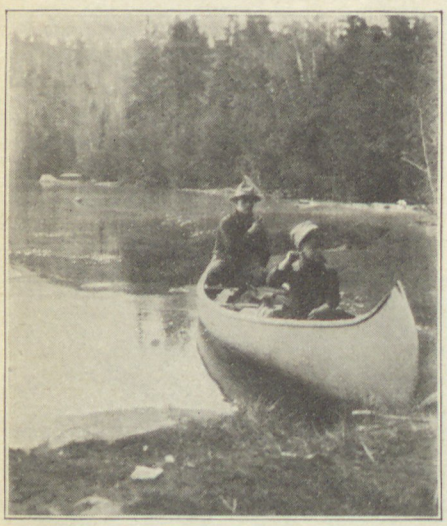
With a camera for a gun, much game has been bagged.

As we linger by the dying campfire, memories of yesterday mingle with our plans for the morrow. We are content to rest muscles, tired by the hike and paddle, and to be entertained by the myriad of Nature's night noises.

"We ride in the canoe to rest our legs, and we hike and portage the canoe to stretch the other cramped muscles, namely the legs," remarks my daughter-son Dot.

Bill Block.

Minneapolis, Minn.



On our first canoe trip son was only 4.

MOTHER, Dad and I have always been good pals. Ever since my early years, so early in fact that I cannot remember, we have taken frequent trips together. Sometimes canoe trips, other times fishing and again just camping out loafing.

I well remember my first canoe trip. I was only four then and Dad thirty-one. Two weeks of glorious fun, new scenes every day and a new camp each night. Our trip lay along the boundary waters of the famous Minnesota Arrowhead country. The picture shows Dad and me and the way we traveled, with just a glimpse of a beautiful wooded shore in the background. Have you ever been on a canoe trip? If not, try it. Boy, it's keen!

Elmer Matter (9 years).

Duluth, Minnesota.

THIS story should be entitled my boys and I as there are four of them in my family and all are keen hunters and fishermen. I am 44 years old and the son in the picture is 12 years old and the keenest hunter of them all, although not the best shot and the least enthusiastic as far as fishing is concerned.

We have wonderful advantages as we live on a farm located in a district where the Izaak Walton League is active and it is not necessary to make long trips for action. We do make many short trips and these are the happiest moments than can come to any man.

Harry R. Heneage.

Hanover, N. H.

"The happiest moments—"

DAD (40) gives Richard (11) his first musky fishing experiences. Richard has accompanied his dad on numerous fishing trips, but the trip on which we caught this big musky was the best of all.

'Twas one hot afternoon late in July after nearly a month's unsuccessful fishing for musky, when the real surprise came to both of us, a musky strike. With Dick at the end of the rod the tactics and maneuvers that followed for the next forty-five minutes could only be adequately portrayed by moving pictures.

A lesson of patience and reward, companionship and camp duties was herewith accomplished to perfection.

George J. Waldner.

Hillsdale, Michigan.

The reward of a month's musky hunt.

Jack loves a rabbit hunt.

MY boy (2½) and I (33)—we're pals. Jack gets as much enjoyment from a rabbit hunt as I do. He has hardly enough patience yet for a good fisherman. We went on a camping and fishing trip to Eldora, Colorado, last August.

We dads are beginning to awaken to the fact that our hunting, camping, and fishing grounds have been needlessly and wantonly wasted. The Izaak Walton League is bringing that fact home to a legion of fathers every day.

E. L. Fink.

Claflin, Kans.

Campfire memories to cherish.

TRUE Ike Waltons—my boy and I, a few weeks each year we share that joy. We are true pals—at home—at work—at play. Be a boy with your boy is the only way. We go to Wisconsin or Minnesota or Michigan, and in all of these states we have landed our fish.

The boy is now 18 and Dad 52. Twelve seasons of happiness—just we two, my boy and I—God bless him.

Mishawaka, Ind. **J. W. Baluss.**

At Big Rice Lake, Wisconsin.

MY son is 10 years old and hasn't missed a trip in nine years. His mother being a real sportswoman, he naturally is inclined that way. The nice bass in the picture opposite, we took from Lake McAlister, one of the largest artificial lakes in Oklahoma, and the home of some real game fish.

My boy helps me in seining the minnows, rowing the boat and catching the fish. He landed his first big bass (which weighed 3½ pounds) when he was 8 years old. We are strong for Waltonism, and I am Secretary of our local Chapter here.

Allen, Okla. **L. C. Loy.**

MY boy and I are 10 and 40, respectively, and proud members of the Izaak Walton League. The Canadian Quetico wilderness, north of Duluth, has been our choice for two summers' canoeing, camping and fishing. Our priceless rewards were steady nerves and hardened muscles, self-reliance and resourcefulness in facing all emergencies. John's keen sense of humor always saw the ridiculous side and brought a laugh at every mishap, filling our days to the brim with fun and making our nights beside the campfire memories to cherish for a lifetime.

Columbus, Ohio. **C. N. Lindberg.**

A Song For Father

By James Longworth Sowers

MY Dad!
I am sincerely grateful—glad
He didn't know so much of books,
Business, banks and real estate;
But he knew woodland dells and nooks
And lore of birds. Of traps and bait
A ken he had.

SUCH fun!
When tasks were finished, day was done,
Away we went for woods or creek,
To hold communion with the trees,
To brighten up a pallid cheek
Or strengthen little weakly knees;
Learn rod and gun.

GREAT heart!
Knew nothing of the business mart;
But eye of eagle, deadly stealth,
He had in woods; knew where to look
For hawk and squirrel; had a wealth
Of knowledge about line and hook.
He knew his part.

HIS will
May read—(ah yes, he's with me still,)
That all he has to leave to me
Are mem'ries, health and love of wild,
A name carved on an old beech tree;
The happy thoughts of sire and child;
A windy hill.

I think some of us grown up boys ought to praise our Dads a little for having taught us many things about the wild that have been such a comfort to us in later years and such a relief from the strain of business. *J. L. S.*

In the Canadian Quetico region.

Send in photographs of YOU AND YOUR BOY or YOUR GIRL and short articles, not exceeding 300 words. The contest will run until December 1, 1929.

First Prize	$15.00
Second Prize	10.00
Third Prize	5.00

"Four 'boys' who are all fishin' boys. The second one from the left is my own particular boy."

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

PRELIMINARY CAST
"WAKE ROBINS."

What trout-fisherman is unacquainted with the trillium, tall, statuesque, immaculate, marching down to the limpid stream's-bank as though to observe the angler in his operations, nodding in approval, shivering in apprehension, as he does well or ill?

The Aristocratic White Bass

THERE is a fish in the Middle West which deserves the appellation "aristocrat," and it is not one of the trouts either, but a common—your pardon, a numerous—fish. I refer to the well-known white bass, found in many lakes and streams, ascending some of the latter in May on procreation bent. Omitting all scientific nomenclature and phraseology, the white bass is a true bass, something we can't say for the so-called black bass, which is not a bass at all, but a big sunfish. Fact is, the white bass is the only fresh water representative of a salt water family, for with this single exception, all true basses are dwellers in the briny. Now you know why the white bass arches its dorsal fin, gets sidewise in the water, goes through all those confusing gyrations and contortions. It is no common fish and must needs show off.

All levity one side, the white bass is a real fish and has not received its just due at the hands of angling writers. Because so easily taken on live-bait when "running," some have considered him a sort of ichthyic fool, not deserving of serious consideration by real anglers. Now I am here to tell you, sir, that not only is the white bass a true ichthyic aristocrat, he is also a real game fish and will give a satisfactory account of himself when taken on appropriate tackle. What can you expect when you insist on using a long cane pole and heavy line, counting success only in the numbers taken and not in gameness. "The white bass puts up a poor battle." There you go again. Of course he does when hitched to a heavy cane pole, even a black bass can be thrown out incontinently on the same tackle. Just use light tackle and see what he will do with you. Believe me, you will have to be on your toes, metaphorically speaking, to successfully bring to net a real well conditioned white bass if your rod is a 5½ ounce split bamboo.

Let me tell you how to get the most sport out of fishing for white bass. Understand, I am not speaking of taking the most fish, for that is beside the mark. If you must measure your sport in the number of fish taken, use a cane pole, do. Understand, there is no disgrace attached to using a cane pole, for one can be as true a sportsman and employ that sort of rod as though he were handling the most delicate cementing of split bamboo; only, with the cane pole the fish-getter can snail them out by main strength and awkwardness, while with the lighter rod that is an utter impossibility.

I sometimes use a casting rod, reel above the hand, in my white bass fishing; though for utmost sport I turn to a rather heavy split-bamboo fly-rod, 6 ounces or thereabout. I know that will sound too heavy to the light-tackle crank, but one needs a heavy sinker when fishing for white bass in a river, and the live-minnow also is quite heavy; and there is no virtue in straining a light fly-rod, for it is woefully easy to put one out of commission. I am coming to use a regular fly outfit when fishing for white bass on lakes and small rivers where such an outfit is at all permissible, save of course I use a live minnow generally instead of a counterfeit presentment because two-thirds of the time the angler must go down after them.

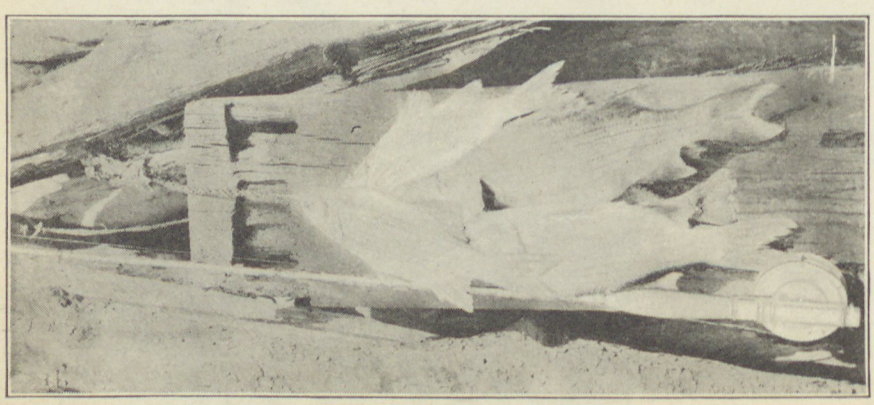
In passing, upon occasion, the white bass will take flies, artificial flies. The angler will know when to resort to the fuzzy-wuzzies by the actions of the fish. If they are feeding upon the surface, jumping to any extent, a rather flamboyant fly cast right into the midst of the disturbance will result in a strike. The leader must needs be strong, for the fish puts up quite a surprising battle. If the angler wants to add a spice of hazard to the thrill, let him use two artificial flies. When one fly is taken and the fish quarters hither and yon through the water, other hungry fish will be attracted, and it is only a question of time until the second fly is taken. Let me warn you that two fish on a leader is not the same thing as two fish in the creel, far from it. To paraphrase an old saying, two white bass on a leader is a different thing from a single white bass in a landing net.

As I have already said, the fish is generally considered a live-bait fish, the most attractive bait being a medium sized minnow. On the Wolf River, Wisconsin, where the most of my white bass fishing has been done, you will not see a single fly-fisherman in a day's travel as a rule. Minnows, only minnows, and sometimes the preferred bait brings a good price at Gill's Landing. The most used rod is the beforementioned cane pole, for nine-tenths of the anglers one sees fish for fish. Here and there will be a casting-rod, while a fly-rod is exceedingly rare. Nevertheless a stiffish fly-rod is the thing that will bring out the fighting ability of the fish most strikingly. I have played a bass for ten minutes, and I have had them wallow along the surface in a surprising way. Once I had a single specimen leap clear from the water, which, needless to say, was a unique experience.

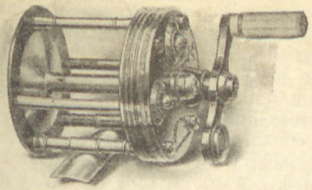
The matter of a reel for Wolf River fishing with a fly-rod is something of a problem. The Wolf is deep and possessed of a strong current which makes a long line a requisite, more white bass being taken at twenty feet depth probably than above that figure. With the stiff current, 150 feet of line is often out, and strange as it may seem, the angler is more certain of a fish if he lets out plenty of line. Now with a single action reel, such as is generally employed on a fly-rod, the retrieving of that amount of line, when a fish is hooked, is a slow and tedious process. Of course an exceptionally large reel, supplied with a filler, would help some; but when some angler with a turn for invention will give us a good quadruple reel built on the lines of a fly-reel, we white bass anglers who like the fly-rod will be very thankful.

I have used the automatic reel with great success and satisfaction, though I honestly like to do my own reeling. Once upon a time I played a pair of white bass from a fly-rod, using an automatic, while the anglers grouped around, gazed in open-mouthed astonishment. The action of an automatic is so positive, so quick, that there is little difficulty in "pumping" in a fish the size and weight of a white bass. I can recommend the automatic to those who are in the habit of using them without fear that they will not be satisfied. Quite often I use my regulation quadruple casting reel, a level-winder, off-set handle and all. Does not bother much, for there is little or no casting to be done, and the speed of the quadruple is a great satisfaction when it comes to retrieving 150 feet of line, with or without a fish at the end. The uninitiated will be surprised at the thrill he will get out of the thing.

While there is good fishing to be found in some lakes, I strongly advise a trip to Gill's Landing, on the Wolf River. Gill's

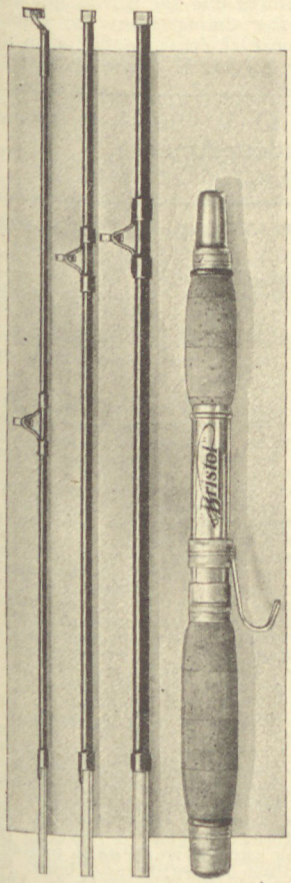


"White bass which deserve the name 'aristocrats.'"



MEEK No. 3M—A splendid reel of an excellent size—the reel used by nine-tenths of our customers for bait and tournament casting. Watch-nickel silver reel, balance handle forward, click or click and drag, screw-off oil caps. Price $30.00.

KING FISHER BLACK WONDER—The choicest Japanese silk extra hand braided and thoroughly saturated with a soft waterproof dressing makes a line that is truly a "black wonder." Unaffected by salt water. Price per 100 yards, 18 lb. test—$3.60. (Other tests in proportion.)



BRISTOL No. 33—Eight ounces of superior steel bait casting rod. Fashioned expertly and carefully from selected materials. Specially selected agate mountings throughout. Durable electroplate-finish handle trimmings. Lengths 4 to 6½ feet. Equipped with exclusive patented alignment device. Price $12.00.

If your dealer can't supply you with the above, order direct enclosing price.

FLATTER *the* FISH *with* THIS TACKLE

THE smartest, biggest fish for which you'll ever cast could feel no shame at being caught with tackle such as is shown on this page.

In Bristol No. 33, Kingfisher Black Wonder and Meek No. 3M, you have a combination of the three most popular and most finely and skillfully made items of bait casting tackle we produce.

There are no better steel fishing rods, reels nor silk fishing lines than ours. Neither is there a greater variety of models and prices. It is worth your while to look over our catalog.

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WRITE for our new complete catalog. Everything that's newest and finest in fishing tackle at the right prices.

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MIN-NIX

BASS, Pickerel, Muskellonge, Trout find it hard to resist a strike at a Min-nix Crab. It wobbles, dives, crawls with a steady natural motion that holds your line taut. Almost every strike hooks your fish and he stays hooked. Try your tackle shop first. If they haven't them, send us your dollar.

Metal crab shown, 5/8 oz., 3 in., cast or troll, bass, pickerel, muskies, 5/0 O'Shaughnessy or 1/0 treble. Bright nickel, yellow, oxidized bronze, red and white. Assorted Bucktails. $1.00 ea. postpaid.

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Divine RODS

ACTION! LIFE! BEAUTY!

To see a Divine Rod—get the "feel" of it—play a game fish on it—is to know how good a rod *can* be.

Four prize-winning fish caught on Divine Rods in 1928 Field & Stream Fishing Contest.

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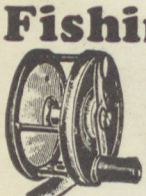


Deal Direct With the Manufacturers

How the older anglers love to linger over the selection of fine tackle—such splendid tackle, for example, as the House of Edw. vom Hofe always achieves! Established in 1867, every tackle item bearing the name of this famous House, is of our own manufacture. Made by practical anglers, and, for this very reason, demanded by experienced anglers the world over. No wonder that wherever big game fish gather—on the Salmon, Tuna, Tarpon, Trout and Bass grounds, weather-scarred anglers swear by the Edw. vom Hofe brand. And our prices, mind you, are the lowest for the highest quality obtainable!

EDWARD VOM HOFE & CO.
96 Fulton Street New York City

The Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 58)

Landing is a station on the Soo Line, just a station and nothing more, though boats can generally be secured. Usually the water is high in May, when the white bass run, and the country surprisingly. ravishingly beautiful. You will never be alone, for the river, up and down, is always dotted with all sorts of water craft, from ornate gasoline yachts to ugly, unpainted scows. The white bass will take your bait as quickly if you are seated in a scow as he will if you loll back in the cushioned seat of a white and gold naphtha-driven craft.

Good fellowship seems to reign supreme, there being little of snobbery manifest on the river. You will see families, from granddad to the latest baby, lined up on the bank, all angling away as though their eternal salvation depended upon their catching fish. You will see aristocratic parties all dolled up in latest duds and with most approved outfits. There is the best of feeling manifested everywhere. Group calls to group, individual to individual, "What luck, fisherman?" And no one believes the answer! You might as well say you have taken 25, as 5, you will be believed as quickly. I would not miss my annual pilgrimage to the Wolf River in May for a good deal, and not all because of the fishing, either.

I find the surroundings tickling my imagination, flirting with my fancy. The wide-spreading marsh, reaching away and away. The trees which stand, sentinel-like, along the river, their half-born leaves rustling in the evening breeze. There are distinctive sounds, the "pump-er-lunk, pump-er-lunk" of the bittern, the strident call of the "marsh-hen," the half-song of the blackbirds, red-shouldered and yellow-headed, not to mention the real music of our most regal singers, the thrushes. May, from the middle to the last, is the time when the white bass "run," and as every bird-lover knows it is then the warblers are most resplendently dressed, and they are there, all of them. Nature and human nature seem to combine to make a trip to the Wolf River a little bit of heaven. Oh, untoward things do happen, a sudden shower drenches, or that perverse individual, the misanthropic boor, may be met with; but he is in the minority, and rainy days are not numerous.

I have not told you all about the joys and the how of white bass fishing, for I have not mentioned the edibility of the fish. Here he has not received his just due either. Take along a fry-pan and some rashers of sweet bacon, and on some high bank, kindle a little cooking fire, then place the fish, fresh from the water, in sizzling hot fat and discover for yourself whether or not he is "choicely good." You can not expect a fish to have a worth-while flavor if it has kicked out its life on the bottom of a boat, or strangled on a string. Keep your captures in a live-box, and shoot them into the pan as quickly as you can after taking from the water. This aristocrat of fresh water, is an aristocrat in the fry-pan if treated half right.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of Outdoor America. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

HE WANTS "STEEL-VINE"

Dear O. W.: Your article on rod-building has set me going. I want a rod for myself built by myself. What do you think of "steel-vine"? Is it any different from ordinary bamboo? Where can I get rod material?—C. T. L., Ia.

Sir: There is no difference between so-called "steel-vine" and split bamboo as I understand the matter; steel-vine being but selected bamboo, and if not well selected, then the rod will not be any better than a poor bamboo. Generally, I think, the so-called "steel-vines" are made round, though of that I am not sure; only those in my battery are of such shape. You should have no difficulty in getting good material, any local dealer can get it for you.—O. W.

HE WANTS TO LEARN

Dear O. W.: I am going up into northern Minnesota this summer on a fishing trip. Now I don't know anything about angling and have no tackle. What shall I get?—H. E. R., Kansas.

Sir: I am afraid I can't advise you as you may wish, for the matter of angling is such a wide and all-inclusive one. You do not state whether your penchant is for fly-fishing, bait-casting or live-bait fishing, and the tackle for each is somewhat different. I would recommend that you get a casting outfit—rod, 5½ feet, 80-yard multiplying reel, soft braided silk line, a selection of lures—"plugs"—and some spoons and regular hooks. With such an outfit you can cast, which is the generally accepted method these days, or you can use live-bait—minnows and frogs. If I can be of further help, command me.—O. W.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED

Toastmaster: "We are glad to have our angling editor with us tonight and he will talk upon our 'Common Fishes of the Middle West,' but before he begins let me say that our speaker next month will be Dr. X——, and then we will have a real address."

HE WANTS TO SPLIT 'EM HIMSELF

Dear O. W.: Was greatly interested in your rod-making article, and I am not a greenhorn at the job, having made several. I would like to know the publisher of the books mentioned in that article and where I can get them. I am going to try splitting cane myself.—C. B. S., Ind.

Sir: "The Idyl of the Split Bamboo," by Dr. Holden, is published by D. Appleton. "The Amateur Rod Maker's Workshop," by Perry D. Frazer, is out of print; but has been reissued by Macmillans, as one of the "Outing Handbooks," I believe. I do not know the price, but am sure "Outdoor America" can supply you, and will gladly do so. I doubt not that you will be able to split out your own cane, but you will find that skill of no mean order is called for; however, Frazer's book gives clear directions. I do not advise the average amateur to undertake it. Almost any tackle-house can supply you with cane, and if you can not get it locally, I will send you the name of a dealer.—O. W.

HE'S A BLUE-GILLER

Dear O. W.: I like to fish for blue-gills and we have them here, perhaps two varieties: the first are small and light colored, the second run large, up to a pound, and are dark colored. Are they of different species? I have an idea that I think should work as a protection for spawning blue-gills and bass, to wit, a fence erected around their beds with meshes large enough to allow free passage of small fishes but keeping out those arch enemies, dogfish, gar and carp. Few of these latter are taken, for the carp don't often take a hook, gar-fish less often, and but few dogfish; nevertheless we are not allowed to use a spear, though these fellows should be removed from the water.—L. B., Mich.

Sir: It is doubtful if the two blue-gills to which you refer are different species, or even sub-species, rather, the striking difference in size and coloration is the result of environment. Few fish vary to a more marked degree than do

the blue-gill. I take them from one lake, where they run small and are of a pale, washed-out color, and a contiguous lake presents me with heavy, almost brassy colored specimens. I, too, am a lover of blue-gills, not only as a sporting proposition, but in the pan. I use a light fly-rod ordinarily, and believe me, a half pounder will put up a very satisfactory battle. Your screened spawning beds have been worked out successfully in some localities and is deserving of consideration. The dogfish and gar are great enemies of fish, but it never would do to open waters to spearing, for the spearers would not take gar and dogfish only. The only method is to have the waters seined under proper supervision, removing the enemies of our spawning bass.—O. W.

MINNOWS JUST WON'T LIVE

Dear O. W.: I am a live-bait fisherman but am having trouble keeping chubs. I have a 20-gallon galvanized tank in my basement into which I put them after capturing, but shortly they begin to show distress, coming to the surface and gasping, then pass out. When the stock is reduced to a dozen or so they get along even without food. I have water pouring in from the tap. Would it help any if I extended the hose down to the bottom?—W. C. B., Iowa.

Sir: Apparently there is not sufficient oxygen in the water, though I can not just understand why. Ordinarily I have little or no difficulty in keeping minnows, especially with running water. The fact that a few get along all right would seem to indicate that there is a sufficiency of oxygen for a limited number, but not enough for many. Perhaps if you allowed the water to fall from a considerable height, splashing into the water, carrying oxygen more abundantly, it would help. Is the basement well ventilated and fairly well lighted? The placing of the intake on the bottom would, I think, militate against a greater supply of oxygen rather than increase it. A 20-gallon tank is too small for any number of minnows, a barrel or half-barrel would work better. A little feed is necessary, but feed sparingly, and clean the receptacle often.—O. W.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Farmer: "Well, I see they arrested poor old Jones for fishing without a license."

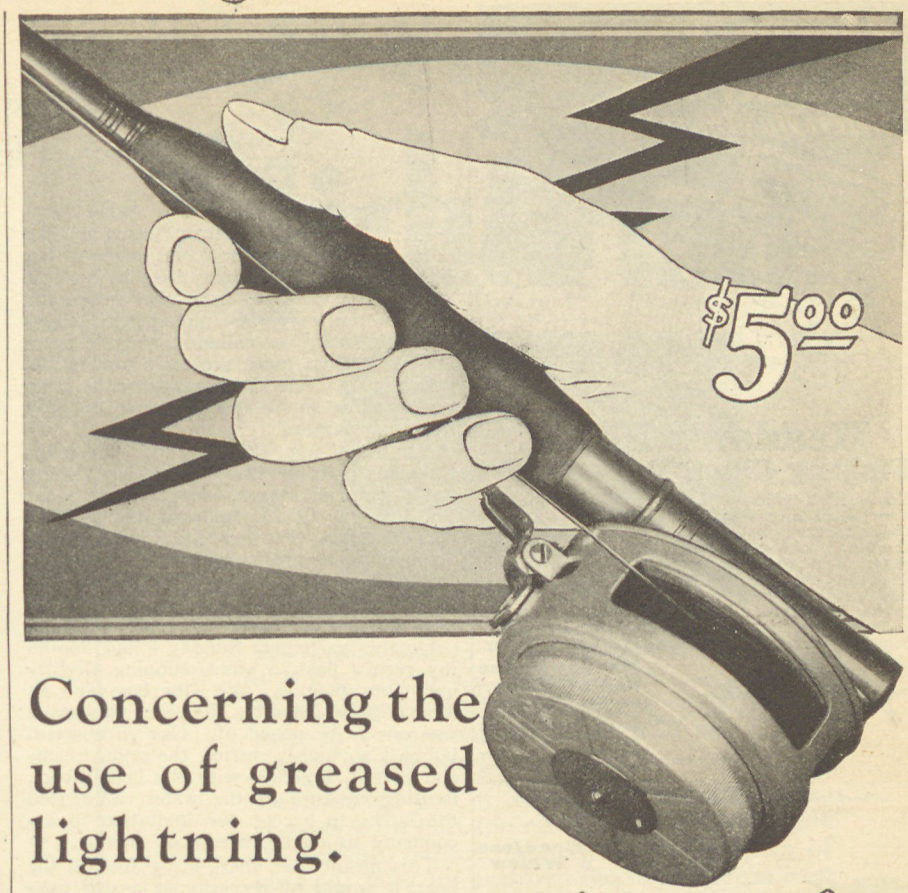
Fish Hog (carrying string of several hundred trout on his back): "It's good enough for him. They've got to make an example of these game law violators."
—Henry H. Graham, Twin Falls, Idaho.

HOW TO KEEP MINNOWS ALIVE

Dear O. W.: Here's an S. O. S. to which I trust you will respond as a great many other readers of your valuable department would undoubtedly be interested in knowing the answer: How can I keep minnows alive in traveling to fishing grounds?—J. S., Iowa.

Sir: Your problem is one that troubles a large number of fishermen. Dead minnows aren't bait. Fish need oxygen as much as men. A hundred minnows in an ordinary 10-quart bucket exhaust the oxygen and die in considerably less than an hour unless you pump in fresh oxygen. You can do this with your tire pump. But there is now a device on the market which saves you this bother and saves your minnows. I have heard of one man who carried minnows for 300 miles in this way—and it works in even the most blisteringly hot weather and over the roughest roads. A pump and air reservoir are incorporated in this patented bucket, which is made of rust-resisting galvanized iron. One size holds eight quarts of water, another five gallons—enough for a long fishing trip. Press down the pump handle a couple of times every twelve hours, and the minnows will live for days. A constant bubbling supply of air is fed them automatically. One new feature of this minnow bucket which will appeal strongly to every angler-autoist is an attachment which fastens the bucket securely to the running board of his car. Further information about these Air-Fed Minnow Buckets can be obtained from the manufacturer, the Air-Fed Manufacturing and Stamping Co., Quincy, Ill.—O. W.

Ask O. W. Smith



Concerning the use of greased lightning.

Meisselbach

ABOUT the fish that makes you want a Meisselbach Automatic Fly-rod Reel—His address is anywhere from the Margaree River, 'way Down East, to the Rogue River, 'way Out West. He is as touchy about restraint as an unhugged grizzly. His lines are faster than a boat-tailed bullet's. There is a smash in *his* tail like a Dempsey haymaker. He is Barney Oldfield for speed and Cannon-ball Baker for endurance.

Landlock, rainbow, salmon, steelhead or what—to bring him to camp you need a *reel*. One that can hand him back some of his own greased lightning.

Get a real big-league Speed Merchant on your hook and it's look out! Slack line is Eskimo pie to him—dynamite to you.

With the Meisselbach Automatic you can handle them. And how you do enjoy it! Fighting that's fast and fair.

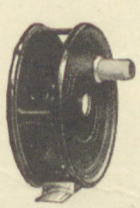
Does its own cranking. Paying out your line by hand winds the spring; or when a fish runs; or you wind with your palm. And you can release tension instantly with a handy lever. A finger's touch recovers slack.

For all fly and bass-bug casting, still fishing with minnows, worms, helgramites, salmon eggs, strip casting with minnows, frogs or spinners, or trolling. Can be used on a bait-casting rod.

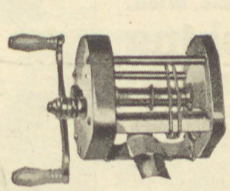
Your satisfaction is assured by nearly 40 years of Meisselbach reelmaking leadership and the unrestricted guarantee that is back of every genuine Meisselbach. Simple, strong, wearproof, dependable and light, and lightning fast. Aluminum finish. Price $5.00.

Ask to see one at your dealer's. Be sure it's a Meisselbach. If offered something else please write to us.

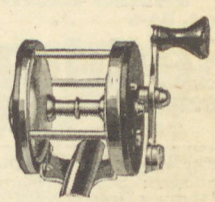
"Bite Book" and complete catalog folder of all genuine Meisselbach Fishing Reels of Quality mailed free on request.



The Meisselbach Rainbow—America's popular single-action fly-rod and strip-casting reel. Capacity 50 yds. Price $5.00



The Meisselbach Bull's-Eye level-winding bait-casting reel No. 100. New and highest value for the price—$5.00



The Meisselbach Neptune No. 40, most popular middleweight reel for fresh and salt water—$22.00

The A. F. Meisselbach *Division of* The General Industries Co.

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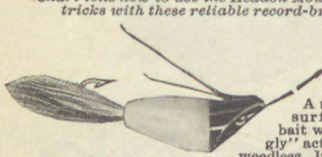
"Your bait catches fish where all others fail."
Fred Godwin and party, Fairbanks, La.

Heddon's FREE Fishing Chart Tells HOW!

You'll catch more fish if you "give 'em what they want when they want it." Handy chart for your tackle box; tells just what bait to use on a dark day in a weedy lake, or on a bright sunny day in deep water. What to use in late summer when big ones lie in the deep holes. Get the benefit of all that the most successful fishermen have learned about fish habits. Chart is for all kinds of fresh water game-fish —Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies, Lake Trout, etc. Send for Free copy and Heddon's 1929 Catalog today.

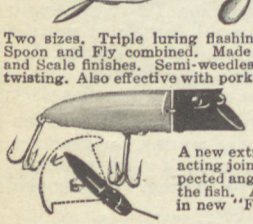
Meadow Mouse
New! A mouse that is a mouse. Flexible tail and ears. Floats, dives, swims. Double hook on body, single hook in rear. Three colors—Brown, White or Gray. Price, $1.00

Chart tells how to use the Heddon Mouse and new tricks with these reliable record-breakers.

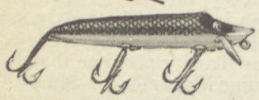


Weedless Widow
A new single-hook surface-skimming bait with lively "wiggly" action. Absolutely weedless. Just right for lily pads. Made in Red-and-White, "Frog" and several scale finishes. Price, $1.00.

The "King" and "Queen"
Two sizes. Triple luring flashing metal baits—Spinner, Spoon and Fly combined. Made in Gold, Copper, Nickel and Scale finishes. Semi-weedless — non-rotating — non-twisting. Also effective with pork rind. Price, $1.00.



Zig-Wag
A new extremely erratic and lively-acting jointed bait. Darts in unexpected angles and seems to hunt out the fish. All standard colors, also in new "Frog" finish. Price, $1.25.



Vamp—The old-reliable, famous everywhere for its consistent catches. Floats, dives when retrieved with rolling, swimming motion. Several sizes: Regular and Baby, $1; Jointed, $1.25. All standard colors.

Luny Frog—
Two sizes—Luny and Little Luny. Looks and floats just like a live frog, with head just out of water. Dives and swims when retrieved. A bait that "big bass prefer." Price, $1.25 and $1.00.

Write for the 1929 Heddon Catalog and Free Fishing Chart. (34)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. BA-5 ∴ Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac
"Heddon Made—Well Made"

James Heddon's Sons, Dept. BA-5 Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1929 Catalog and the new Heddon Bait Chart and Fishing Guide. I am especially interested in

☐ Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Bass Bugs ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name _____

Address _____

Wham! Bang! No. 13 Struck

By Fox Burns

Sketches by E. Lusk

CAN you remember 'way back when . . . a small boy, upon seeing a gray horse would touch the second finger of his right hand to his tongue, then to his left palm; next, the right fist would smack the palm of the left? "Stamping gray horses for good luck," we called it, and the practice was taken quite seriously among the under-teens. After this many years I am just cashing in on the hundreds of gray horses I stamped.

Yes, sir, I am "sitting pretty" for a little fishing nearly every week-end during the piscatorial season. Here is the idea: the boss, my G. M. (general manager) is an addict too. Further, he is large in understanding as most true Ike Waltons are, and knowing my fondness for rod and reel, he hikes us off to his summer home on the lake quite often.

On this particular Sunday I had floored my record bass, a giant, slipping slightly over four pounds. We (the boss and I) were highly elated, as the morning's catch was one to be proud of. Our enthusiasm bubbled so highly during the noon luncheon that it, together with the broad, cool, inviting expanse of the water, influenced the ladies to accept our invitation to accompany us on the afternoon session.

This meant that, there being four in the boat, it would of necessity be a still fishing expedition. A catch of crappies and bluegills, with possibly a large catfish, would complete our expectations. A mixed string in view: both minnows and worms were prepared.

We shoved off shortly after lunch in the Elto-powered eighteen-footer, and were soon out in the briny, endeavoring to locate a spot where the fish were congregating for Sunday services. An old piling was spied standing a few inches above the water. The boss thought it a good bet, so we slipped in on the leeward side and made fast.

The afternoon was ideal. The lake was a clear blue. A gentle breeze, which caused a slight ripple, tempered the warm sunshine. Clouds of white, fluffy cotton, piled one upon the other, drifted lazily across the azure blue of the sky.

The water was dotted with boats carrying fishermen who had come from the neighboring cities. Since a neighboring city may be one hundred miles away in this gasoline age, there were a lot of people enjoying the lake. Alongside the latest development in Packards one saw parked a Henry Ford, vintage of 1914. Fishing knows no class. Across a channel from an extremely portly gentleman was a boy of eight dangling a line; all were brothers under the skin.

Our party was all set. Four hungry number 2/0 Sproats were in preparation for the afternoon's business. Since the Mrs. G. M. was sitting near me, I, chivalric like, baited up for her. Not wishing to waste a perfectly good minnow, I sacrificed a huge night-crawler.

"Oh, goodness! Where did you get such huge fishing worms?" exclaims the G. M.'s wife. This is the boss's cue to impart information broadly, and with a merry twinkle in his eye he replies:

"Old Tom Budgeford over on the east bank has been raising worms like that for ten years. Every morning he goes out to the worm pen, blows his whistle and these young constrictors rush up for their bread and milk. You have heard of milk-fed chickens—yes? Well, now you have heard of milk-fed worms."

"Oh, well, I don't believe a word of it," and splash—she plastered the water with her bait. Poor worm, he went to work with a headache.

"Say," shouts the G. M., "who fell in? Gosh, woman! Don't you know fish are caught, not stunned? Dynamite is used for that purpose."

With such words fresh in her mind my wife ever so gently eased her line overboard. Thanks to the boss, a large, lively cyprenoid with glistening scales adorned her hook; as you and I would say, "she had a shiner on," a large and lively one that remained just as large and lively throughout the afternoon. It evidently was not even approached by a larger fish.

—endeavoring to locate a spot where the fish are congregating for Sunday services.

—fishing knows no class—

We (the G. M. and myself) dropped down deep with a worm on one hook and fished shallow with a shiner on another. You know how 'tis, eternally hoping to develop the fishing possibilities of that particular time, at that particular place with the elements "as is."

I cautiously cranked in a couple of crappies. My pocket scales called them one-pounders, nice fish. The boss made a run that loaded his stringer to capacity. The scales gave him ten pounds of fish, five yellow bellies and three crappies. The G. M.'s wife hauled in a couple of small cats —they must have been the product of a late litter, but if we counted them each as one our string had mounted to an even dozen.

Someone broached, "Let's quit before we catch the thirteenth one." The boss remarked that we had time for thirty minutes' more fishing. So I set the Mrs. G. M.'s line shallow and baited her hook with a minnow.

The thirty minutes elapsed, apparently all activity had ceased. My wife and the Mrs. G. M. were enjoying the sunset.

Says the boss, "Never mind the sunset, Lucy; we came out to fish and there is something flirting with your bait NOW!"

Jam! Whiz! Number thirteen struck as the G. M. addressed his wife. She grabbed for her rod just in time—to miss it. Good fortune prevailed. The fish swam under the boat and the boss was permitted to retrieve the rod, but the fish made his getaway safely. It may be that the Mrs. G. M. was too enthralled by the setting sun and neglected to set the hook when the setting of the hook should have been. We unanimously concluded later that the old fellow stole away for the sole reason that he was number thirteen.

"Well," remarked the boss, "that's an indication; I 'spose we will lose an oar or something next."

"If we do," I replied, "we will be without oars entirely, because I only threw one in the boat; in fact, I only noticed one on the landing."

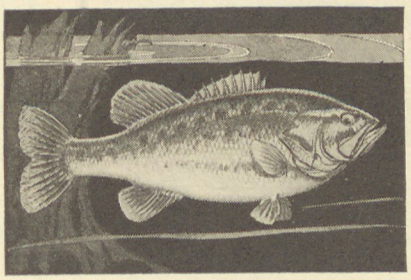
"That's strange," mused the G. M. "I'm certain we had two earlier in the afternoon. Perhaps it was left at the cottage. You turn her loose, I'll take care of the fish," he directed.

"My fish are gone!" he shouted as he reached for his stringer. "Can you imagine that? Everyone climb into a preserver before the boat capsizes; that thirteenth fish put his mark on us."

"Here goes," I called, and shoved away from the piling. The engine sputtered when the boss spun the wheel; it sputtered again. He began unscrewing the cap on the gas tank.

"Don't! Don't say it!" I bawled, and placed my hands over my ears.

FRIEND fisherman



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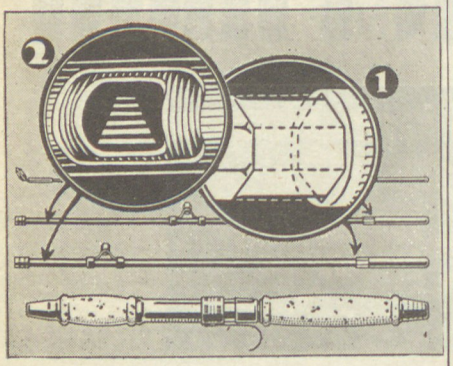

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Southern States Tournament

THE Orlando Bait and Fly Casting Club, in conjunction with the State Convention of the Izaak Walton League of Florida, finished a most successful bait and fly casting tournament on February 14, 15 and 16, attracting to its meet many of the casters famous at National Tournaments.

Braddon, of Cleveland, added to his laurels of the past Nationals by winning his first All-Round in the South, beating Stanley, many times champion, by one point after a very exciting race in which Foss, of Cleveland, almost landed the honor of being the 1929 champion. To quote from the Orlando Sentinel: "Foss had a great opportunity of going into a tie for the All-Round in the final event of the tournament. For nine casts he had but two demerits, while Braddon had five. Anything under a three would have won him first place in the event and given him a tie score with Braddon. Stanley needed to finish but one place under Braddon to keep pace with a probable winner. Had Foss won the event, with Braddon in second and Stanley in third place, the All-Round would have been a three way tie, but Al suffered a backlash and slipped into sixth place while Braddon won the event. In this same event Willman just beat Stanley, which prevented the Chicago caster from being in a tie with Braddon."

Willman started the first event with a win, the Dry Fly, but could not equal Braddon in the Dry Fly at unknown distances, who won by three points margin. Eddie had a hard problem as he came to the platform, the last man to cast in the Accuracy Fly. His effort was the outstanding feature of the fly events when he calmly cast a perfect score, thus equalling the National marks of George Chatt and Bill Stanley.

Braddon proved the best in the Distance Fly, casting 102⅔ feet, but Foss was hot after him with only two feet less, Stanley taking third with ⅓ of a foot under 100.

In the Distance Baits everybody must have gone wild, as after the scores came in the National records began to wilt. These three events were the high lights of the meet. Conditions were similar to those at Chicago in 1926 without the advantage of starting from a slight elevation. Foss captured the ¼ ounce with an average of 235½, and Braddon sent out the long cast of 263 feet. In the ½ ounce Stanley smashed all previous records, both Southern and Northern, with an average of 303.6 feet, with three casts over 300 feet, and a long one of 312 feet. His casts were 293, 311, 291, 312, 311. Al Foss came second, but he also made previous records look small when he averaged 296.2 with a long cast of 311 feet. His casts were 289, 288, 283, 310, 311. No other contestants cast over 300 feet. Buckwalter proved the surprise in the ⅝ ounce Distance, for he took a shot at the records and made a very fine showing, with an average of 247 feet, three feet better than the National record made by Arbogast. His casts were 249, 246, 246, 251, 243. This was a splendid and consistent performance and although Braddon and Foss came close to him they could not equal his score.

The accuracy bait scores were just like those of the last National, not up to standard. Mrs. Willman won the Ladies' Event with a score of 99.6, with Mrs. Hurst coming in second. In fact the ladies cast better averages than the men.

Some of the Northern casters entered the Surf Event for the first time but had very creditable scores. The two Daytona casters took first and second in this event.

Paul Mashburn won the title in the Junior Events. He tied with Willcox in each of the Junior Accuracy Events but won on the cast off. Both won over Flynn, the 1928 champion.

The Orlando Club is to be congratulated for its excellent work at this tournament and for its success in bringing it up to the standard of a National. Although the records made were better than some made at National Tournaments these records are not to be taken as superseding those made at the August meets.

Following is a summary of the scores cast:

Accuracy Fly Events

Caster	Dry Fly	Dry Fly Unk	Accuracy
Willman	99.6	99.2	99.4
Stanley	99.2	98.9	99.10
Hurst	98.14	99.0	99.10
Palmer	98.10	97.4	98.13
Buckwalter ..	98.7	98.9	99.1
Braddon	97.14	99.5	100.00
Foss	97.13	98.4	98.12
F. Johnson ..	.....	....	98.14

Accuracy Bait Events

	¼ oz.	½ oz.	⅝ oz.
Foss	98.6	97.5	98.8
Hurst	98.4	97.5	99.0
Stanley	98.3	98.5	99.2
Willman	98.3	98.1	99.3
Braddon	98.2	98.1	99.5
Buckwalter .	97.4	95.3	99.2
Johnson	97.0	97.4	99.3
Phillips	96.6	95.9	98.9
F. Johnson ..	95.9	95.1	98.9
Palmer	95.9	96.5	98.5
Stewart	95.9	96.6	98.4
Edwards	....	97.6	98.7
Ballantine ...	....	97.6	98.8
Perrigo	....	97.5	98.0
Wilmot	....	96.5	...
Brown	....	96.3	97.9
Wolfe	....	....	98.3

Surf Casting

Johnson	324.4	383
Stewart	275	287
Stanley	202	233
Buckwalter	178	227
Palmer	151	198
Brown	122	245

Distance Fly

Braddon	102⅔
Foss	100⅓
Stanley	99⅔
Buckwalter	98⅓
Hurst	98⅓
Willman	93⅓
Palmer	83

Ladies' ⅝ Oz. Accuracy

Mrs. Willman	99.6
Mrs. Hurst	99.4
Mrs. Buckwalter	99.1
Mrs. Palmer	98.8

Junior Accuracy Events

	¼ oz.	½ oz.	⅝ oz.
Flynn	98.4	96.9	97.9
Willcox	98.9	98.3	99.7
Mashburn	98.9	98.3	99.7
Barker	98.1	97.6	99.4
Peral	95.8	97.0	99.4

Distance Bait Events

	¼ Av.	¼ Long	½ Av.	½ Long	⅝ Av.	⅝ Long
Hurst—	211.6	240	270.2	286	195.0	258
Stanley—	222.8	234	303.6	312	198.6	260
Foss—	235.6	254	296.2	311	240.8	256
Braddon—	186.8	263	287.0	296	242.0	255
Willman—	212.0	222	262.0	292	205.8	219
Buckwalter—	181.6	202	203.0	259	247.0	251
Willcox—	181.6	194	261.8	284	162.6	230
Stewart—	131.2	158	202.0	223	157.0	208
E. Johnson—	105.2	131	134.8	163	174.0	209
Palmer—	103.0	179	126.0	221	214.0	242
Phillips—	.....	...	206.0	227	169.0	238

A Shorter Schedule

I READ Mr. Peters' article and the letters referring to it in the March number, and I wish to say that I side with Senator Cavanaugh of the Fort Dodge Casting Club concerning the changing of the regulations relating to the line used in ⅝-ounce distance.

With unrestricted line in ⅝ distance, that event would differ very little from the ½ distance, while under present conditions there is a very decided necessity for greater control in the ⅝. In other words, one may use an 8- or 10-pound test leader in the ½ distance and "lay into it" without fear of a break, while in the ⅝ event a greater degree of skill is required to get distance without danger of a break. At present we have two distinct events in the ½ and ⅝, while under the proposed change there would be practically no difference.

When we get right down to cases, why should we worry about the number of events in the National? Those who can go to that event will not object to long programs on each day required to run the events. If they were not expected to cast in an event they would spend the whole day practicing, so why not let them put in the time casting before the judges?

If the program must be shortened, why retain distance salmon fly? There is probably not one person in a million in the United States who will ever use the big rod in actual fishing. There are comparatively few of the tournament casters who fish for the Atlantic salmon, and those who do try for the big fish can handle plenty of line and kill any fish they may hook on a single-handed rod, as is proved here thousands of times each season by the numbers of large steelhead trout and king salmon that are landed on 5½- to 7-ounce fly rods.

Instead of casting salmon fly, I would say retain the regular dry fly event, for that permits us to use a type of rod that we use in actual fishing.

If the ¼-ounce is to be dropped, then drop with it the distance salmon fly, and the number of events would be brought down to eight, as specified by Mr. Peters. For the events retained we would use one rod for both dry fly events, and we could use, as I do, a distance fly rod for accuracy fly. That would be only two rods for all fly contests, and two rods, one for accuracy and the other for distance, would fill the bill for ½ and ⅝. All of the four rods could be used in the kind of fishing we do in all parts of the country, while

Anglin' Jake says:

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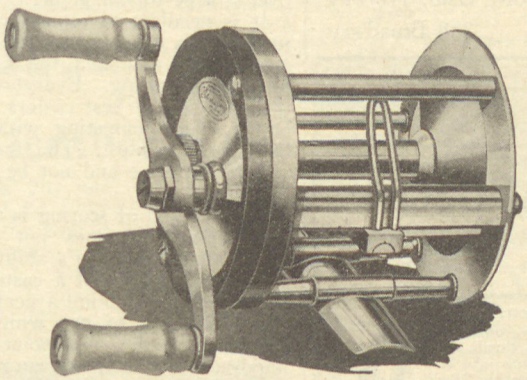
With its jeweled bronze bearings, its frame of nickel-silver, with every working part accurate to a precision of 1/1000th of an inch, this beautiful level-winding reel is comparable in mechanical perfection to the finest watch. Built to last a lifetime, and longer, the Marhoff reel is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

See the Beautiful New Marhoff reel at your favorite tackle counter and you'll appreciate how greatly it will contribute to the enjoyment of your fishing trips.



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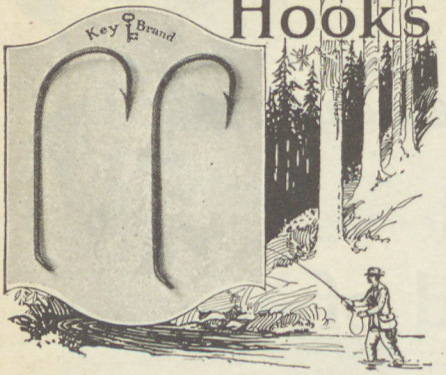

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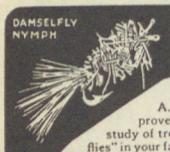

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the rods used in the events discarded are not in general use for actual fishing.

If the ¼ ounce is dropped with salmon fly distance so that we will have eight events in the National, a special ¼-ounce accuracy event and another for distance salmon fly could be cast for the benefit of those who wish to take part in those contests, and these events need not count in the all-around championship.

J. P. CUENIN,
San Francisco Fly Casting Club.

SCHEDULES AND METHODS OF SCORING

SO much has been written lately regarding schedules of events that the editor feels constrained to take a hand in the discussion and to submit the following for consideration.

A four-day schedule of eight events is recommended, say, the ½ ounce Accuracy and Distance, the ⅝ ounce Accuracy and Distance, Distance and Accuracy Fly and the two Dry Fly events. This arrangement gives a well balanced schedule and cuts three events from the series, a conservative reduction.

The main idea in this reduction is for all casters to play each event as desired for the purpose of qualifying for a final round of each event. The casters qualifying for the final round could be selected according to a certain set score or rank as may be decided on. This will undoubtedly result in a more interesting contest in the finals and our attention will be more centered upon the few left after the qualifying round, and their performance will create greater enthusiasm in the results, for at present each caster is occupied with his own score and preparation and has no time or opportunity to witness the expert work of the real contenders. To the spectator the champion and the novice look alike. Keener competition on the part of contestants and greater interest on the part of the spectators will be manifest over a contest among the five or ten best casters than over a free-for-all game.

It is needless to remind casters that in most sports events the process of elimination is the rule and the final contest is always interesting. Everybody will try to qualify and the best casters will do much better when competing with their equals in a small contest. The final contestants will be on edge and not be tired by long waits.

Our method of scoring is antiquated and meaningless. It does not represent the true state of a caster's ability. A perfect score counts 100, but a caster coming one point short of making a perfect score suffers a demerit of one which means only one thousandth of a point and not one hundredth; in fact, one can make ten backlashes in a row and still make a score of 90.0, which to the lay mind is only ten per cent less than a perfect score.

Why not adopt a system of credits in place of the present demerit system? Let us take an accuracy bait event for example. Fifty points can be the maximum or for familiar figures call the maximum 100 points, that is, a perfect score, obtained by hitting the plate ten times, gaining ten points for each cast that hits the 30-inch ring. Make a hit in the first ring count eight points, in the second, six, the third, four; just outside the last ring, within the foot allowance, of course, two points, and outside of that, no points at all. This would be similar to target practice.

Let us take ten shots that often occur. Under the present system, perfects at shots 1-3-8-9-10; a one at shots 2-5-6; a two at shot 7 and a three at shot 4, will net a score of 99.2, which means eight-tenths of a fraction less than a perfect score. Under the suggested system the caster would secure 50 points for his perfects, 24 points for his "ones," 6 points for his two, and 4 points for his three, making a total of 84 points out of a possible 100, which would be a fair ratio of his skill as compared with the work of a caster making a perfect score. Such scores can easily be translated into figures of the old system for the purpose of comparison.

The scoring of other events can be arranged on the same basis through adjustments and a caster would be put in the position of earning points in accuracy events as he does now in distance events.

This is no attempt to revolutionize any existing condition, only to make a suggestion. It is not perfect nor is it intended to be so, but if it will stimulate a little thought as to improvement of the system so that it is understandable at least, then the effort to present a crude proposition may bring about needed changes.

F. J. L.

William Stanley of Chicago, many times National All-Round Champion, a veteran of many Tournaments, the only active charter member of the Illinois Casting Club, died March 10, at Chicago. This is the last picture taken of him, just after winning the ½ oz. Distance Bait at Orlando, Florida, February 15, 1929.

ON the night of March 10, at Chicago, there passed from this world a great and renowned caster, William Stanley, whose fame was recognized throughout the casting world from coast to coast. No figure was better known on the casting platform and no tournament was quite complete without him. If not the greatest caster ever at a National tournament, then none has been greater.

As a bait caster he was easily the best of his generation, for his work was always consistent and invariably dependable. His last performance in Florida, when he exceeded the National record in the ½ oz. Distance Bait Event, showed the true caliber of the man, although he was quite sick at the time. He returned from Orlando just a week before he died. He leaves a widow, a son and two daughters, and many friends who will miss him all their lives.

As a caster everyone knows his record; as a sportsman he was admired and respected by all who ever had the privilege of fishing or hunting with him. He was a man's man in every sense of the word, fond of the company of men, always happy when in the woods or on the waters.

On the casting platform he was a leader and an inspiration to others, on the stream a guide and help to his companions, generous with his knowledge and experience. William Stanley combined with his skill, courage and resourcefulness a type of modesty and courtesy that was distinguished by its lack of ostentation.

The casting world has lost a champion, his club will miss a greater leader, but we, his close friends, who knew "Bill" Stanley and were the recipients of his kindnesses without number, will mourn his loss for time to come.

Our troubles we took to him and Bill always helped; no more will his "shop" be the famous meeting place; he has left us, but in our memories he will always be the "great friend." The following stanza from the poem, "The Sportsman," by Edgar A. Guest, is quoted in his memory:

The sportsman knows and heeds the rules.
He will not stoop to take
A mean advantage of his foe, though victory is at stake.
He'll give his rival every chance to beat
him if he can.
He'll battle for the goal he seeks, but battle as a man.

F. J. L.

CASTING CLUBS ELECT OFFICERS

AT the annual election of the St. Louis Fly and Bait Casting Club the following officers were elected for the year 1929:

President, Lew Burnham.
Vice-president, Jos. H. Schuster.
Treasurer, Walter Wimmer.
Secretary, Harold R. Hartman, 5206 Louisiana Avenue.
Captain, J. P. Berryman.
Assistant Captain, Milton A. Mild.

There was a large attendance at this annual dinner and business meeting and those present had the opportunity of hearing addresses by Mr. Frank H. Wielandy, former Missouri Fish and Game Commissioner, and other speakers who touched on a subject of vital importance and interest, that of Fish and Game Conservation.

The Lincoln Park Casting Club has chosen for its 1929 officers:
President, W. B. Sturgis.
Vice-president, J. B. Nystrom.
Secretary-Treasurer, Charles Zeisler, 955 N. Lincoln Street, Chicago.
Captain, L. Lambert.

At its annual meeting Dr. Arthur F. Metz, a member, gave a talk on the Getz African Expedition with some "still" pictures, which was a rare treat.

The 1929 officers of the Illinois Casting Club are:
President, E. K. Bennington.
Vice-president, A. L. McCombs.
Secretary-Treasurer, E. L. Gates.
Recording Secretary, Howard Chatt.
Captain, W. L. Kromphardt.
Director (three years), Fred. N. White.

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How often, of a beautiful summer evening, have you sat in your boat, the air in your vicinity just blue and crackling with fireworks and cuss words as you unsnarled backlashes without end, consigning rod, reel and line to the fires of eternity? Did you notice the fellow in the next boat? Watch the effortless ease of that smooth overhand cast, the rifle-like accuracy with which he drops his "chunk" into those hard-to-reach places—then lay a good bet that he belongs to a casting club.

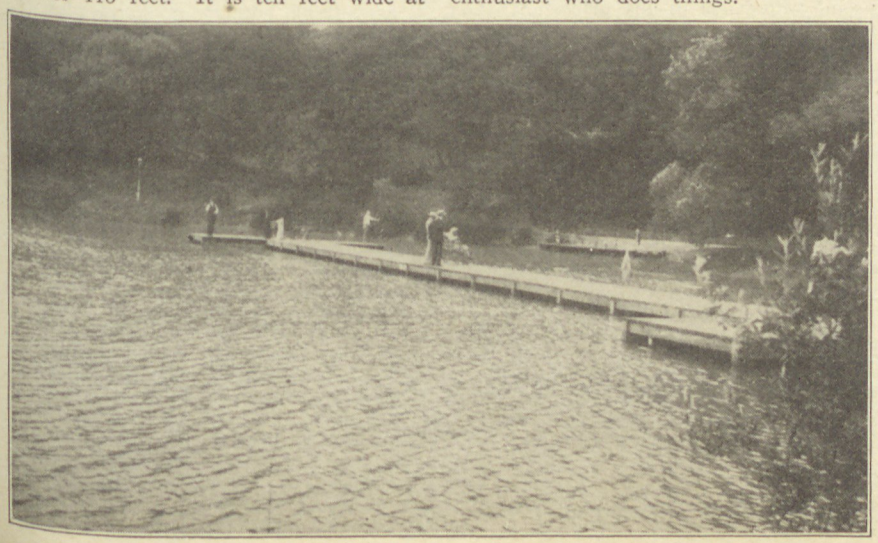
Or, some day on the stream, when you've done your level best and just couldn't seem to lay your line out straight; when your fly has landed everywhere but the place you wanted it; when all the likely places seemed way out of reach of your longest cast—watch the fellow at the next riffle! See him handling a length of line that has seemed impossible to you. Watch him closely—see that fly hover for a second just over the right spot, then flutter down like a snowflake and land like thistledown, only to be snapped up on the instant by a hungry trout. Should you ask him, the chances are strong he belongs to a casting club.

J. W. CARSON.

Pittsburgh Club Builds Membership

THE Pittsburgh Casting Club, formed from the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, started about one year ago and now numbers some fifty casters. Its casting pool, cut of which is shown below, has a large platform 130 feet long with a casting range of over 110 feet. It is ten feet wide at the center and the ends are 30 feet in width. The City Council of Pittsburgh built this for the club at a cost of $900.

Pittsburgh plans to arrange a casting tournament at the State Convention of the Izaak Walton League this coming fall. The president, Mr. C. W. Ward, is an enthusiast who does things.



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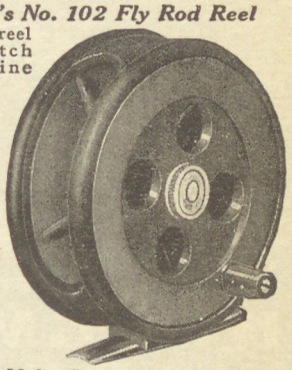

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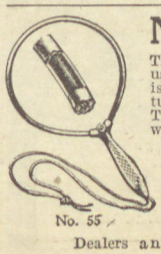

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Sir Walter Scott—Outdoorsman

By Arnold F. Keller

THE true Waltonian will find the nature poets of the past excellent company. While sitting at the fireside one evening the mention of "The Lady of the Lake" brought to my mind unforgettable scenes and landscapes.

In Sir Walter Scott we have the eyes of the "descriptive painter." Mention any of them, Kenilworth, Ivanhoe and Waverly, and you invite to the abundance of the picturesque; and you will learn to know better "the lone wood and the mighty hill."

Waverly stands as the eternal reminder of what this world owes to fishing tackle. James Hay, the biographer of Scott, refers to the incident. "A fortunate day for Scott and the world was the opening of the old drawer, in search of fishing tackle, when he discovered the condemned manuscript of 'Waverly' (condemned by an incapable critic)." Waverly shall always be my first justification for the love of fine rod and reel.

Sir Walter Scott's pictures of the out-of-doors, the woods, the hills, the chase, pulsate with the evidences of one who has been there. For instance, "Hunting Song," 1808.

"Waken, Lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, Lords and ladies, gay!"

And what a tale for the lover of wood and wild is the "Lady of the Lake"—a tale that is full of the smell of the hunt, and touched with the tragedy of the Lowland Knight following the stag and losing his life in the wolds of the Trossachs. No, Sir Walter was no sit-by-the-fire.

The house at Abbotsford was frequently filled with guests, gay as the modern week-enders, but a notable difference in tone was given to Sunday by the Laird himself, when he read the Church of England service, and did it with impressiveness; then followed a sermon by some great divine, which he read with peculiar grace and beauty. The guests and members of the household were then free to stroll where fancy led them.

But no puritanical religiosity prevailed. Sir Walter himself would go out on Sunday with the dogs to stroll through the proud woodlands of his plantation. One October 1st he records in his diary:

"Dogs took a hare. They always catch one on Sunday.
Puritans would say: the devil was in them."

Nothing of wholesale sport was alien to Sir Walter Scott. He declared the game of chess a "waste of brains"; but the sight of Colonel Thornhill's hawk-flight commanded his attention.

"Went to see Colonel Thornhill's hawks fly. Some part of the amusement is very beautiful, particularly the first flight of the hawks, when they sweep so beautifully round the company, jingling their bells from time to time, and throwing themselves into the most elegant positions as they gaze about for their prey. The Colonel was most courteous, and named a hawk after me, which was a compliment."

It is as forester and lover of trees that Sir Walter Scott will appeal to Waltonians and conservationists. The paths of his diary lead us again and again to this thought.

"By the way, John Swanston measured a *young shoot* that was growing remarkably, and found that for three days successively it grew half an inch every day. The tree is a silver fir or spruce in the patch at the Greentongue park."

Hardly a page of the diary, but what breathes some such gentle breeze of the out-of-doors. It is amusing to find Sir Walter Scott making earnest efforts to justify his daily existence. When the outdoor urge seizes him he declares, "so I'll take the field while the day is good. I'll make a rainy day prove a fair one." Once he laments an unproductive day in lieu of hours afield. Sometimes I sense that he had compunctions of conscience about the use of the many fair days.

"I wrote five pages, nearly a double task, yet wandered for three hours, axe in hand, superintending the thinning of home planting. That does good, too. I feel it gives steadiness of my mind."

As a devotee of the out-of-doors he naturally cultivated the acquaintance of great naturalists of his day, such as John James Audubon.

It was on a January the 24th that John James Audubon visited Sir Walter Scott. Speaking of Audubon's visit, Sir Walter Scott said:

"Visit from Mr. Audubon, who brings some of his birds. The drawings are of the first order—the attitudes of the birds of the most animated character, and the situations appropriate; one of the snake attacking a bird's nest, while the birds (the parents) peck at the reptile's eyes—they usually, in the long run, destroy him, says the naturalist. The feathers of these gay little sylphs, most of them from the Southern states, are most brilliant, and are represented with what, were it not connected with so much spirit in the attitude, I would call a laborious degree of execution. This extreme correctness is of the utmost consequence to the naturalist, but as I think (having no knowledge of virtu) rather gives a stiffness to the drawings."

But, no roses without thorns, no joys without pains—no wettings without the return of the cursed rheumatism.

"How could I miss it with my wetting? Also feverish, and a slight headache. So much for claret and champagne. I begin to be quite unfit for a good fellow. Like Mother Cole in the Minor, a thimbleful upsets me—I mean, annoys my stomach, for my brains do not suffer. Well, I have had my time of these merry doings."

"The haunch of the deer, and the wine's red dye,
Never bard loved them better than I."

But it was for the sake of sociality; never either for the flask or the venison. That must end—is ended.

A Gentle Disciple of Walton

(Continued from page 15)

Later on we landed and the man from Illinois and his wife came down to see us in. I noticed that the lady from Illinois had one eye closed.

"Fine guy, you are," I said to him, "hitting your wife like that. I never believed it was in you."

The man from Illinois laughed: "O that. Why that is where the wasp got in his licks. She wanted to see how the nest was made. You know how it is, that old saw about curiosity once killed a kitten." But this last remark was made in the stage whisper in which he was well practiced.

With a deft movement at the psychological moment my wife had uncovered the fish in the bottom of the boat. In ten minutes forty people knew about it. In fifteen minutes forty people were prospective customers pounding at the portals of the manufacturer who made the battle-pestered wobbler. None other would do. How did she cast the wobbler at the time the musky leaped at it? How long did it take to land it? Did she think this wobbler was the best in the world for muskies? Did she need anyone to row the boat for her? To all of these questions the wife responded sweetly and minutely and in regard to the matter of the lure used she stated that it did not really matter what variety it was you used, if it was bunged up or otherwise, if you had faith in the lure you had at the end of your line why then, consequently and without contradiction you must get fish on it and many of them. The most interesting transformation of all was that which the wife of the gentleman from Illinois underwent. Having at last witnessed a member of her own sex bringing in the cutlets she had a seizure of the fishing fever which so gratified the man from Illinois that the smile on his face well nigh took in both of his ears. His wife wanted him to particularly detect the type of wobbler it was that proved the nemesis of the stalwart musky my wife had caught. He promised to go to town and buy a crate of them. His wife gave other directions and then putting her arm about my wife she said:

"You stay here the rest of the summer, my dear. We will fish every day. *And George will row the boat!*"

My Father's Child

By René Barry

MY father blazed a trail by day
While snow or rain beat in his eyes.
He made his bed near noisy streams,
And slept beneath the starry skies.
His eyes trained to far distances,
His ears were tuned to forest hush;
He slept on fragrant hemlock boughs,
And woke to song of lark and thrush.
In lonely spots, far from the haunts
Of man, he made his little camp.

I add up figures hour by hour—
My father's child, at heart a tramp.

Two days to catch a large bass!

ED BROWN, President of the Florida Izaak Walton League, came to me February 12 and said:

"Lee, I want a large black bass to show at the League banquet Saturday night, and I'm going to appoint you a committee of one to bring it in. Any weight from ten to fourteen pounds will do. We will freeze it in a cake of ice to show the out-of-state visitors what kind of bass we grow around here."

As it would take several days to properly freeze it, I had to get busy. So the next day found me at Lake Orienta, near Altamonte Springs, where I have taken many large bass in the past few years.

As my time was limited, I did not experiment with ordinary lures, but tied on the old reliable Shimmy Wiggler as the one best bet and began casting.

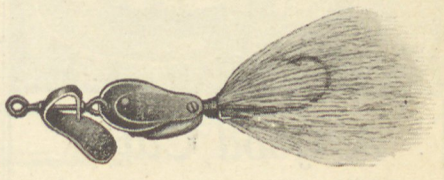
The enclosed photo shows the result of my efforts—a TWELVE POUND BASS—twenty-six inches long and twenty and one-half inches in girth; not as large as I might have caught had my time not been limited, but as pretty a shaped bass as I have ever seen. I also caught several other nice bass running from two to eight pounds each, all of which were frozen in ice and shown at the banquet.

I feel greatly indebted to you for the great amount of pleasure your wonderful lures have given me.

LEE CURETON, Orlando, Fla.

YES, boys—Mr. Cureton has the right idea. If you want to be sure and "bring home the bacon," use the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows—but if you don't care particularly about catching fish, it doesn't matter much what kind of a lure you use.

Just a word of CAUTION: The SUCCESS of the AL FOSS PORK RIND MINNOWS has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. You can tell who they are by their advertisements and can rebuke them by not using any of their product.



Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.

AL. FOSS

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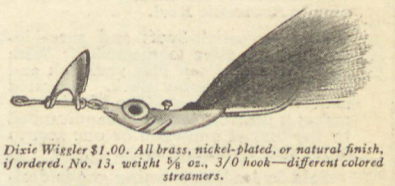
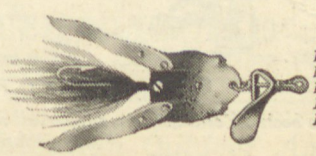


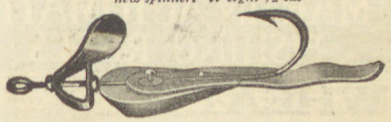
Dixie Wiggler $1.00. All brass, nickel-plated, or natural finish, if ordered. No. 13, weight ⅝ oz., 3/0 hook—different colored streamers.

Oriental Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Black and White, Yellow and White, or Red and White.

New Egypt Wiggler 75c. Equipped with new spinner. Weight ½ oz.



Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—½ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.



Jazz Wiggler 50c. ½ or ⅝ oz.

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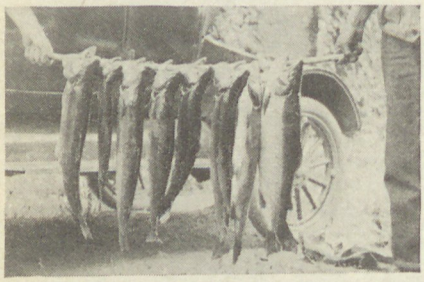

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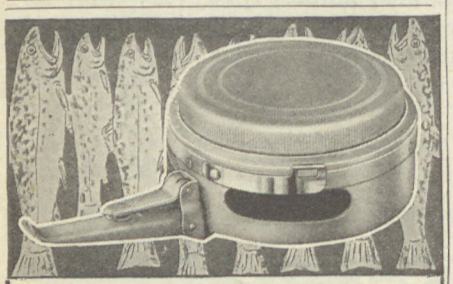

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The Last Trout

(Continued from page 13)

what to make of this, but as I stood on the bar overlooking it I saw that the pool was literally full of fish. Most of them were whitefish, or grayling, but I also saw a large number of trout. I began to cast listlessly, feeling that surely the fish would not rise under such conditions. But I took a trout at my first cast. He was a small one, and I released him. I got a rise at the next cast, and I got a rise at every cast thereafter for a dozen casts. I hooked two or three good ones, but let them go again. The river seemed to be full of trout, and I decided to wait until I was ready to meet Dick before taking what I wanted.

I sat on the bank and smoked a couple of cigarettes. About this time I saw that the sun was low, and looking at my watch I found that I must meet Dick in an hour. I picked up my rod, made for some pools, and began to cast. I could see the fish in them, and thought I'd take my bag and go back to the bridge. I expected to immediately begin taking my fish. But, surprisingly enough, the fish didn't care for my fly at all. I tried my best, working my way up to riffles and selecting the best spots, but not a rise did I get.

I remembered the way they had risen at the first pool I'd tried, and hurried over there. Again I unlimbered, and again I met a cold reception from the trout. I worked the pool thoroughly, but could not coax a rise.

Hurriedly I tried a couple of other pools, but with no luck. Then I thought of the main channel up above, and the big fellow I had lost. I hurried back there to try it again. As soon as I was within range I began to cast. Eagerly I watched my fly. Not once did I see the welcome break of a trout. Yet I could see the trout rising occasionally, and I knew that the water was alive with them. So far everything had worked backward. I had caught trout easily when by all the rules they should have run away from my fly. Now, when they should take it, I couldn't find a victim among them.

Looking upstream I saw Dick waiting for me at the bridge. I fished eagerly every foot of the way, but without a rise. Then, as I reached the bridge, I took a final cast for good luck. A trout rose, and although he was a small one I played him with all my might. He was a pounder.

Dick took my rod and tried it for a while, but had only a couple of small rises and hooked nothing. By this time I was a trout fiend. I thought of nothing but trout, cared for nothing but trout. Ducks whistled over our heads, but I gave them none of my attention. I didn't care if I never saw a duck again. I hated the cool weather; I wanted to come back tomorrow and take my revenge on the trout that had played me such a dirty trick.

But we had to get back to town for dinner, so we got into the car with our lone trout. From this point of vantage on the bridge I was showing Dick the place where the big one had run away with my leader when there came, faintly borne on the cool air, a certain sound with which we were familiar. It was the cry of geese. We stopped talking, watched and listened. Slowly the babble came closer. Then, following the sound, we saw the string of big fellows high in the air, the setting sun streaking between an opening in the Tetons, flashing white on their breasts.

Slowly they went over us and disappeared up the valley. A pair of mallards flashed past us in gun range. Two flocks, higher up, passed each other over us.

I again lost all interest in trout. This wasn't the time of year for trout, after all. We would take care of them next summer. All I wanted now was my gun. "Let's go up Flat creek tomorrow and see if we can get some ducks," I suggested.

REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE

"I've been an enthusiastic angler all my life, but I've never caught a fish weighing more than half-a-pound."

The Lingamore Bass

By Talbott Denmead

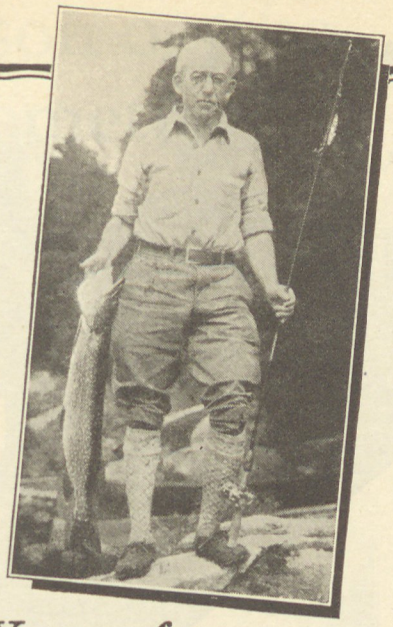
IT was towards the end of vacation—the thing we work for and look forward to for about fifty weeks of the year; the weather had been sultry, broken by frequent thunderstorms and attendant cloudbursts; consequently the river had been muddy and the fishing poor—in fact, almost nil. Explain it as you wish, but small mouth black bass will not bite in muddy water. Some say they do not feed at all at such times, while others claim that muddy water enables them to slip on their prey unobserved and consequently they are too well fed to bother with the bait held prisoner by means of a fishhook. The argument will continue for all time between the followers of the two theories, but there is no conflict between them, or with others, that bass won't bite when the water is muddy.

But hope springs eternal in the fisherman's breast, and as the sun rises on the last day of the only too short annual holiday there has been no storm for forty-eight hours. So plans were made to fish in the evening.

At four o'clock the angler collected his six-ounce fly rod, fly book and landing net, and, clad in tennis shoes and old khaki trousers for wading, hied himself to the little river, now in fair condition. On arrival at the gravelly shore he noticed black clouds gathering in the northwest which appeared to be rapidly approaching, signs of a pending storm; he realized his time was limited, and if he was to take a fish it would have to be done quickly, for as soon as the rain would begin to fall the water would again assume a light chocolate color and all would be over.

Attaching a brown hackle to the end of the six-foot leader and a Montreal as a dropper, he waded out into the middle of

A happy moment at Higgin's Mill Dam.



Mr. J. Sterling Bird and his 9¼ pound pike, 33⅝ in. long, taken on the Dardevlet, Sept. 15, 1928.

Mr. Bird writes of his experiences:

Here are some pictures of my last summer catches. You will be interested, as they were all taken on Dardevlet lures. I cannot remember having attached any other bait to my line the whole season, as nothing else gives me the same satisfaction.

I used to lug a trunk full of junk, with no success to brag about. Now, I start the season with five or six of your Dardevlets, and after an entire season's fishing, in one of the Adirondack lakes, will have a record not even matched by the best guides. In fact, I get 'em when the guides do not, and they can't understand it. I do—it's Dardevlets.

During 1928, not counting many smaller ones, I landed the following, all considered big fish in that locality:—

8¼ pounds, 33¼ inches; 9¼ pounds, 33⅝ inches; 10 pounds, 36½ inches, and 10¾ pounds, 36¾ inches—every one caught on your baits. If there are any fish about and one keeps casting with a Dardevlet, it makes them so dar-devlish mad they try to kill it.

Yours for Dardevlets, all the time,

J. STERLING BIRD,
Hyde Park, N. Y.

"Yours for Dardevlets—all the time!"

Pike anglers—Attention! You are warmly invited to read Mr. Bird's letter above.

Just as soon as the ice is out, and the roil is a bit settled, try the black and white Dardevlet (No. 102). It's equally good for Wall-eyes and Pickerel. Give these lures a real tryout, and you'll be writing me letters like Mr. Bird's!

For Trout, the smaller size—Dardevle's Imp—is the right medicine. This lure is only 2⅛ in. long, weighing ⅔ ounce, 80c at all dealers.

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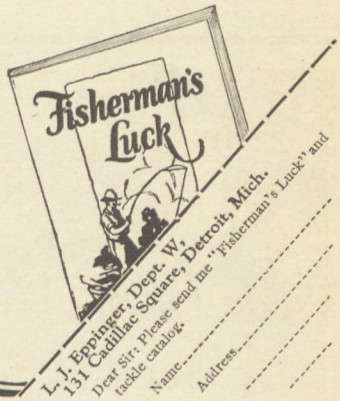

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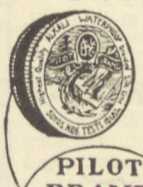

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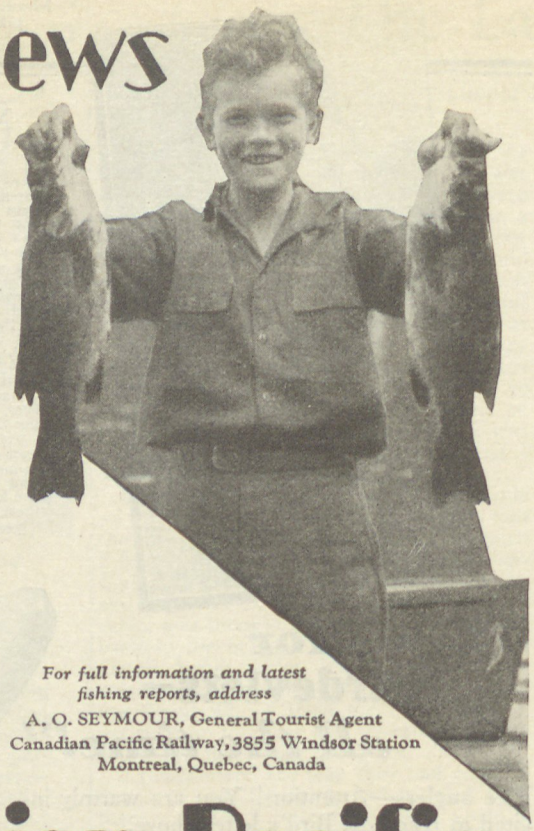

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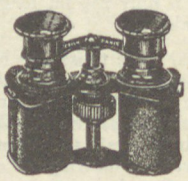

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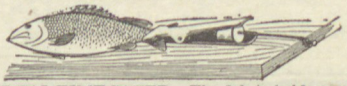

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a long, shallow pool and started fishing toward the rapid water about a hundred yards or more downstream. Except for the murmur of falling waters everything was quiet. The stillness was punctured only by the distant rumbling of thunder and the swish of the rod and line; it was a case of something doing pretty soon or not at all.

Slowly and carefully the disciple of the immortal Walton approached the still waters a short distance above the rapids; a large rock could be seen about 35 yards away just below the surface of the water—a likely looking place for a savage old bass to lurk and rush out to capture his unsuspecting prey; cautiously the fisherman worked his way through water above his knees to a place within casting distance from a point above and a little to one side of the rock; the flies were cast a time or two in another direction to see that everything was working properly, and then directed just above and beyond the stone.

It has been many years since the moment which we have now reached, but the whole scene is indelibly impressed on the mind of the fisherman; he can see it all and feel the thrill as if it were but yesterday; it was one of those moments that occur all too rarely in a lifetime; he yet can see what appeared first to be a fleeting underwater shadow, but which the fraction of a second later resolved itself into a bronze streak of slashing, fighting, leaping bass; the fish passed by the brown hackle to grab the Montreal as it gracefully trailed along the surface of the water; a quick twist of the wrist and the 1/0 hook sank firmly into the upper lip.

The first rush was across the stream towards an underwater lair, where the little bunch of feathers might be shaken loose or snarled and the line broken; a leap clear of the water at this point also failed to dislodge the fly. Then a series of rushes across stream, downstream, even upstream against the current; several more spectacular jumps, then slowly the fish was brought, still fighting, towards his captor. The Gods of Fortune were with the angler; gradually the bass was subdued and finally brought gasping within reach of the landing net. As the net encompassed him he turned slowly over on his side, and at the exact moment when he was lifted from the water the snood on the fly snapped off where it joined the hook. There lay the beauty in the landing net with the black and maroon fly firmly imbedded in the mouth. It was an occasion to make the heart of any well-seasoned old fisher go pit-a-pat, or stop beating altogether.

A loud clap of thunder almost simultaneously with a flash of lightning warned the angler there was no time for delay, and he quickly waded out with the bass still in the landing net. He dog-trotted for shelter, but the storm broke in all its fury before he had gone a hundred yards, drenching him to the skin and almost blowing him away. And again the Linganore was muddy.

Many a rose has bloomed to blush unseen; many a game fish has been ignominiously ensnared for commercial purposes; but this fine old fighting warrior fulfilled his destiny.

"What's that? How much did he weigh?" "What has that to do with it?" Well, he would not have taken a prize in any of the present-day fishing contests; but he was big enough to wage a long but losing fight on light tackle; he was big enough to grace a festive board, and be enjoyed by several brother Waltonians. Let it go at that. We will say one thing: He has not grown a single ounce since the day he made his last stand, and since the day he was weighed twenty odd years ago.

One Bass Season on the Old Willamette

By Lee Crawford

OCCASIONALLY here in Oregon, in fact not uncommonly, we have a break in the perpetual winter rains along in March. There may be a bit of beautiful springtime weather, the kind that puts an itching sensation in the old casting arm and makes the thumb tingle for the touch of the casting reel.

On just such a morning as this my buddy, Hal DeSart, of Salem, and I were under way for Horseshoe Lake. For all practical purposes we had been separated since along in January when our duck and snipe hunting had terminated. It was our first touch of early morning air and outing togs for what seemed many moons and as we talked over the past year our blood tingled with anticipation of the coming season and we were once more the carefree partnership that got its start one fateful morning at Willamette University, when, during chapel, we discovered that I owned a bird dog and Hal owned a car.

At the lake we found the water murky brown and most of the fishermen cussing their luck. With an utter disregard of the sage and profane advice of our fellow men we chartered a boat and started out.

Now tackle, any kind of tackle, never reaches mid-season performance on the first trip and ours was no exception, so we were well up the lake and almost in the mouth of a small inlet before either of us were ready for an effective cast.

"Sock," the little plug I was using, a bright yellow and red wobbler that, as my kid sister expressed it later—"looks like a crawfish's daddy"— hit the water right at the base of a few cat-tails. I was surprised at the accuracy of that cast, it had lit as true as any of the previous season.

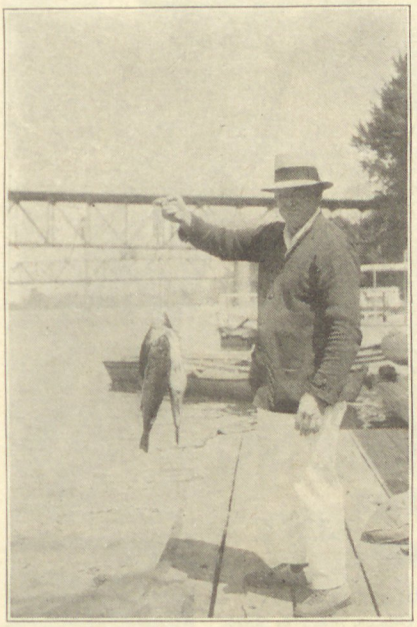
One more followed the first, then on the third try, as I let the lure feed slowly through the current at the mouth of the little inlet, there was a quick jerk on the line and a quicker jerk in the pit of my stomach. Say what you will—the first fish is always one of the thrills of the season.

The coming of the black bass to the Willamette River was perhaps one of the few important milestones which mark the progress of Oregon sportsmen in the field of constructive propagation. It is by no means unusual in any locality to find the principal game fish to be one artificially planted there and this certainly is true of the Willamette bass.

The large mouth bass came to the Willamette some thirty or thirty-five years ago from Rock Island, Ill., and the work is generally credited to a sportsman named Gideon Steiner, who then lived at Salem but is now deceased. Little is known of this man. Let it then suffice to say that the present generation owes him a real debt of gratitude and that the black bass in the river still abound as a tribute to his far-sightedness.

"Regularly each morning I left the boat house—"

Steiner's fish were liberated above the Oregon City Falls and in the vicinity of Salem. Some four years later an attorney and fisherman from Portland, E. W. Bingham, procured another shipment of the large mouth bass and liberated them between Oregon City and Portland.



"Cap weighs the string—"

From these two shipments, and perhaps supplemented some by additional fish, although there is no record of others, the fish spread up and down the Willamette and Columbia until they are now recognized as one of the principal game fishes of the Willamette.

The coming of the small mouth was of decidedly later origin and these fish are seldom found in the Willamette or adjacent sloughs. One small shipment was secured by Portland sportsmen and liberated in Oswego Lake and from here they have spread some to the Willamette, although their presence in the river is not generally recognized.

For Hal and I there were a few other trips after the first fish was landed but with nothing exceptional in the way of results, other than that we did succeed in getting the tackle well limbered up and our casting arm and eye fairly well coordinated.

Then came April 15th and with it came trout season. For the time being bass were forgotten as we wielded the light fly rod with varying degrees of success for the smaller speckled beauties.

A good deal later in the season and after trout had left our early fishing grounds, I dropped in at Captain Spong's boathouse one bright spring afternoon. Captain Spong is one of the best known figures on the river and one of the few sur-

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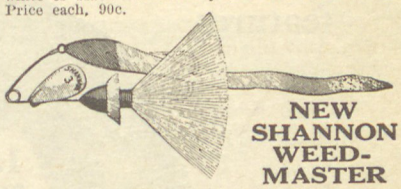
An extraordinary fish-getter no matter how it's used—casting or trolling—in deep or shallow water or in weeds. Absolutely weedless and snagless. Made with red, yellow, white or black feather fly—and natural, frog color, red, yellow, white, red and white or black Bucktail Fly and Grey Squirrel Tail. Price each, 90c.



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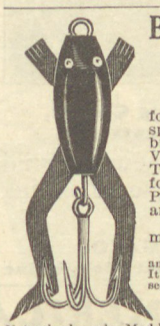
BARR'S SAND TOAD

(Hyla-Versicolor)

The King Killer



Just what you have been looking for—a lure that consistently takes all species of game fish. Not a freak lure but a duplication of the specie Hyla-Versicolor commonly known as Sand-Toad (Not a Frog). The Natural food of the Wall-eye, Bass, Crappie, Pickerel, Northern Pike, Channel Cat and Trout.

It Lures them all. Bring home a mixed bag.

The thin pliable front legs work up and down. The hind legs quiver and kick about. It's the livest thing in the water you have ever seen.

Made in two sizes: No. 1 for Fly Rod, weight 1-10 oz. Length over all 2 in. No. 2 for casting, weight 1-5 oz. Length over all 3 in. Natural color only. Mud back. White belly.

If your dealer can't supply you send us a dollar for either size postpaid; when it arrives if you don't think it the fishingest thing you have ever seen send it back—we will return your money.

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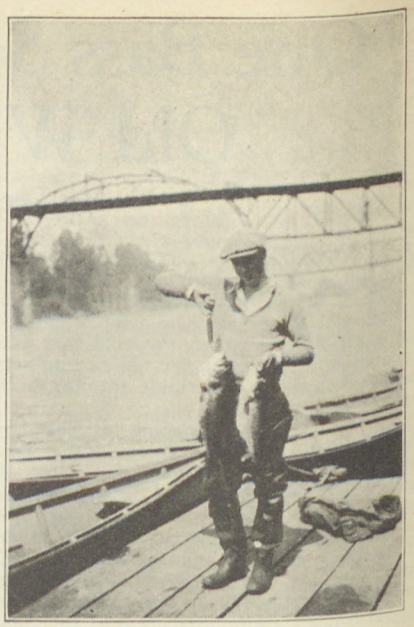


"Hal checks in two beauties—"

vivors of the once booming wheat trade that is now practically forgotten.

"Cap" greeted me with a sour grunt and went on working at his bench. Without further invitation I dropped in a chair and proceeded to wait. Well indeed did I know the ways of the old riverman and that very shortly I would be the object of his undivided attention.

"Well, looking for bass?" at last "Cap" finished his work, lit his pipe, and sat down.

"Correct," I came back, "anybody done any good?"

"No, only two or three so far this year, don't know what is the matter with them." Mr. Spong rents boats to fishermen and checks up pretty well on what is going on in the way of results, so he is indeed a fertile source of information.

After quite a lengthy conversation I made arrangements to get a boat in the morning and left the river.

The gods had decreed in the meantime that I was to hit it alone that morning, although that was not particularly distasteful, so alone I started out. The bright yellow and red polliwog was the lure.

A large, slow eddy was the object of the first cast and the retrieve was scarcely started when a big one "gave her the works." It was lots of fun to fight that fish while the boat slowly drifted down the stream and eventually I brought him over the side, much to the joy of "Cap" who had watched the proceedings from the boat-house. He later weighed 3½ pounds on the boat-house scales.

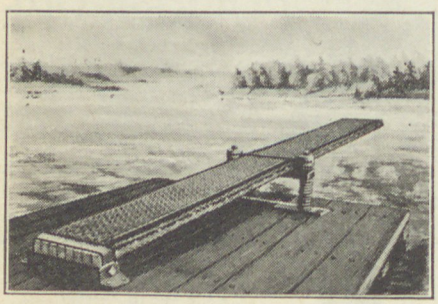
Another nice one came from the same pot-hole, two more came from holes lower down the river, a fifth one came out of the same little pot-hole on the way up the river and my morning was complete.

It was about this time that I began to experiment with flies and the longer rod. Our equipment included a few steel-head flies intended for the gamy battlers of the famous Rogue River and a pair of "Whisker-bugs," tied of hair and looking more like an undersized whisk-broom than anything else.

Later, when summer had arrived in earnest, good fishing days were few and far between. Quite regularly, however, I left "Cap" Spong's for a morning or an evening on the river and always succeeded in returning with a few fish.

The fishing now was done in the main river exclusively as most of the lakes were

"Laughing Loon"
Water Sports Equipment



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stagnant or polluted. The big slough near Salem, where once on summer days as a small boy I used to spend never-to-be-forgotten afternoons in search of sun-fish and crappies, now smelled to the heavens and was positively filthy. A paper mill that used the slough for a depository for every kind of waste from wood scraps to sulphuric acid accounted for that.

The east and central states are not alone in their pollution problems. Oregon has one of her own that is fast becoming pressing.

In the main river, however, and above that very offensive slough the bass continued to bite and I continued to fish. A number of lures were tried but baby lures seemed the most effective. Just why these little copies of the larger lures should get more fish and larger ones I can not say. In any event the bass they took were in some cases no babies.

I still had flies in the back of my head but I had to admit that practically all of my strikes were made well under the surface. One early morning, however, I was gratified to land a four pounder that hit a surface bait and kicked up an awful fuss.

Then came the day when "Cap" decided to further my education by showing me where the bass were. We left the boathouse late one morning with the old riverman at the oars and with me ready to do my stuff with the casting rod in the stern.

"Cap" headed right for the piers of a wagon bridge a short way below his boathouse and at his direction I cast above them, along the sides, and in the eddy below. This was productive of a large fish and on a semi-surface plug.

I continued to "run the piers" a few more mornings by myself, then Hal came along. The result was one of those things you dream about.

Hal cast up to the base of the pier in exactly the spot I had indicated. The plug was nearly back to the boat when a big swirl of water indicated a fish. For some fifteen minutes my buddy scrapped it out before he had the baby where I could get my hands in his gills and boost him over the side. Seven pounds, twelve ounces was the weight and it was easily the largest fish docked at that time for the season.

Now one certain tackle store runs a big fish contest with a mean rod for first prize. Our baby topped the nearest competitor by a good pound and a half. Three days later "Cap" in all seriousness reported that a Jap had checked in a nine pounder. Such is life in the far West.

* * *

One fine day, late in September, I met the old river captain in a tackle store and during the discussion I mentioned that no one seemed to have seen that nine pounder he had told us about. I was in all seriousness as I had taken the bait, hook, line, sinker, and part of the pole. "Cap" grinned:

"You didn't believe that, did you?"

I merely sputtered. "Cap" has been my friend ever since I was large enough to pull an oar but right then I could have killed him.

Hal brought the rod up to the office this afternoon and while a couple of clients waited with ill concealed impatience we discussed that beautiful one-piece instrument of bamboo.

Convention
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THE pool is opaque with sunset's burnished glow. Suddenly . . . a herculean lunge at your bait. Then tackle kept in a Kennedy Kit does best.

Kennedy Kits protect hooks, lines, sinkers, bait, reels, etc. Electric welded, resists rust, finished in Kennedy brown baked enamel; won't chip off. Catch lock prevents spilling. New 1400 series costs less than other Kantilevers. Lures most needed are accessible when cover is half open. Solid brass fittings. There is a Kennedy Kit for every need. At all sporting goods stores.

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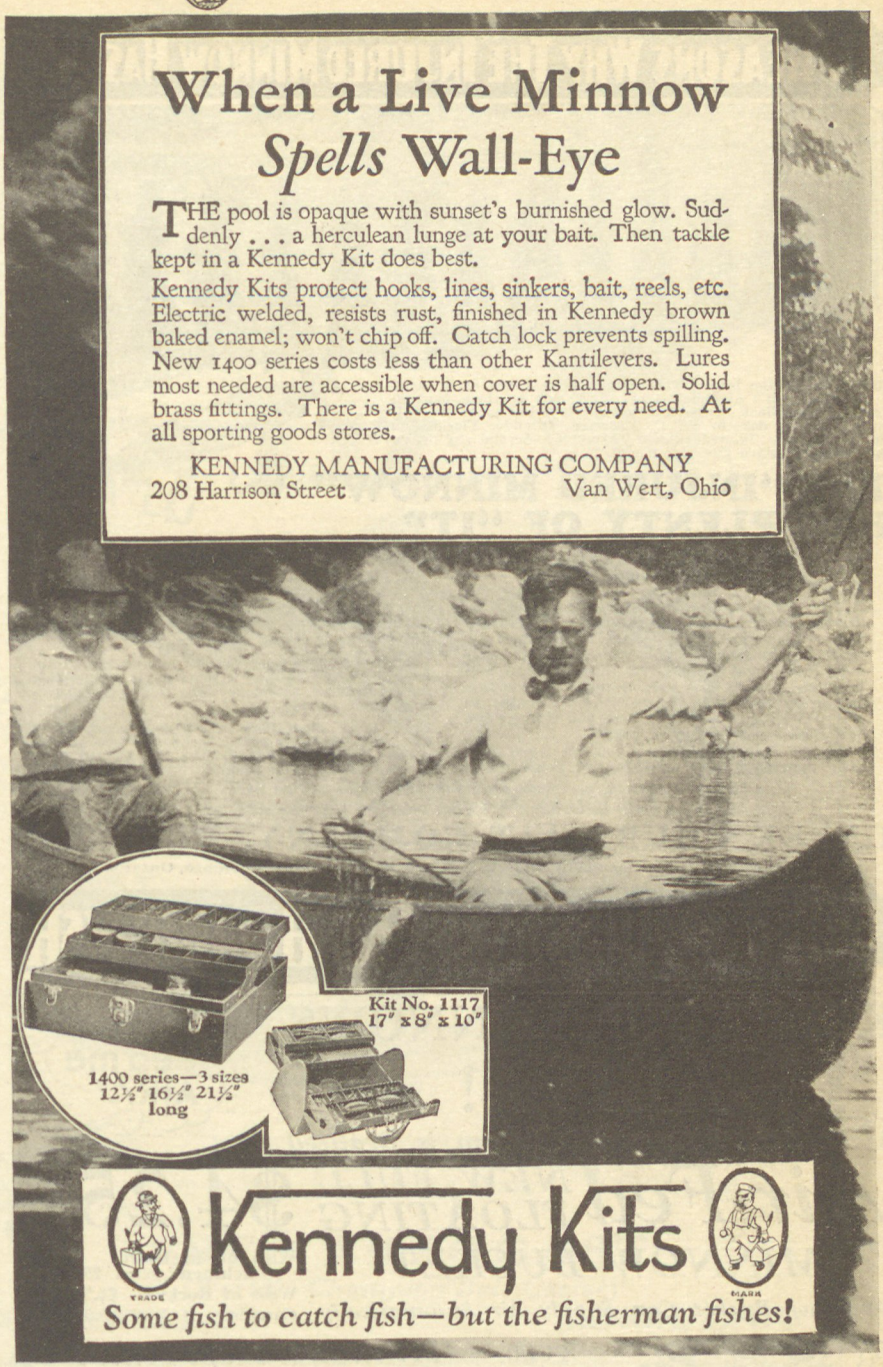

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Swish!

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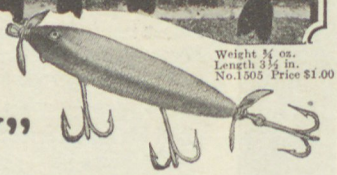

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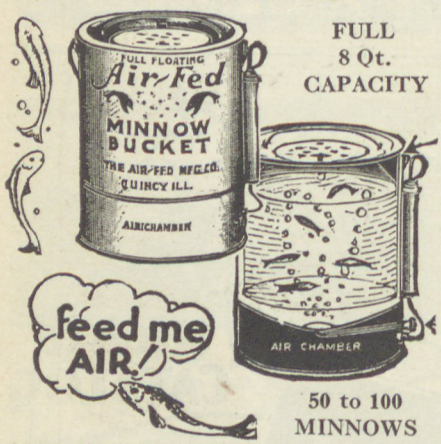

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Fish and Furniture

(Continued from page 42)

forests. Waltonism produces the forests and restores play places.

Cars are bought by hundreds of thousands to carry their owners to the green beauties of the woods and the banks of the babbling brooks they shade. To make that car roll from here to "there" requires gas and tires. So Waltonism really sells gasoline, oil and tires also. For their respective producers, suppliers and workers it insures dividends and prosperity.

Jove! What a wonderful potpourri of dollars and pennies, trees and fish, game and wage earners, stockholders and hunters, fishermen and publishers, filling stations, oil wells, even railroads and farmers this Izaak Walton League seems to be mothering.

So—not only furniture and fish—but many more things make up the mixed beneficiaries of this Waltonian stock pot.

Let's try to be specific. Minnesota, for example, finds that her outdoors bring 1,500,000 visitors. Waltonism is improving and preserving her outdoors. Then Waltonism is helping put down Minnesota's concrete roads. "Humph!" grunt the incredulous. "Now we are road builders, eh?" You bet! It's this way—if that army of visitors average five to a car, then 300,000 cars are needed. If each buys but 20 gallons of gasoline bearing a 2c tax, each contributes 40c or a total of $120,000—which, at $25,000 per mile will pay for nearly five miles of concrete road.

Nor is the Waltonian forestation benefit for the farmer excluded from dollar measurement. Consider the same 1,500,000 mouths, brought by Minnesota's outdoors. They must be fed. They come to play and spend, and they must eat. If each averages but three breakfasts within the state and eats but one soft boiled egg for breakfast, 375,000 dozen Minnesota eggs have found a market in foreign stomachs. And if the price average is 30c a dozen—very likely it is more—nearly $100,000 worth of egg money comes to Minnesota and gives overtime work to a million good laying hens for over a week. And think of the bugs and worms the wheat and corn those hens translate into cash.

Trees and stomachs are coupled in more senses than one. The cellulose of trees can (although it is not now done commercially) be transformed into sugar. Trees, sugar, stomachs after all are closely linked.

Beautiful woman may worship Waltonism as her Patron Saint of dress. Do not Waltonian-inspired trees give their trunks and branches to the fiber silk manufacturer so that he may make woman still more attractive in lustrous apparel from the skin out and from head to foot, at a price half or less than half what cocoon silks formerly cost?

Now, is Waltonism merely a cult of fishermen and game hungry sportsmen?

FRED H. DOELLNER.

THE GOVERNOR GETS A LETTER ABOUT FLORIDA BASS

Hon. Doyle L. Carlton,
Governor of Florida,
Tallahassee, Florida.

DEAR Sir:

It is with some hesitation that I write this letter.

My excuse for doing so is that for the past eight years I have been coming to Florida each year to spend a winter vacation, fishing for bass.

There are thousands of others who do likewise, and who would not come if the bass fishing in Florida were eliminated.

To some of us who are familiar with conditions in the State, it is evident that the bass are being eliminated in many lakes and rivers.

No game fish can stand for long the intensive fishing with hook and line to which the Florida bass are subject, plus intensive fishing with gill nets and seines.

It is submitted for your consideration and that of the Legislature, that the black bass is ten times more valuable to the State of Florida as a game fish, than he is as a food fish at 30c a pound.

Many of your bass are being shipped to Northern markets. The sportsmen who live in the North are fighting this condition and we have recently been successful in closing the fish markets of Virginia and the District of Columbia to the sale of bass. Of course the real remedy is in the hands of the State of Florida. I am not familiar with the provisions of the present law with respect to the commercial taking of bass; but it appears that many lakes and rivers are open to net fishing for bass, and that it is easy enough for the net fishermen to take bass in closed lakes and rivers and ship them out of the State, or to the large cities of the State, as having been taken in open waters.

It is certainly true that the bass fishing in Florida as a whole is not improving. It is getting a little bit thinner each year. The time has about come when the State must decide between those who fish with rod and line for the sake of the sport, and those who fish with nets and seines for the sake of money.

The city of Leesburg, Florida, conducts a national campaign of advertising, inviting the Northern sportsman to come to Florida to enjoy the wonderful bass fishing. When he gets here he finds that he must compete with men who fish with nets fifty feet long—day and night.

The present situation is wrong in principle and highly detrimental to Florida. The same conditions existed years ago in the State of Maine, until Maine absolutely prohibited the taking of bass in any of her lakes or rivers except with rod and line. Now, the people of Maine derive a huge annual income from the sportsmen who go there to fish for the sake of the sport. They spend their money for guides, boats, bait, lodging, travel, motor supplies, and related items. They catch good strings of bass, they carry away pleasant impressions of the State, and they advertise it all over the Union.

Florida has an even better opportunity. It is the greatest natural bass state in the whole country. By permitting the black bass to be destroyed by net fishing, it is deliberately killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Those of us who come here to fish for bass earnestly hope that you, and your new Fish and Game Commissioner, will take steps to put an end to commercial fishing for bass in Florida.

Respectfully yours,
E. C. KEMPER.

Gettin' Ready

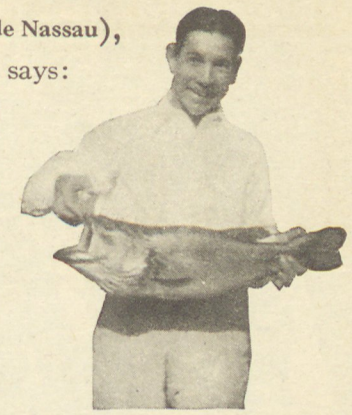
By Capt. Hugh Voorhies

WHEN you mention hook an' line
Fishin's always on your mind;
There's a feelin' mighty fine,
Gettin' ready.

* * * * *

SO, dear friend and fellow man,
Let's go thru life hand in hand,
There are joys and Promised Land,
Gettin' ready.

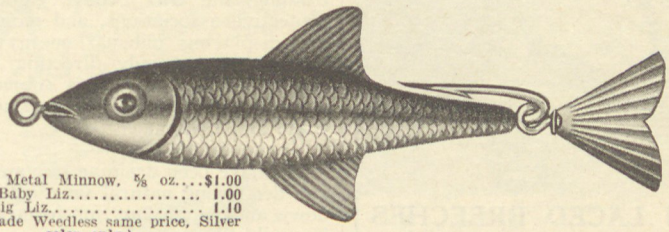
Claude Scott McCallum (Claude Nassau), Noted Sportsman and Writer, says:



"Just sort of thought you'd be interested in knowing that the 'eight pounds of fighting bull bass' pictured on page 47 of March Outdoor America along with my story, 'The Bite of the Bug,' was taken on a Tin Liz. Don't see how I ever fished without it!"

Here are Claude, his Big Bass and the bait—

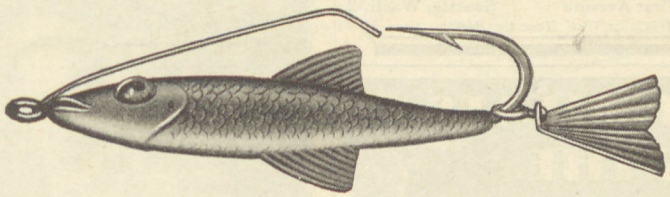
TIN LIZ



Famous Metal Minnow, ⅝ oz....$1.00
½ oz. Baby Liz..... 1.00
1 oz. Big Liz..... 1.10
(Also made Weedless same price, Silver color only.)

You see above the top-side view of a new, better, more natural artificial minnow. Small but with a BIG ACTION. Designed to swim and flutter along on her side, more like a real cripple than any other bait. No wonder she gets the fish!

Weedless TIN LIZ



(All sizes in silver finish only—regular price)

Edge view shown. Hook rides up and is protected by body and fins, so a very soft wire guard can be used. Bass, Pike and Musky in TOUGH PLACES—that's her meat!

FRED ARBOGAST
(World's Champion Bait Caster)
3 BARWELL ST. AKRON, OHIO

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS
Have you seen Hildebrandt's new HINTS with new ideas on using Hildebrandt baits for any kind of fishing?
It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it—lots of pictures. Free to you. Tell us where to send it.
John J. Hildebrandt Co., 952 High St., Logansport, Ind.

TROUT
Big and little ones fall for Peck's Cricket. Sizes 1/0—6—8 or 10. 50 cents each.
Peck's Cricket
Peck's Floating Trout Midget another winner on trout. Send $1.00 for sample Cricket and Floating Trout Midget, and descriptive list of Peck's full line of real fish getters.
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FISHING RODS
Write for special booklet T-D describing
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FLASHLIGHT ANGLER
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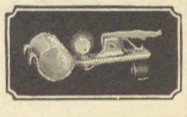
$1.00



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Plan your trips by
Brown's Guaranteed Fishing Chart
Tells When They Bite
Most Complete Chart Published. Write for Free Folder.
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OLD FISHERMAN'S 1929 CALENDAR
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Best Fishing Days for 1929
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ADD TO SMART APPEARANCE

Certainly—you can look trim and yet be prepared to crash through the brush without fear of rip or snag. Double front and seat add protection and wear. Proof against wind and water-resistant because made of Shedpel Khaki. Price $5.50; other materials to $16.00. Waist measure only.

Send for our free catalog "Q."

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"Might as Well Have the Best"

HOT MEALS ON THE TRAIL!

This special folding portable stove ONLY 10¢

HOW good hot meals taste on hikes and trips. Easy to cook them with Sterno Stove. It heats, boils, broils, fries. Makes hot soup, crisp bacon, sizzling eggs, cooks steaks, chops. Makes delicious toast, steaming coffee. Yet Sterno Stove folds flat. Slip into bag or knapsack. Use Sterno Stove at home, too. Fine for camping. Has hundreds of uses. Heats solder for radio parts. You'll find many ways to use this handy, portable stove. Sterno Canned Heat supplies the fuel. It's safe—burns solid—no sparks, smoke or cinders. Buy it at your local dealer, and use Sterno Cooking Utensils. Send 10¢ *today* for special Sterno Stove. Dept. O-5, Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887), 9 E. 37th St., N. Y. City.

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That Bear You Get!

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The Duty of Congress
to Preserve Wild Life
By HON. HARRY B. HAWES

We regret that space allows our only reprinting extracts from this address by Senator Hawes, which was widely broadcast and printed in the Congressional Record.

FORTUNATELY, public sentiment has developed to a very high degree in favor of wild-life conservation.

The Izaak Walton League, with its 35,000 chapters scattered throughout the United States, the Boy Scouts, with their outdoor training, the Girl Scouts, game and fish protective associations, and game wardens are displaying unusual energy and persistence in not only directing State and National attention to this subject but are securing real practical enactments, both State and Federal.

We have been draining our swamp lands and destroying natural sanctuaries; cutting down and wiping out our forests; destroying wild-life refuges.

We have been polluting our streams and destroying in this way, thoughtlessly but ruthlessly, fish, animal, and bird life.

And we are at the same time destroying human life and shortening our years of usefulness.

We all know that exercise and proper food are two of the great elements necessary for health, but we are now beginning to understand that the third great element is pure air, lots of it, and that a change of air is as necessary as a change in exercise and diet. This is procured only in the "big outdoors."

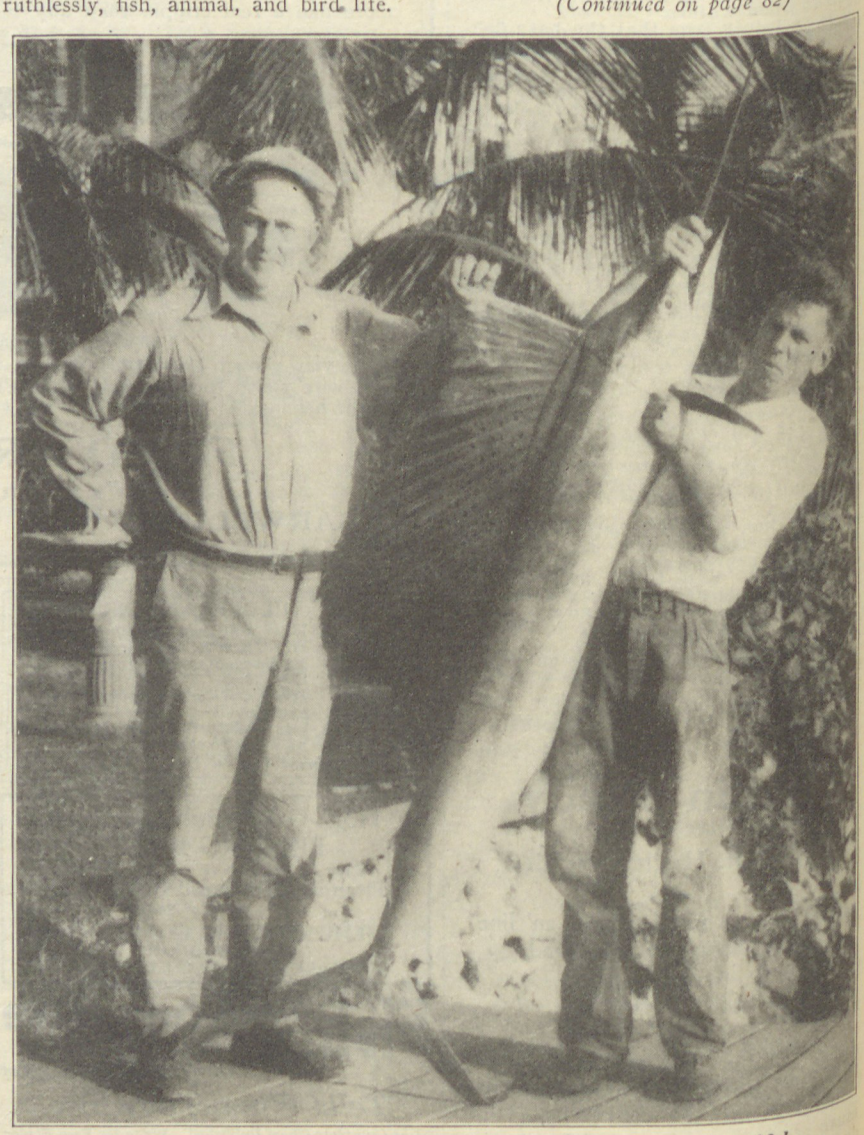
Congress can stop the pollution of all navigable streams. It can purchase now, at a small price, while lands are cheap, and especially during its national work of reclamation and flood control, swamp lands and other areas.

It can protect birds and wild fowl in their migratory flight.

It can supply game sanctuaries in waste lands, protecting the breeding and propagation of bird and animal life.

It can, through its agencies, fight the fish and game hog, protect fish during the spawning season and game during the mating season.

(Continued on page 82)



Hon. Harry B. Hawes, the Senator from Missouri, with a 7½ ft. sailfish caught by him this winter in Florida.

Give the Trees a Chance

(Continued from page 33)

Chief Fire Warden H. J. Andrews informed me that in 1923 forest fires swept 466,474 acres of Michigan lands, causing damage estimated at $534,811. Figures are not available for cost of fire suppression before 1923, but in that year $74,380 was paid out for impressed labor and mileage for this labor.

In the dry summer of 1925 the area burned over was 725,928 acres and damage was estimated at $474,449, while cost of suppression was $132,969. Since that time the figures have reduced. In 1926 the acreage burned was 166,122, the damage was $94,330 and the following year these figures were lowered to 94,291 acres and damage of $65,034.

But 1928 was the banner year in the department's history. During the 12 months just passed 66,236 acres of Michigan land was burned over, less than a tenth of the area covered by fire in 1923. The damage last year was $59,664, or about one-eighth of the loss from this cause in 1923.

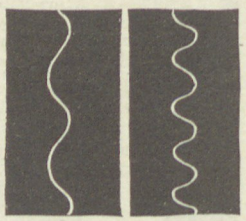
Generally speaking, as the fire acreage was reduced, the cost of suppression was also cut proportionately. It cost the state but $21,148 for fire fighting in 1928, which includes for the first time in the department's accounts not only the cost of impressed labor but the cost of departmental labor as well.

There is a story behind this increasing efficiency of the fire warden's division. The state approached the fire fighting problem from two angles, education of the public in fire prevention, and improving the methods of detecting fires and suppressing them before they have time to get well started.

The real story behind this about-face in Michigan's fire menace problem is the organized effort of the Izaak Walton League and kindred organizations to do two things: first, to induce the outdoor enthusiasts of Michigan to become active fire prevention missionaries; and, second, to use the united organized support of the Waltonians to bring about a decided improvement in the forest fire control laws, and to secure worthwhile appropriations from the Legislature for this phase of the Conservation

Guarantee— NEW HAIR grown quickly *or no pay*

Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left —the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.



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mail coupon below—NOW!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin—never get to the roots.*

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically, *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

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Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

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State .....

eral subordinates in various counties and townships. These deputy wardens or fire bosses have their own organizations of volunteer fire fighters who are available upon a minute's call.

Sprinkled throughout the counties of the forest area are tall steel towers mounted on high hills. Watchmen are on duty in these throughout the dry seasons. Telephones are used for rapid communication between fire wardens and it takes but a short time after the smoke of some forest blaze is seen curling above the treetops before a force is at work with shovels, fire extinguishers and pumps.

This equipment is mounted on trucks which provide rapid means for getting apparatus to fires at all times.

Extensive plowing of fire breaks through forested areas is another preventive measure resorted to.

Few fires reach any considerable proportions before they are attacked by these expert fire fighters.

The proverbial ounce of prevention is proving of vastly more value than the pound of cure in Michigan. Prevention and cure are joined to bring back to the Wolverine state the grandeur and the wealth which it once possessed in its great outdoors, and the Izaak Walton League of America deserves a good share of the credit for the present favorable picture. More power to the Waltonians!

The Convention

(Continued from page 43)

cus in as many different rooms. Everyone will enjoy Thursday evening! Nothing like it has ever been offered the delegates at a League convention.

The general topic for Friday morning will be "The League and Other Organizations." The principal features will be the League and its relation to the Boy Scout movement, the relation of the women of America to the conservation movement and the League, and our relation to other conservation organizations and movements.

The Friday afternoon session will be devoted to "The National Aspects of Conservation," and federal officials and others prominently identified with the national movement will bring the delegates much inspiring first-hand information.

The big banquet Friday night, under the auspices of the Chicago Chapter, promises to be the greatest ever. Holding the banquet on Friday night is a radical departure from former conventions, but assures the largest gathering that can conveniently be accommodated in the magnificent new Stevens Hotel, designed especially to cater to great convention crowds. The banquet program will be a big surprise and one of great joy and satisfaction. Don't miss it! You will never forget it!

Some of the best things of the entire convention will be presented on Saturday morning. It will be devoted to noteworthy undertakings; forests and their relation to wild life, recreation, and their economic aspects; problems confronted in maintaining a supply of wild life; and related subjects.

A business session devoted to Committee Reports, selection of the 1930 Convention city, and the election of national officers will terminate the program of the forenoon, and the business sessions of the convention itself.

Saturday afternoon will be devoted to a luncheon and meeting of the National Directors.

The entire program will be snappy and so arranged that there will be ample op-

portunity for everybody to attend all the convention sessions without becoming weary or disinterested. There will be opportunity for speakers to answer questions following their addresses as well as further discussion from the floor. It will truly be your convention throughout, and one never to be forgotten. Don't miss it!

Beginning Wednesday evening, April 17, until the end of the convention the great international Outdoor Sports Show will spread an endless array of every refinement, every requisite for the outdoor enthusiast of every type. Manufacturers, sellers and distributors have outdone themselves this year to make this show surpass the wildest hopes of outdoor enthusiasts.

To carry the tidings of this unequaled dual occasion, it is hoped that some time on the air will be granted through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company and its affiliated stations.

The National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation of which Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson is Chairman, will hold a meeting during the time of our national convention. The meeting has been set for Saturday afternoon, April 20. The Outdoor Writers' Association has advised that they too will hold their annual meeting at the Stevens Hotel, April 20th at 10 A. M.

Present indications promise a veritable horde in attendance. If pleasure-bent, if a conservationist, if a lover of outdoors, a business man, an educator or a scientist—COME to Chicago—to the Hotel Stevens—to this GREAT CONVENTION on April 18, 19 and 20.

Note the size of the tarpon, every bit as tall, if not taller, than the angler, Gene Johnston, who is 6 ft. 2½ in.

You Will Meet Every Angler You Know at the CONVENTION

Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line. Made both level and tapered.

List prices of level sizes, 25 yds. H $1.50, G $1.75, F $2.00, E $2.25, D $2.50, C $2.75, B $3.00.

Double tapered, 30 yds. H E H $7.00, H DH $7.50, H CH $8.00.

Ashaway Extra Strength Bait-Casting and Trolling Line. Hard braided best Japan black waterproof silk. Soft waterproofed, protection from mildew and rot. A good caster and a great laster.

Every Ashaway Line is Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

Yes, the BIG Ones

THAT you're getting them oftener will not surprise you when you realize how much better you are casting with your new Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line.

So pliable, weighty and extra smooth, never limp or wiry from heat or cold, it behaves the rod better. You have more control, greater accuracy, delicacy and distance. The line for getting hold of the real Big Boys that have such a good eye for a bad fly.

Ashaway Fishing Lines are made in all best styles, sizes and colors for all fresh-water and salt-water fishing. Ask your dealer. Should he not have them, please write to us. "More Fish Stories" FREE.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Leading Line Makers Since 1824
Box 735 **Ashaway, Rhode Island**

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The HEDLITE

An Ideal Flashlight for Camp, Car or Boat

Fastens comfortably to your head or hat and lights wherever you look. Turns with the head. Tilts at any angle. Battery fits handily, out of the way, in pocket or on belt and leaves you both hands free for work or sport while camping, motoring or boating. Also useful on the farm and in the home—wherever you need light *and both* your hands. Made in two styles:

B-1430 Focusing (360 ft. range) - - $2.95
B-1030 Diffusing Light - - - - - - - 2.70
(*Batteries Extra*)

One of many Barney & Berry Flashlights — a light for every need. Ask your dealer.

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the *improved* tackle box!

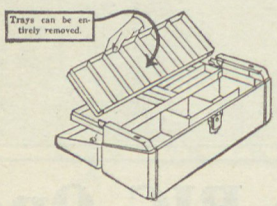
Notice these features, you will find them in no other tackle box.

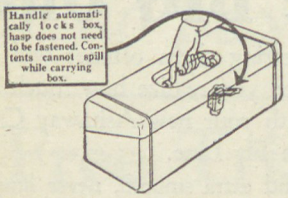
Hobart Watertite tackle boxes have all seams tightly soldered—they cannot leak.

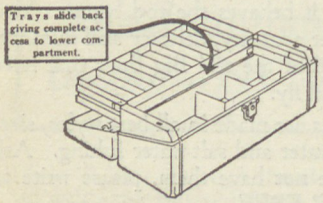
Sliding trays make various compartments accessible without removing trays—yet they are easily removed and are interchangeable.

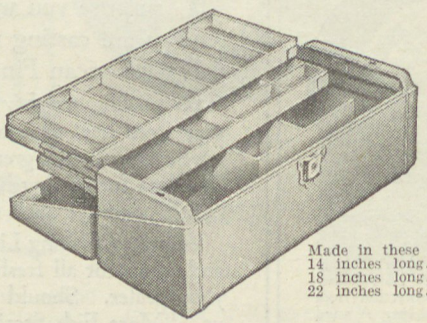
The patented Hobart handle automatically locks the lid—you cannot accidentally spill contents through failure to close the hasp.

All Hobart boxes are equipped with genuine Corbin hasp locks.









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14 inches long...$6.00
18 inches long... 6.75
22 inches long... 7.50

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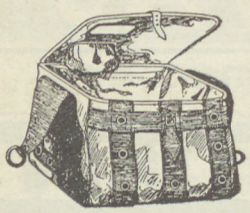

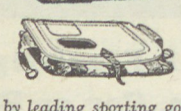

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RED HEAD BRAND Folding Creel . . $9.00

An indispensable boon to fishermen. Collapses compactly. Resumes full shape naturally. No rods to adjust. Made of finest waterproof duck. Entire outside bound with leather. Lined with double-faced rubber sheeting. Absolutely sanitary. Will not mildew even if damp when packed away. Venitlating holes in sides and bottom prevent fish from sweating. Pocket in cover for eggs or worms.

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Fishermen! Campers!
Write for free circular describing RED HEAD BRAND Outing Tents, Pack Sacks, Duffle Bags, Creels, Fishing Coats, Rod Cases and other canvas and leather equipment.

RED HEAD BRAND

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

Catch Big Ones

The fastest running spinner in the world. Low in price, unequalled for results. Plain 25c; weedless 30c, 9¼ in. long. At your dealer's or direct. Circular Free.

CHAS. H. STAPF, *Prop.*, Dept. A.

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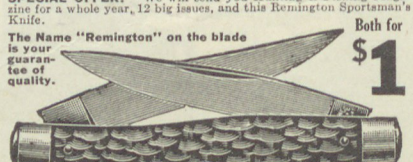

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The Duty of Congress

(Continued from page 78)

It can reduce the size of the bag, the number of the catch, and, by intelligent bulletins, educate sportsmen, anglers, and campers in the matter of conservation.

It can use overflow lands in our river basins for sanctuaries.

It can use the great national highways for reforestation.

It certainly can preserve Government lands in their native state.

All navigable streams are under Federal jurisdiction. Their pollution can be stopped, fish traps destroyed, spillways built, trapping and seining of certain species prohibited.

It can purchase and set aside great national game sanctuaries in each of the States.

In the midst of a busy and strenuous congressional life I have found both a fine mental and physical exhilaration in giving some attention to this subject.

Finding that there are some 7,000,000 dogs in the United States, I secured the publication of national bulletins for the benefit of "man's best friend"; secured the enactment of a law for the upper Mississippi River, which embraces some 300 miles of river-shore line, and the purchase of 250,000 acres of waste bottom lands, all put in one great fish and game sanctuary; a national bill protecting the black bass in the District of Columbia, and another bill prohibiting the interstate shipment of black bass for commercial purposes.

Scientists have told us that the yearly toll of black bass is so great compared with the yearly hatch that this greatest of American fishes is certain to become extinct within 10 years unless the States and the Nation preserve it.

The bass is undoubtedly the great American game fish and the favorite fish of millions of the rank and file of American anglers.

What is becoming of our "big outdoors"? Where are the animals, the birds, and the fishes whose presence renewed the primitive and stronger natural instincts? They are disappearing, now almost gone.

Can individuals stay their departure? Can citizens hold these things for our children? Not by individual action. Only the State and Nation are strong enough to keep these retreats and asylums for the benefit of both the wild things and for men and women.

When we lose the "big outdoors," we lose part of our national pride, pluck, and patriotism.

When we keep the "big outdoors," we keep our best thoughts, our best resolutions, and, above all, our best traditions.

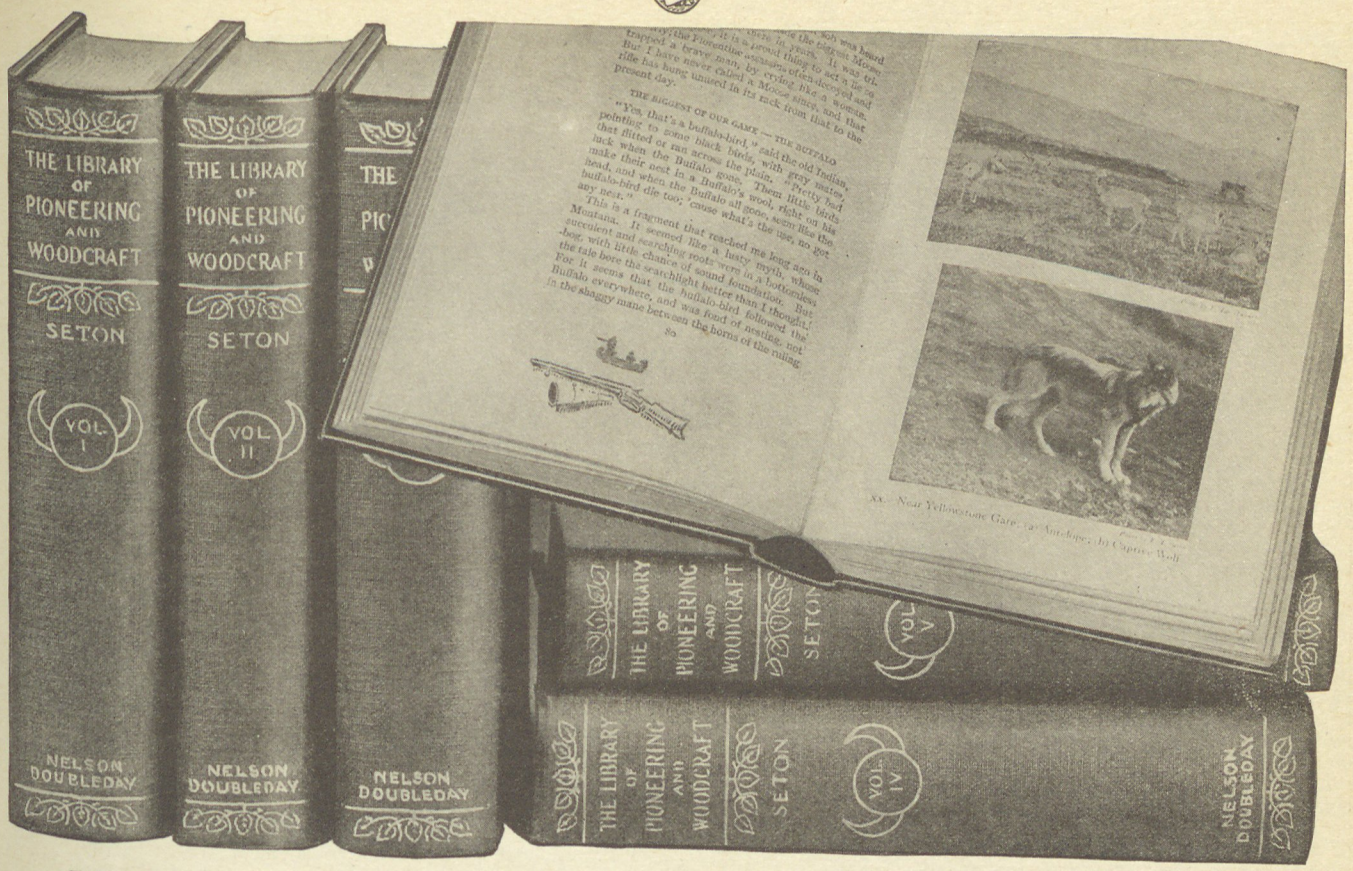
When we keep our "outdoors" we make a real, substantial, dividend-paying investment in national prosperity, in national health, in national conscience, and public welfare.

The "big outdoors" saves the strength, saves the nerves, saves the brain, and saves the doctor bill.

Our Federal Government should buy some of the "big outdoors" now, when opportunity knocks and the price is cheap, and then buy more when opportunity comes again.

The "big outdoors" is for the poor and for the rich; it is for all of our people; and we cannot buy too much now, for soon there will be none to buy.

If you want to lend a hand, write to your State and Federal lawmakers. If they know you are in earnest about it, they will respond by making the necessary laws.



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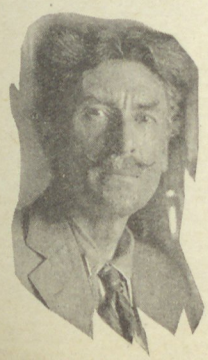

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Rifle Shooting

I HAVE had several letters from our readers asking why I did not say something about rifles and rifle shooting.

Some questions have been asked regarding velocities, ballistics, windage, etc., and these queries have been answered to the best of my ability, but in this article I am confining myself to the practical points, and am keeping away from technical detail, because my knowledge has been obtained by actual experience in the field, without making a study of the technical side, which, as far as I could see did not help one bit when out after game.

Some twenty odd years ago one of the gun companies came out with a new rifle and ammunition, which was advertised extensively, giving weights of powder and bullet, velocity at muzzle and at 100 feet, etc. I was a salesman in one of our best sporting goods stores at the time, and of course we stocked up on this new rifle, and we posted ourselves on the principal points of advantage.

One afternoon one of the pests of sporting goods stores (the "looker" who never buys) dropped in and asked to see this new rifle and cartridge, and *I* happened to be unfortunate enough to know him by his first name, so, of course *I* had to "show" him and answer his foolish questions.

When it came to velocity, I had forgotten the figures and told him so and was scored for not knowing every word of the manufacturer's description. Now this chap had never fired a rifle larger than a 22 caliber, so I did not take his criticism in a friendly spirit.

I asked him if he thought his knowing the velocity of the bullet would be of any great help when shooting at a deer. "Why, of course it would!" was his answer, but when asked just how this knowledge would be of any benefit, he realized that he had made a foolish statement, which he could not back up with facts.

At different times I had five men visit me on the Stirrup Ranch, who knew more about velocities, windage, etc., than the man who made the guns, but not one of these men was any good when it came to shooting deer or antelope, though at target practice at known distances, any one of these men could shoot rings around me.

I was very much amused at one of these chaps who brought a rifle equipped with a telescope and a wind gauge sight with spirit level, and he talked knowingly about velocity, windage, trajectory and the exact weights of powder and bullets.

This chap informed me that he expected to bag a deer, an antelope, an elk and a grizzly bear before he went back to Ohio.

We arrived at the ranch about three o'clock one afternoon, and I advised him to take things easy for two or three days, riding only a couple of hours each day, but no; he wanted to start out the next morning, so I agreed and told him to be on hand at six o'clock.

At the appointed time he appeared rigged out in brand new canvas clothing and heavy hob-nailed boots.

I said, "Mr. Harris, you may know a lot about guns and ammunition but you certainly never went deer hunting before."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because you will never get within shooting distance of a deer in the timber if you insist on wearing those scratchy clothes and hob-nailed boots." I finally induced him to wear some old woolen clothes and a pair of tennis shoes.

To make a long story short I took Harris up to the big pasture and showed him a nice buck that was in easy range, about 100 yards, and then the fun began. He asked about the distance, and began to "feel" for the wind, then started to adjust his telescope, just then he dropped his rifle on the rocks which, of course, startled the buck and in two seconds he was out of sight.

The next day we went out in the park after antelope. This time Harris did get a standing shot at about 400 yards, but missed, undershooting about 50 yards; he tried a running shot, missing again by being 50 yards short and about that many feet behind.

His excuse was that he had figured wrong on trajectory and windage, and that the telescope was not properly adjusted, besides that he didn't believe the rifle shot straight.

I tried it out and while the caliber was not my choice (40-82) I found nothing wrong with its accuracy.

I tried to persuade him to discard the telescope and use a little common sense instead of the "bunk" he had gathered by studying catalogues, but it was no use, he wouldn't change his ideas, and finally left without killing anything bigger than a prairie dog.

I cite this instance to show that rifle shooting at game in timber or in the open cannot be successfully learned in a correspondence school.

It is surprising how few sporting goods salesmen in our large cities of the Middle West know anything about the woods and prairies. The consequence is that many a "tenderfoot" is loaded up with a lot of junk that the salesman says is just the thing for Idaho, Minnesota or Montana, as the case may be.

There are many successful big game hunters in all of our large cities, who have gained their knowledge of the forests, game and the right sort of an outfit by actual experience, and any of these men will be glad to assist a fellow sportsman by advising him in the selection of his clothing, rifle, etc.

I am often asked by prospective big game hunters, to advise them as to the proper rifle for this or that kind of game, and I always tell them that there are several makes and models and calibers that are suitable and will do the work equally well, then I tell them what *I* prefer, and why.

Most of my shooting was done before the day of small calibers, using high velocity smokeless cartridges, and I found that I had the best success with a Winchester 40 caliber, 65 grains powder and a 260 grains bullet, though I believe the 40-70-330 was better (this was the model used by Dall De Weese for many years, until he followed the crowd and adopted the small caliber, high power rifle of today).

The models mentioned above are practi-

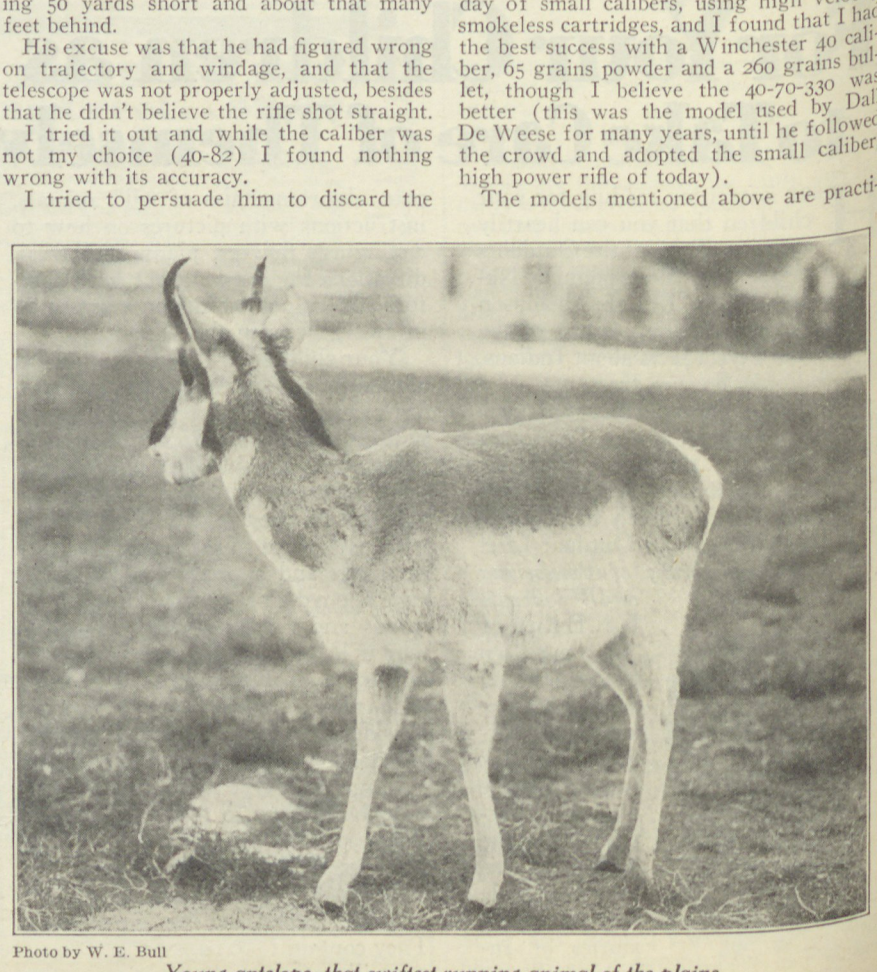

Photo by W. E. Bull

Young antelope, that swiftest running animal of the plains.

cally off the market, so my choice now is the Winchester, Model 1886, 33 caliber using smokeless powder and the 200 grain bullet, though I believe the 30/06 Government cartridge is better, but one must either use a bolt action rifle, or else one with box magazine, and I do not like either one, for the bolt action is awkward to manipulate, and the box magazine is uncomfortable to carry on one's shoulder and does not lay well when carried on a saddle.

While the small caliber-power cartridge with soft-point bullet is deadly in its effect, the initial impact of the bullet is not as great as that of the old black powder cartridge with the heavier bullet, and does not always knock an animal off his feet.

A deer once knocked down expends considerable strength in getting on his feet, besides losing considerable blood in making the effort, consequently he will not run nearly as far as a deer struck by a small caliber bullet which tears a big hole but does not knock him down.

Still, none of us care about using the old antiquated black powder cartridges of days long past, so it is up to the sportsman of today to select one of the up-to-date rifles of the present time.

The 30/30 has been quite popular, but most of our big game hunters have adopted a rifle adapted to the 30/06 Government cartridge, and a great many have had the military bolt action rifle remodeled into a sporting type, and seem very well satisfied.

There are still a few old hunters in the West who swear by their muzzle loaders, claiming that they are much more accurate than any of the rifles of the present day, but they forget that during their time game was much more plentiful and most of their shots were at close range; still these men were excellent shots and knew their weapons.

These old-time rifles with few exceptions were of small caliber, using a round bullet about 32 caliber, or as the size was designated then about 80 to the pound. The front sight was of the knife blade type, and was generally made of bone, but many were of silver. The rear sight was called "buck horn." The barrels were from 36 to 40 inches, and this distance between sights made accurate shooting possible.

I met an old hunter in New Mexico who had nothing but contempt for the modern rifle, and who insisted that he could take his old Kentucky "Pea Rifle" and beat any man using the breech loader. I rather enjoyed this old chap, and visited him several times.

One day he said, "Young man, I hear that you are a good rifle shot, and I'd like to shoot a match with you, and I'll bet my old "Betsy" against that "pop gun" (I had a Marlin 22) of yours that I can beat you, 10 shots at 50 yards."

I declined the bet, saying that if I won his rifle, I would have no use for it, and he would lose something which could not be replaced, and if *he* won my "pop gun," he would only throw it away. "That's right, I certainly don't want that 'play toy' of yours."

I agreed to shoot the ten shots at 50 yards, provided that he would shoot at ten flying objects, in addition, and that the wager would be a box of cigars.

The targets were home made, with the bull's eye counting five, and this old man certainly did a good job of shooting, for he made a straight score of 50, and I believe that a silver dollar would have covered the ten shots, while I only scored 44 or 45.

For the flying targets we used potatoes about the size of a goose egg, and I won quite easily, for this style of shooting had always been a hobby of mine, and I kept in constant practice.

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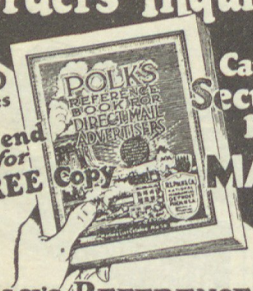

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? EQUIPMENT QUESTIONS— ?
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While I have done a great deal of rifle shooting, and am as good as the average on game, I have never been able to make a creditable score on the regulation stationary targets, consequently have never been interested in that style of shooting.

When shooting at anything bigger than a prairie dog I much prefer a running to a standing shot, and am really better at it; many a time I have missed a standing shot at antelope, and seldom failed to bring him down with the second shot as he got into his stride.

The late Dall DeWeese, of Colorado, who as a big game hunter had no superior in America, never took a standing shot on any four footed game if the cover was open enough for a running shot, and I do not believe that he ever let an animal get away.

The question often comes up as to what part of a deer a bullet should hit to be most effective, and the answer to this is, the heart shot. This is not always possible, especially if the animal is facing the shooter, in a quartering position, when this is the case a bullet should be placed in the point of the shoulder.

When shooting at long range, it is always safer to try for a shoulder shot than the heart, for then if one is faulty on elevation there is a much better chance of making a hit than if a heart shot is attempted.

On a running shot always hold where you think that you will hit the point of the shoulder, this will give you a chance for shoulder, heart or hip.

To be a successful hunter of big game one should be able to place his bullet in exactly the right spot, and to do this, one must be thoroughly familiar with his rifle, and must be a good judge of distances, otherwise many a deer or other animal gets away to suffer for days.

My advice is: Do not shoot unless you are fairly certain of your aim, for it is much better to lose a shot than to cripple your game, and not be able to find it.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

THE reception of this series of articles on Revolver Shooting has been indeed gratifying. It has really been surprising the widespread interest and comment they have aroused. Letters have been received from as far away as India, South America, South Africa, Alaska, etc., while from both the United States and Canada almost an avalanche of mail has been received.

For a time I endeavored to answer a great part of this through the medium of post cards and letters until finally the volume reached a point where it demanded so much of my time that it became necessary to call for assistance. After discussing the matter with the editor we decided that inasmuch as a great many of the queries were almost identical they could be most satisfactorily handled through the columns of the magazine and it was decided to devote one issue of the series to this.

Since the inception of this series I have come east and put on a series of programs for the various Izaak Walton League Chapters and other clubs. These programs have consisted of exhibiting a motion picture film of the hunting, fishing and wild life of Idaho, my home, a series of bird and animal calls and imitations which I have used directly or indirectly in the securing of my pictures, reserving my shooting program as the closing act of a two hour program. To those who have happened to see or hear me I can only say I feel much more at home back in the mountains with a saddle horse and pack outfit than I do in front of an audience. In fact this past winter has been my first appearance in this manner and at times I know I have been very self-conscious. I feel, however, that my stuff has gone over because I have been asked to come back in every place I have been and this includes appearances in practically every large city from Omaha east to Philadelphia, up the Atlantic coast to New York and back to Chicago, where I will be putting on a program at the National Sport Show of the League, April 17-18-19-20.

And now we will turn to the answering of the letters, most of which have been serious, a few humorous, a few frankly skeptical. All will be dealt with in turn.

A view of Bob Limbert's desk and some of the letters that have been pouring in on him from Outdoor America's readers.

Bob says he is willing to admit he is not as quick and limber at writing letters as he is on the draw with a perfectly good revolver.

(1) *What kind of guns do I use and recommend?*

I use both Colts and Smith & Wesson revolvers, finding them about equal in performance. I use 22-caliber shorts for my indoor shooting, and for a background lop a few 2 inch by 12 inch by 16 foot planks. These are leaned against the wall. In the few shots requiring the 38-caliber I use a couple of cardboard cartons full of sand.

(2) *How do I like the automatics in comparison to a revolver?*

I don't use them at all, because I find that for quick snap shooting the grip is at so much of a right angle to the line of sight I have to cramp my wrist into an unnatural position. In shooting an automatic extended at arm's length with your eyes shut you will find you shoot into the ground anywhere between 30 to 50 feet in front of you. For slow deliberate fire and accuracy they are fine, but for moving objects a revolver far surpasses them and is equally accurate.

(3) *Where can the sights be obtained that were called the "Limbert Sights" in a recent issue of* OUTDOOR AMERICA?

I made mine by merely remodeling the sights on the gun. Take a thin platinum point file and touch the edge of it to an emery stone and smooth it off so that only the flat sides have a filing surface. Smooth this edge off with an oil stone so that when you hold it on edge in your sight you can cut sideways and not deepen the notch. After you have it to suit, use a fine round jeweler's file to touch it up.

(4) *A number of letters were received calling attention to the measurements as printed in the October, 1928, issue in the article on sights.*

The writers of these letters are quite right and the measurements as printed should have been reversed.

(5) *What do I recommend as a short range indoor load for the 38 special?*

For this work I use and recommend the bullet made by the Lyman Gunsight Corporation known as Ideal No. 360363, weighing 70 grains and using 17 grains of powder. I refer those interested in hand reloading to the Ideal Handbook, published by the Lyman Sight Corp. My article on reloading revolver cartridges will cover in detail the various loads, cost of tools, etc.

(6) *What cheap revolver do I recommend?*

It is always best in the long run to put a little extra cash into a gun and get the best. However, if you cannot afford this either the (H. & R.) Harrington & Richards or the Iver Johnson are good, but of course cannot be expected to equal in performance either of the two standard makes.

(7) *What gun caliber do I recommend for a beginner?*

Buy a 22 caliber revolver and start your practice by familiarizing yourself with the gun and its action by snapping practice and then start your work with shorts and finally long rifles. Don't think for one instant that a 22 is a toy. Many times I have killed jack rabbits at 200 yards using the N. R. A. Long Rifle cartridge as produced by the different manufacturers. Do not shoot in a direction where there are people or at stock up to a mile away.

(8) *Is it possible to secure this series of articles in book form?*

I really have been surprised at the number of inquiries along this line. I am sorry

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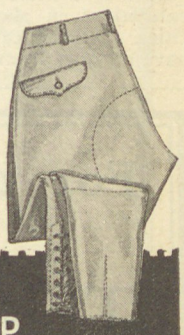

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to say it is not although back issues of OUTDOOR AMERICA are available and can be secured from the Chicago offices.

There are several good books on revolver shooting. One of the best is Pistols and Revolvers and Their Use—by Hatcher, and Revolvers and Revolver Shooting by Himmelwright as well as several others. Any or all of these can be secured through the Book Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA at a very nominal cost.

(9) *What trigger pull do I have on my guns?*

I use a trigger pull of about 2½ pounds. This is a little light for a beginner to start with. A five pound pull is best to start your practice. Any good gunsmith can reduce it for you. I do not advise a person trying it themselves until they are familiar with the operation.

(10) *What is my opinion of the 32-20; also the 45?*

Both are good guns. My preference is for the 38 Special because of its proven accuracy, its power, and on account of the variety of loads available and also because no matter where you happen to travel you can always get ammunition for it.

(11) *Where can a holster such as I described in the November issue be purchased?*

Try Herman Heiser Saddlery Co., Denver, Colo. Ask for the Mexican Quick Draw Holster. I believe it costs $3.50.

(12) *Where can a pair of larger sized grips be secured for the 22 caliber Police Positive Colts Revolver?*

I have had considerable correspondence with the Colt people regarding this. They seem unwilling to equip this gun with a different grip although they did offer to make me a pair of grips the same size as is found on their 38 Special Officer's Model for the sum of ten dollars extra, which is of course prohibitive. During the past four months I have put on shooting exhibitions in about forty large eastern cities. In practically all of these places I have donated from a half hour to an hour to the local police departments of these cities. I only wish the makers of this really fine gun could see the many ludicrous attempts at building up a man sized grip I have had handed to me for inspection. The idea of expecting a man with a large hand or even an average sized one to use a grip suitable only for a lady, is beyond me. Most of the attempts at building up a grip have been through the medium of plaster of Paris or pieces of wood held in place by adhesive tape. You can imagine the result. I want it understood I am making this comment as a constructive criticism and do not intend it as anything personal. The S. & W. people equip their gun with the larger sized grip upon request and practically every one I see in use has it. No doubt it is often responsible for a preference given their gun by the purchaser.

(13) *What caliber is most in use by various police departments and sheriffs?*

The 38 Special has been adopted by practically all of the large cities as standard equipment. In the article to come later which deals with revolvers from a police standpoint I will cover this in detail.

(14) *Is it possible to disarm a man holding you up with a revolver?*

Yes, but very dangerous. I do it as an exhibition stunt about five or six times a week. I am constantly in practice and yet I get beaten about an average of once out of every ten trials. By that I mean my imaginary opponent succeeds in pulling the trigger of the gun he has aimed at me before I can get the gun away from him, I standing with my hands in the air as if held up. It would be most dangerous in real practice and any time anybody pokes a gun in earnest against my ribs they can have anything I have.

(15) *Is there any truth in the statements concerning the speed of the old western "quick draw"?*

Indeed there is. I have really been surprised at the number of letters asking more about it and if I actually did the things as advertised. Yes, I do. There is no fake about it in any way. I stand 15 feet from a man with my hands in the air while he has a gun, empty, of course, aimed at me. My gun is in a holster on my belt. Ten out of twelve times I will succeed in drawing my gun and snapping it before my imaginary antagonist can snap his at me. It is a peculiar thing, but I always beat the sober, serious fellow who is intent on beating me while the devil-may-care sort of a fellow with a twinkle in his eyes generally gets an even break with me. Consequently, I always choose the man who is taking it seriously. Just why this should be I don't know.

(16) *Do I advise the use of the new rust proof or stainless ammunition?*

Yes, I do. I use it exclusively and my guns have not been cleaned for over two months, except to have the actions oiled. They have been fired on an average of 200 shots every week and are in perfect condition.

(17) *Do I actually drop a target, draw, shoot and break it before it falls eighteen inches and do I actually toss a bottle in the air and shoot through the neck of it, knocking the bottom out without breaking the sides?*

Yes, I do. There is no fake about either one of these shots and no trickery. I have actually been surprised at the number of letters received from people who are skeptical of this, over a hundred in all. A number of them said they had a chance to bet some money on it but first wanted confirmation from me direct before doing it. I might say I have done this stunt before audiences in a number of cities a few of which are Omaha, where something over six thousand people one night saw me do it at the City Auditorium; also I have done it in Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and dozens of intermediate towns too numerous to mention. In not one place has the authenticity been questioned, although at times there were as many as a dozen persons chosen as a committee to determine if it was free from trickery.

Just last week I received a letter from

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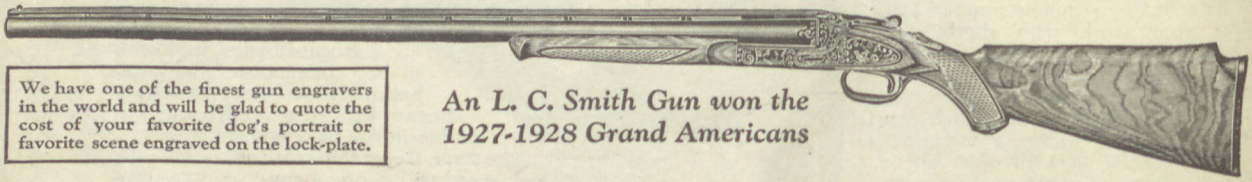

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An L. C. Smith Gun won the 1927-1928 Grand Americans

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a certain well known college professor who severely questions the possibility of dropping a target, drawing a gun and breaking the target before it falls eighteen inches. He went on to state that a falling object drops 16⅔ feet the first second. He had it all figured out down to the fraction of a second just what I must do and the rate of speed at which I must move. He ended up by saying he didn't believe it, because it was a physical impossibility and that any man who claimed such a thing was an out and out faker. Not only that but I have received scores of letters very similar. In replying to these I can only say it places me very much in the position of the Missourian who went to a circus for the first time and saw a giraffe. He exclaimed, "There ain't no such animal, but here it is." Even as this goes to press and you, the reader, are looking at this, I will be doing it twice a day at the Izaak Walton National Sportsmen's Show in the Exhibition Hall of the Stevens Hotel at Chicago, April 17th to 20th, inclusive. I invite you to come and see for yourself.

I want to express my thanks to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA for the many kind letters of appreciation, something more than 500 in all, received from those who have heard my talks on the various radios and listened in on my bird and animal imitations and stories of hunting and fishing in my Sawtooth Mountain home out in Idaho.

Scene from a Sawtooth Salt Lick

(Continued from page 38)

When I lowered the binoculars to operate the cameras the movement, so it seemed to me took almost a minute. As the animals neared the lick it was interesting to watch their actions. I could see their black shining noses twitch and wrinkle in anticipation. Every now and then the old buck would stick his tongue out and lick his lips just as a child does at the sight of candy.

The little fawn, not yet old enough to know the taste of the substance his elders had come for, alternately fed and frisked about his mother. The buck held back keeping his feet well bunched under him, ready to bound away at any time.

From the hidden security of my brush blind I watched with suspense as the animals slowly came closer. To me it seemed as if we were actors in a one act tableau, all of which was enacted in pantomime. The stage setting was superb for it consisted of the incomparable Sawtooth Range in the background with its dozens of jagged peaks looming up against the skyline. It was a sight long to be remembered, yet it cannot be described.

At last there came that supreme moment which I had been waiting for and as the doe reached down and daintily nibbled the earth I reached out with both hands and got ready to touch the shutter release of both my Graflex and my DeVry. She seemed aggravatingly slow to strike a suitable pose but at last she raised her head with one that suited and I pressed the contacts. The whirr of the little DeVry and the snap of the curtain shutter seemed almost to roar on the morning air and—thump—thump—thump—the three animals were gone.

As for me, I took a deep breath and relaxing, began to realize the tension I had been under and now I offer you the result of my morning's work. It is only a picture—yes, only, but to me it represents one of the most thrilling events of my entire life.

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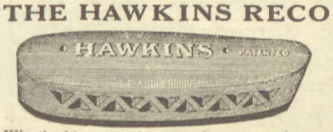

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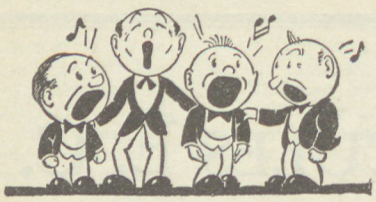

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Remember?

By Joy Williams Harmon

THE warm spring days when you were a lad? School room hot and uncomfortable, children droning their recitations? They made you drowsy. Your eyes straying to the open windows, to the wild apple tree, to the shining black birds following the plowman across a new plowed field.

Slowly, surely your mind gave birth to an age old wish: a line, a pole, some bait and a certain rock down by the willows.

Teacher broke into your reverie. You didn't know the place. Miss Phipps scolded you sharply. She could not know the ins and outs of a small boy's mind on a warm spring day with all outdoors calling him.

Next morning! Robin's roundelay and the odor of Mother's buckwheat cakes combine to bring you out of your blankets. Hastening to the small window, you find Robin in the pear tree outlined against a wondrous sunrise. He is singing his mightiest. Not to be outdone, you go down stairs three steps at a time. While Mother is finishing the morning meal, you fill the wood box and hurry to help Dad with his early morning chores. You would do most anything on such a morning.

At the breakfast table: "Dad, let's go fishing." A broad smile from Dad. Not one from Mother!

On your way! Down the old dirt road to the covered bridge. The wind having its way with your loose overalls. What did it matter to you if your old straw hat had a hole in the crown? What did it matter if Skinny couldn't meet you at the cross roads? You were sorry he couldn't go fishing, but you had your Dad. Could a boy be happier?

Spring is here. Plan now to take your boy with you through the fields. It is the springtime of his life. Be a pal to him. Be a boy once more for his sake. Teach him to fish. To correctly enjoy his pleasure. If his first catch are but chubs, let him take them home. Show him how to clean and fry them. Remember that first catch of *your* boyhood? "Fit for a king!" were your very words on that occasion. Mother said they were underdone. But you didn't mind. Mother just didn't understand. How could she? Being a woman that a'way.

Fill your boy's life with the beauties of a natural life in the great outdoors. He will care less for bad companions and alley ways. A full day in the open with rod and reel and a tired out but happy boy will be unresponsive to the thrills and unclean air of the movie holdup pictures.

Blessed is the lad among mortals when he has an understanding father. A rare occurrence indeed!

Take that boy fishing!

Progression

By J. B. Bostwick

NEXT to the last day of the hunting season and nothing to do—why not go hunting? I had been out so many times with my old shooting pal that I hated to go ask him to shut up shop for another day. After canvassing the field he was the logical choice, so to his office I went.

Fully twenty minutes elapsed before he came out of his private office and, advancing directly toward me, said:

"I've had a particularly bad morning, one of those days that have been full of petty annoyances, the kind that don't hurt, just irritate. Let's bunch it and go hunting."

As usual, he had beaten me to it and my reply was simply the query—where?

His attention was directed out the window and, without turning or moving, he replied: "I have killed all the 'Huns' and 'Chinks' I think I have coming to me this season, Mose has a badly cut foot and Pet is due to whelp, so let's go up to Wheeler's on Sticker Mountain and get us a few ruffed grouse." He turned to face me, smiling, and continued: "You never knew Wheeler, did you?"

I answered with a negative nod, knowing that the smile at the thought of Wheeler would bring forth the cause of the smile.

"Wheeler was one of those old timers who had a 'timber homestead' up on the side of Sticker Mountain, and earned a living cutting cord wood and delivering it on a barge in the lake. Funny how those old fellows would work a whole year and shoot the proceeds in a week's celebration. Wheeler was no exception to the rule. When prohibition became a reality, his sole complaint was that it took too long to get rid of his money distributing candy and peanuts to the kids. It was easier to lay a $20 gold piece on the bar and say, 'Come on, boys.' The last time I was up there he had taken to the Bible and was having quite a time adjusting his ethics and philosophy to what he had been reading. He took my breath away by the direct question, 'Do you believe in a God?' and before I recovered, he went on, 'Well, I do. It's this way. If there ain't no God, then I'm just as good as the other fellow who doesn't believe in a God; if there is a God, then I figure I've got him cheated when I die.'"

I broke in with the information that the car, dogs, guns and lunch and my humble services were awaiting action on his part. A quick change of clothes and we were on our way to Wheeler's.

Seventeen miles of lake-shore and mountain road, with the clear blue water and the scent of the pines did their work, and the cares of the morning were forgotten. We found the road had been badly washed out and it was necessary to walk the last mile or two.

Almost before we stopped the dogs were out and gone. They returned almost immediately convinced that thick brush on a rocky hill side was not the place for field trial winners to strut their stuff.

The dogs covered the small open field in front of the house, went to the house, and stood there growling, with the hair on their backs straight up. The horses were gathered about the well, the wagon stood by the house with a load of wood on it, and the door was open.

On entering the house, the first thing we saw was Wheeler sitting in a chair with his head fallen over on the table as though he had just dropped off to sleep but he had been dead for some time when we found him.

We picked him up and laid him on his bunk. A hasty survey showed the place

clean, the floor had been swept, the dishes washed and put away, the box was full of fire wood, and the oil lamp on the table was empty. He had evidently passed out quickly for he lay just as though he had dozed off to sleep instead of going to bed. Suicide? Not Wheeler or his kind. Murder? There could be no motive, for on the table there was spread like cards in a game of solitaire a lot of paper money arranged after this fashion:

1—$ 1 bill
2—$ 2 bills
5—$ 5 bills
10—$ 10 bills
20—$ 20 bills
50—$ 50 bills
3—$100 bills

by the side of the money there was an old piece of wrapping paper on which some figures were scrawled which looked like this:

$10000
$10000

$100000000

and the words "'Taint no use, they ain't that much money."

We rigged up a litter out of two poles and a gunny-sack, gathered up the money, shut the door, turned out the horses, and started to the car with Wheeler. Unconsciously, I asked "What did it"?

My pal replied:

"I recall now that about a year ago he came to my office and I drew the contract for the sale of his timber. He was to have $6 per thousand stumpage and the cruise was agreed on two million feet. He was paid $130 at the time and he said something about rotation pool, for he received one one-dollar bill, two two-dollar bills, five five-dollar bills and ten ten-dollar bills.

Later payments were to be made as the timber was cut. He had money and no place to spend it, religion and nothing to spend it for. He saved the 20 twenties, and the 50 fifties. He started on the hundreds and forgot to point off the cents when he multiplied $100 by $100. Sure it is better to have an ice-cream cone while you are alive than a rose-wood coffin when you are dead."

The next day the coroner's jury said "heart failure."

Migration

By Gene Sturtevant

IN the springtime dawn,
When the fog hangs low
O'er the lake's lead colored breast;
There's a flash of white
And a thunder of wings—
As the flocks from the south find rest.

DIM shadows they seem
From the misty shore,
As they circle and splash at play;
While far on the lake
Sounds the gull's soft pipe—
'Neath the shifting curtain of gray.

THE sodden ice field,
With its fringe of white,
Lazily drifts along—
With a dash of spray
And a rush of wings,
The ducks to the north have gone.

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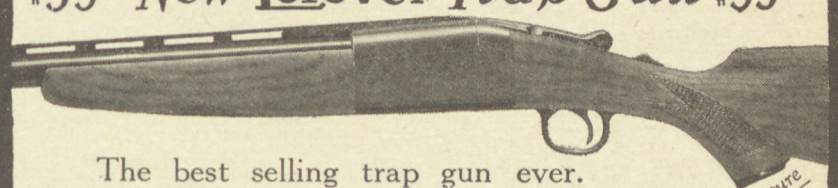

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

OUR FEDERAL LANDS, *A Romance of American Development by Robert Sterling Yard, Executive Secretary, National Parks Association, with Map and Illustrations from Photographs,—360 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1928—$5.00.*

THE federal lands of all kinds exceeding seven hundred thousand square miles in area, excluding Alaska and island possessions, constitute, according to the author "an organized empire of famous history, vast size, colossal wealth, unbelievable opportunity, intricate problems, and physical beauty and diversity beyond imagination," and he endeavors to outline the whole structure through its component parts—National Forests, National Parks, National Monuments, Reclamation Projects, Indian Reservations, Wild Life Reservations, etc.

Following the war for independence, the principal revenues of the young nation were derived from the sale of public lands at thirty cents an acre from a seemingly inexhaustible area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. Of our twelve hundred thousand square miles of forest there remain two hundred thousand miles, and the waste of this grand heritage of forest is "one of the world's tragedies, a story of utter blindness; of ignorance, of passionate greed, of frauds on a gigantic scale which constitutes one of the darkest chapters of our national history."

In these days when many states are besieging Congress to establish National Parks for the sake of tourist trade they would bring it is well to be reminded that "the National Parks System was born of the instinct to preserve for all time extraordinary beauty and majesty of native landscape in original unmodified record—each the finest possible example of its kind, preserved as a system from all industrial use."

Secretary of Agriculture Houston said: "A National Park should be created only where there are features of such outstanding importance for beauty as well as for natural marvels that they merit national recognition and protection," and Herbert Hoover, addressing the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation in 1925 said: "National Parks should be those of outstanding scientific and spiritual appeal, those that are unique in their stimulation and inspiration."

Those statistically inclined will be interested to learn that the tourists entering the Parks grew from 229,000 in 1912 to 2,354,000 in 1927; that the Yellowstone Park has an area of 3,000 square miles and Glacier, 1500 square miles. There are tabulations of everything a small boy could think of asking about, even to the head of the various kinds of game—or more properly "wild life."

There are interesting chapters upon Reclaiming the Desert, Water Power, and Our Indian Wards.

"Lo" is no longer "the poor Indian," for according to Government statistics the Indians, since 1924 our fellow citizens, not only are steadily increasing in number, health, and education, but average also the wealthiest people in the world, representing 193 tribes speaking 58 languages. The total value of individual and tribal property is more than one billion seven hundred million dollars, giving to each and every individual $2,300, besides nearly $3,000 in tribal property. The Osages, 2863 in number are credited with wealth averaging $229,420 to an individual, the Shoshones of Wyoming standing second at $50,000 each! And there are quite as many Indians now as when Columbus discovered us.

This interesting volume is embellished with numerous full page illustrations from photographs, and has a copious index.

Upon the map, the Mississippi River is starred as a bird and game preserve from the southern tip of Iowa north to mid-Wisconsin but no mention is made of the Izaak Walton League, solely responsible for this great piece of national legislation.

Mr. Yard, in general, is so painstakingly exact as to facts and figures that it is not easy to understand how he could mention on pages 298, "Lincoln's birthplace in Illinois," but then Homer, too, nodded.

In closing he says: "I wonder what twelve years from now the airplane will have done to the lands I have here described."

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD, *by Herbert Ravenel Sass, Illustrated by Herman Palmer. 334 pages. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, New York, 1929. $2.50.*

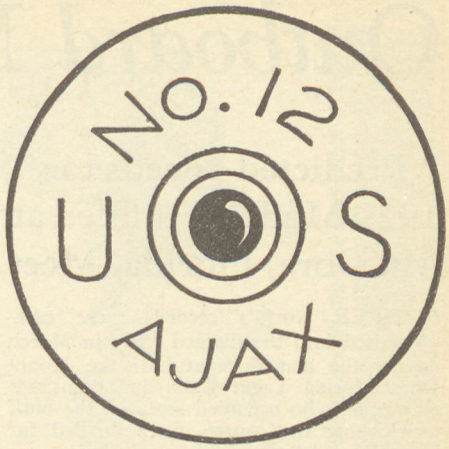
A BOOK in which the author tries to carry the reader through space and time to certain enchanted places compounded of sunshine, blue sky, leaves and clouds, bird voices, the flight of eagles; in soul and essence a book about the beauty of birds as we see them alive and free in the green places where they are at home; and to help in some measure to bring nearer the day when man shall cease to be a destroyer and become a preserver of that marvelous life of earth and air over which he has achieved almost absolute power.

In the Enchanted Kingdom, a pine forest near the sea in South Carolina, where the thick carpet of pinestraw hushed the sound of the footfall, the author brings us into intimate contact with the wild feathered and furred creatures of the dim, misty corridors of the woods. It was the chosen sanctuary of the deer, the lynx, the wild turkey, the scarlet tanager, the swan, the eagle, the gyrfalcon and of all the numberless warblers and songsters radiant as the colors of the rainbow, patterns as delicate as those of flowers, while scores of snow white ibises fringed the shallows of the near-by lake.

In the Miracle of Life we are told something of the damage we have done in destroying the bird life around us.

When the mate of the Berkeley Castle made a note in his journal concerning the dodo in 1681 he wrote the final chapter of this strange bird's history. Never after that, so far as known, was the dodo seen alive and the great flightless rail of Mauritius has vanished. The black emu of Kangaroo Island, South Australia, abundant in 1803 was exterminated by a squatter, and in all the museums of the world are but three stuffed specimens to show that such a bird once lived. The white-winged sandpiper of Tahiti is gone, also the New Zealand quail, the Hollondais pigeon, and the mamo of Hawaii, slaugh-

(Continued on page 103)



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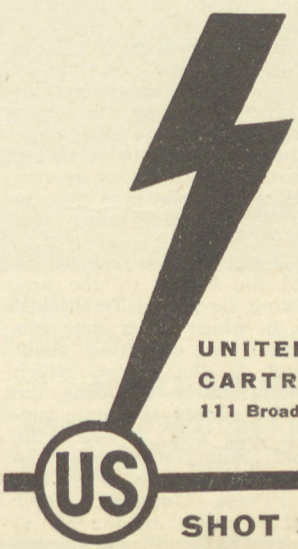
AJAX HEAVIES

YOU'VE never seen handsomer shells than these new lacquered Ajax Heavies. They're a treat to the eye. And their lacquer finish makes them unusually waterproof. Gives them an improved crimp, too. "Packed with the power of the thunderbolt" like the regular unlacquered Ajax Heavies. Progressive-burning powder. 12, 16, 20 gauges. The last word in long-range loads.



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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

Predicted Speeds for 1929 Models Fulfilled at Mt. Dora, Florida, Meet

THREE world's records were catapulted into the discard early in March during the annual regatta of the Mount Dora Florida Yacht Club, and thousands of people, who occupied seats on the bluff overlooking the course, were thrilled far beyond expectation.

The only craft fatality happened to "Hot Ziggety," an outboard in the class B race, which caught fire in the second heat, forcing Bobbie Dickson, of Mt. Dora, to leap into the lake. He was rescued by a patrol boat.

Major H. O. D. Segrave, British race driver, who was accompanied by a party of fourteen Englishmen, was a guest at luncheon and acted as starter and judge of several of the races during the afternoon. Major Segrave recently established a new world's record automobile speed of 231 miles per hour at Daytona Beach, Florida.

Malcolm Pope of Winter Haven set a new record in the free-for-all outboard event when he negotiated the two and one-half mile course at a speed of 45.05 miles an hour. The previous record was 39 miles an hour.

Cal Malone, of Pine Castle, Florida, broke the Class B outboard record of 33.42 miles per hour by traveling 35.28 miles per hour in the first heat and 36.10 miles per hour in the second heat. "Cal" covered the northern racing circuit last summer, and won every class B race in which he started and defeated many of the fastest boats in New England. His boat is only ten feet in length, with a beam of four feet and a scanty freeboard. "Cal" just received a new model motor which he is carefully working in, and with which he hopes to better his recent record.

The third record was smashed in the Class C outboard race when Will Gresh, of St. Petersburg, Florida, lowered the world mark. In two heats the craft averaged 42 miles per hour. The previous mark of 38.9 miles per hour was made by "Blue Streak" at San Diego, Calif., last December.

Commodore F. E. Demarest, of the Florida Power Boat Association, was in charge of the regatta, and the judges included commodores of many Southern yachting clubs. Outboard association officials were surprised at the showing made by the drivers using the new motors, and before the second heat was run an investigation of time and distance was made.

Commodore Demarest was reported to have questioned the timing of the first heat, and following, he personally checked the later heats, in which faster time was recorded. Doubt was expressed about the measurement of the course, which was checked immediately following the races by the local, county and state surveyors, who, it was said, reported the two and one-half mile course to be the correct distance. Commodore L. K. Ireland of the Florida Outboard Motor Association and an official of the M. V. P. B. A., was reported to have accepted the time and course as correct.

Outboard Motor Manufacturers Combine

MERGER of the Elto Outboard Motor Company, the Evinrude Motor Company, both of Milwaukee, and the Lockwood Motor Company, Jackson, Michigan, in a $4,000,000 combination to be known as the Outboard Motors Corporation, was recently announced.

The new company will be the largest outboard motor concern in the country, with facilities for supplying more than half the nation's demand. It will be headed by Ole Evinrude, president of the Elto and founder of the outboard motor industry.

Stephen F. Briggs, president of the Briggs and Stratton Corporation, owners of the Evinrude company, will be chairman of Outboard Motors. Arthur Lockwood, president of the Lockwood Motor Company, will be treasurer; Jacob Stern, assistant general manager of Elto, and C. L. Coughlin, president of Evinrude, will be vice presidents of the new company, and John L. Brown of J. D. Currie & Co., Detroit, will be secretary.

Ole Evinrude was the builder of the first successful outboard motor, and a pioneer in developing the light twin and the four cylinder outboard motors. He founded the Evinrude company in 1910, sold it in 1913 and organized the Elto company in 1921. The Lockwood company has been building motors for fifteen years.

To Build 40,000 Motors

In 1928 the three concerns produced almost 50 per cent of the outboard motors made in America, Elto making nearly 11,000, Evinrude the same number, and Lockwood 5,000. Estimated production in the entire industry in 1929 is 75,000, of which Outboard Motors plans to make 40,000.

Wear the Jacket

THE sport of outboard motoring is not dangerous, nor will it ever be so long as ordinary, sensible precautions are taken to keep it safe.

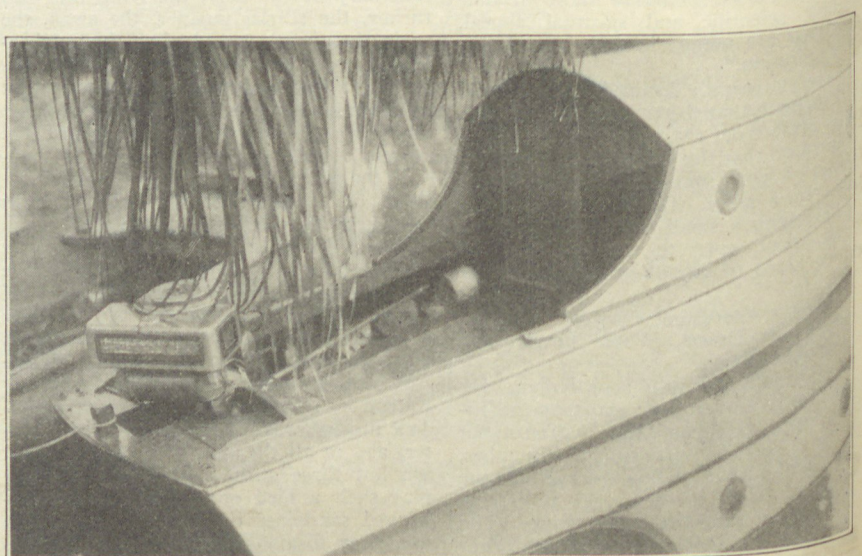
I've started out as a guest with operators of outboard boats who neglected to carry tools. Not even a pair of pliers. They were optimistic and took a chance on inconvenience. Inconvenience is one thing and life is another. What I'm driving at is the race driver who neglects to wear a life jacket.

The possibility of danger is practically eliminated if the driver will wear a life jacket. Over four thousand races do not record a fatality where the driver was wearing a life jacket, but three or four cases of drowning have occurred to OPTIMISTIC drivers who thought they could swim to shore. A stunned person can not swim, and the shock of hitting the water at thirty-five or forty miles an hour sometimes makes a fellow forget himself. WEAR THE JACKET!

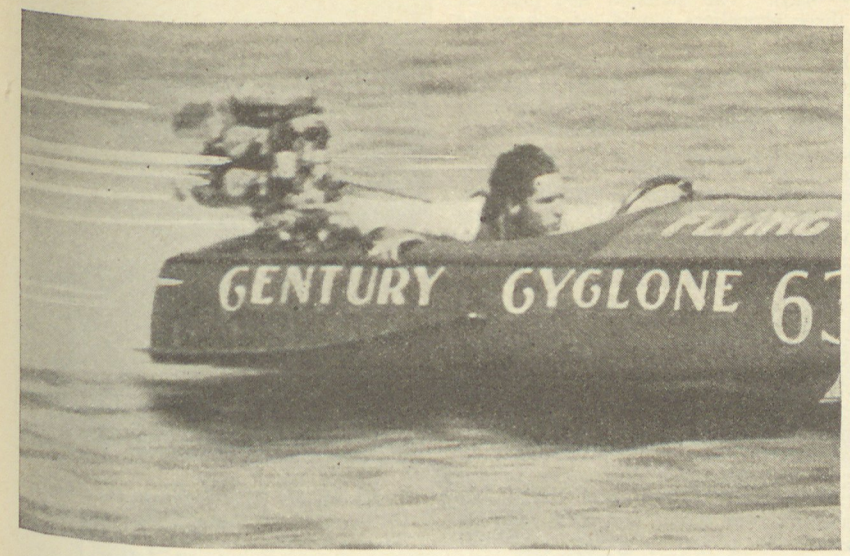
Speaking of optimism, a Milwaukee five and ten cent store operator reports that a Scotchman inquired for the outboard motor department. This customer probably heard about the outboard motor manufacturer's claims for fuel economy. That and tire mileage are the only automobile sales phrases so far overlooked by the outboarders. With the advent of six and eight cylinder outboards, we can soon look for the gas arguments.

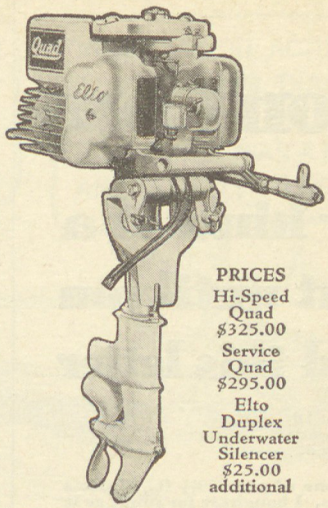
Propeller Pitch

TO obtain the highest efficiency from an outboard motor with a given load, the size and pitch of the propeller must be correct. The propeller or wheel is the medium that transforms the motive power to boat speed. Generally, the duties of an outboard motor fall into three classes: heavy loads like large flat bottom row boats, medium loads such as light runabouts, or a step-plane carrying three or four passengers, and light racing boats. One motor can efficiently perform each of the three duties, providing a suitable propeller is employed for each of the



"How is this for a ho'made cabin cruiser?"



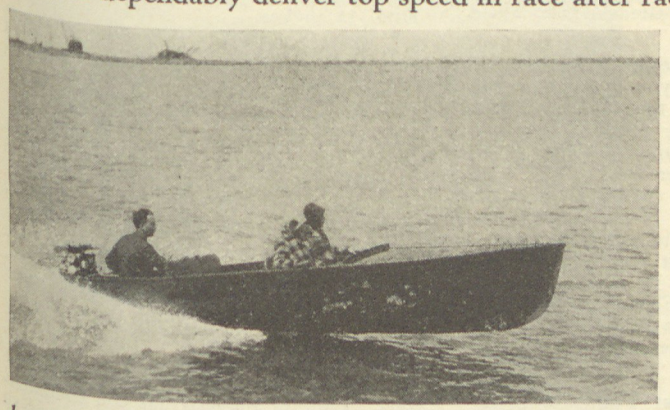


PRICES
Hi-Speed Quad $325.00
Service Quad $295.00
Elto Duplex Underwater Silencer $25.00 additional

The Mighty Quad—Two Super Smooth 4-cylinder Models—Without a Single Rival for

Speed,

A breath-taking tornado of power — power that slashes up to and beyond the 40-mile mark at a swing of the throttle. Power that retains its velvety smoothness even when the tachometer hand flirts toward 6,000 on the revolution scale. No other outboard motor travels in the peak speed range of the Super Elto Quad. None other has shown such capacity to maintain and dependably deliver top speed in race after race, short sprints and longest distance runs.

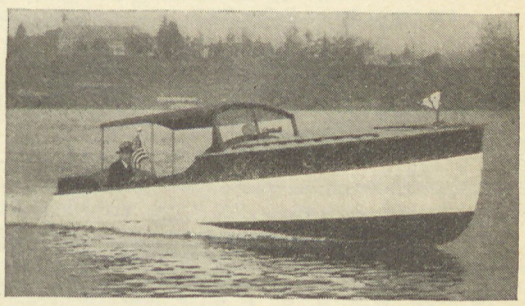


Sport,

Luxurious power for luxurious runabouts. Speed that with quiet, comfortable ease matches the pace of all but fastest racers. The positiveness and simplicity of Elto's Exclusive Quarter-turn starting. Synchronized one-hand controls with quiet operation insured by a new-type muffler or Elto Duplex Underwater Silencer. *More than* an outboard motor on a boat—an *entirely new development* of sparkling, joyful water transportation.

or Cruising

Rugged power for husky cabin boats. A 2-to-1 propeller gear turns high motor revolutions into sturdy power for a big, load-pushing wheel. Gives 20-mile speed on comfortable, seaworthy boats equipped with every accommodation for care-free cruising.



Write today for complete catalog on the Hi-Speed Quad, the Service Quad, and other Super Elto models.

The Super Elto Quad

ELTO DIVISION
OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
Ole Evinrude, President
Mason St., Dept. 42, Milwaukee

Don't buy any kind of a boat until you read this letter

Supt. Boat Division,
Mullins Boat Co.
Salem, Ohio.
Dear Sir:

I own one of your 19½ ft. Mullins steel boats. I bought it for junk, as it has lain on the bottom of a river for six years. I thought that all I would have would be a pile of iron and a lot of rotten wood, and to my surprise, when I raised it, I found the hull was as sound as the day it left the factory, with the exception of about three small rust spots and these were on the surface, and were stopped from doing any further damage by wiping with an oily rag. As to the wood-work, it must be of the best material obtainable, for it was not hurt.

It was no fault of the boat that it sank, as it had been lashed bow and stern between two trees. We had a big storm, and the river rose about ten feet, and the boat, not being able to rise, filled with water. I found the boat still chained to the trees . . .

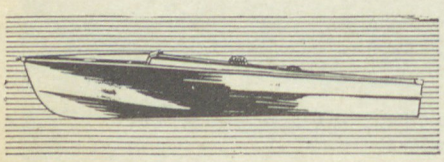
After I saw the condition of the boat, and how well preserved it was after six years under water, and so little damage was done to it, I will always boost your boats . . .

Max G. Goodland,
San Antonio, Texas.

This letter came to us without any previous correspondence or solicitation. We have never seen the writer. We reproduce his letter because it tells in dramatic fashion how Mullins Boats stand up under the most gruelling punishment. The boat Mr. Goodland speaks of was built about 1912. It is still sound and seaworthy, *after six years at the bottom of the river!*

The new Mullins Outboard Boats have all the stamina and all the speed that have made them famous for 35 years . . . plus newer, snappier lines that make them leaders in their class. They are puncture-proof, non-sinkable and carefree. Send the coupon for descriptive material on the new 1929 models.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
508 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio



The Mullins Steel King is the outstanding outboard boat of the year. Its low cost will surprise and delight you

MULLINS STEEL BOATS

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
508 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio
Tell me more about Mullins Boats. I'm interested.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

three loads. The diameter and pitch of the three propellers would, of course, be different.

The diameter of the propeller is the length of a straight line drawn from the tips of the blades through the center of the wheel. The pitch or degree of inclination of the propeller blades is the distance which the propeller would advance through the water in one complete turn, assuming 100% efficiency. In stating propeller dimensions, the first figure denotes diameter and the second is the pitch. For instance, a 10 inch by 12 inch wheel means a ten inch diameter and a twelve inch pitch.

The manufacturer of your outboard motor has experimented and determined the best propeller type and size for your motor. However, should your particular motor requirements differ from the average owner, write to the manufacturer of your motor, giving a description of the boat, the load carried and the model number of your motor and they will recommend the proper propeller to obtain the highest efficiency.

L. K. Ireland, Commodore of the Florida Outboard Motor Association, is one of the South's leading sportsmen and a staunch supporter of outboarding.

Questions and Answers

Sturdy and Fast Motor

Dear Paul Burress:

I am very much interested in your articles about outboard motors, and I am wondering which motor would be best for my purpose.

I want a fast motor and a sturdy one. How about the Caille? Does it compare with the Johnson of the same class?

Ronald H. Bruce,
Gleasondale, Mass.

Dear Mr. Bruce:

The mechanical design and construction of the two motors you mention in the B and C classes for 1929 show a big advance in engineering skill and they promise great performance. Judging from appearance and after reading the specifications of the two makes I am inclined toward both makes. I must refer you to my comments on the new motors in the last issue and to wait for the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, in which I hope to cover the Miami, Florida, regatta. The outboard race results will give us some indication of the fastest 1929 motors.

P. B.

Fastest Four

Dear Paul Burress:

I want the fastest motor possible. I think the 1929 Elto Quad is the fastest now. Do you think it will be as fast as the Lockwood "Flying Four" when it comes out?

Ellmore Patterson, Jr.,
Western Springs, Ill.

Dear Mr. Patterson:

The Quad made a good showing last season, and the new one is a much better looking job. Just what the new one will turn up and what the "Flying Four" will look like and develop is a matter of speculation with all of us, but we will know before long.

P. B.

Comfort Versus Speed

Dear Paul Burress:

I have ordered a Johnson "Sea Horse 32" which I wish to use on a speed runabout which will carry from two to four persons and give me high speed without jumping. I have several catalogues on the new boats, but they do not seem to know just what power can be applied.

Do you think a boat of ⅜ inch planking, 16 feet long, 50 inch beam, 16 inch depth at stern with 42 inch transom, weight 195 pounds without equipment, will handle this motor O. K.?

Another one I had in mind is 15½ feet length, 48 inch beam, depth amidship, 18 inches.

I thought perhaps these smaller boats would give me more speed than one 16 feet long with 54 inch beam, weight of 275 pounds, and ½ inch planking.

The boats described are all, so called, V bottom and flat at stern. I would use the "Sea Horse" with full equipment, that is, not in racing trim, so it would not develop over 26 horsepower.

Marshall J. Barrett,
Galena, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Barrett:

The smaller boats will give you more speed if the bottom is properly designed. The model 32 is a powerful four cylinder motor, and if I were making the choice for my personal use I would be partial to the latter mentioned heavier boat from the standpoint of endurance, safety and comfort. I would suggest that you communicate direct with the boat manufacturers, as they have no doubt tested with the heavier motors and can give you actual speed test figures and facts as to the action of the lighter models.

P. B.

Half Inch Planking Okay

Dear Paul Burress:

We have made a boat of half inch material. Is it too light to carry an outboard motor?

Howard Carpenter,
Comstock Park, Mich.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

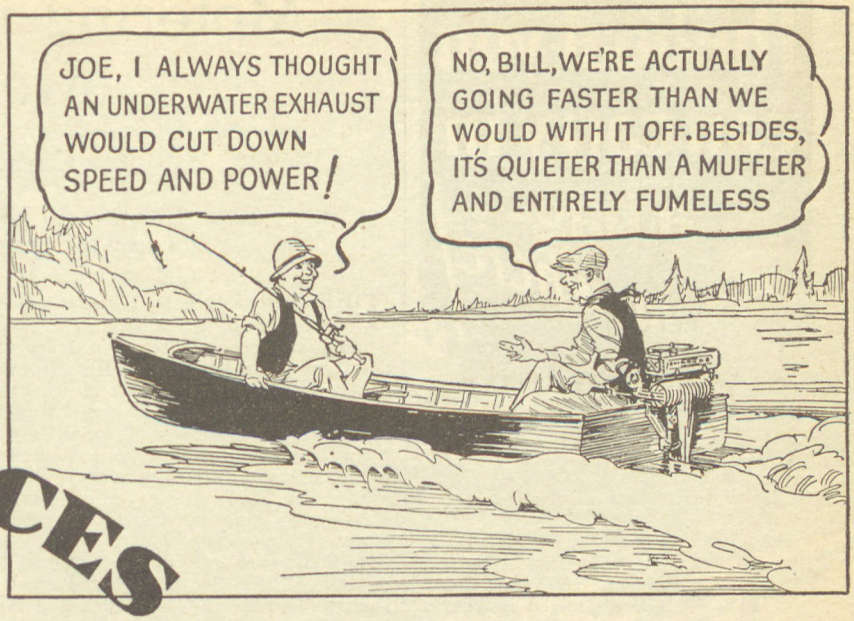
The material you mention is plenty heavy if well fastened with brass screws. I presume you mean the planking. Of course the transom must be of heavier material.

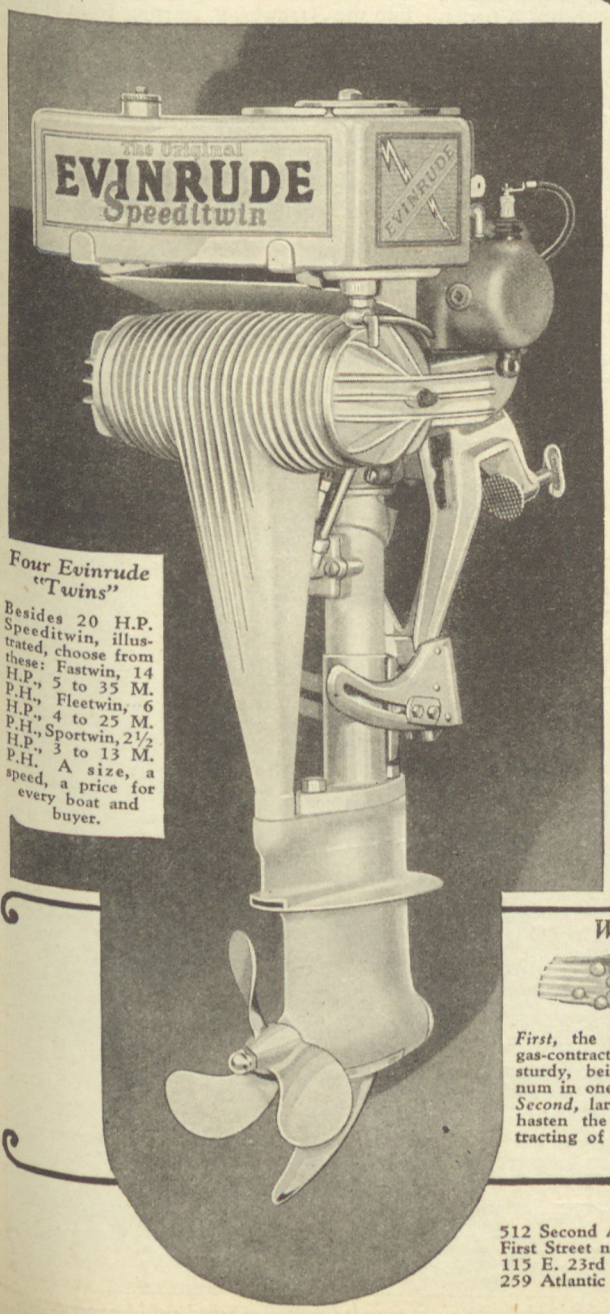
P. B.

Ask "JED" Burress
Your Outboard Motor Questions

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

For
SPEEDITWIN and FASTWIN
EVINRUDE ANNOUNCES





Four Evinrude "Twins"

Besides 20 H.P. Speeditwin, illustrated, choose from these: Fastwin, 14 H.P., 5 to 35 M. P.H., Fleetwin, 6 H.P., 4 to 25 M. P.H., Sportwin, 2½ H.P., 3 to 13 M. P.H. A size, a speed, a price for every boat and buyer.

UNDERWATER EXHAUST

The high pitched staccato tone of last year's quiet Evinrude muffler is transformed into a pleasing, low toned drone with this new underwater exhaust.

This latest Evinrude development for further quieting exhaust noises goes important steps beyond anything heretofore offered in all the nineteen years of Evinrude engineering.

Quietness with More Speed

This *tested* Evinrude Underwater Exhaust discharges burned gases underneath the surface of the water—noticeably bettering muffler quietness, but without the power and speed loss which the conventional muffler causes on Speeditwin and Fastwin, where power and speed are primary desires.

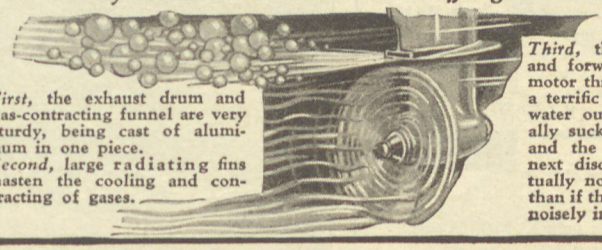
This phenomenal result of getting at least as much speed out of a muffled motor as if no muffling was used at all, solves a problem which has baffled engineers for years. Gone, too, are all unpleasant exhaust fumes, being atomized at water level.

Write for FREE 32-page Evinrude Year Book.

EVINRUDE DIVISION
Outboard Motors Corporation
927 Twenty Seventh St. Milwaukee, Wis.

See our big exhibit at the National Outdoor Show, Coliseum, Chicago, May 6 to 11.

Why Evinrude Underwater Muffling Increases Power



First, the exhaust drum and gas-contracting funnel are very sturdy, being cast of aluminum in one piece.
Second, large radiating fins hasten the cooling and contracting of gases.

Third, the turning propeller and forward movement of the motor through the water create a terrific suction at the underwater outlet. Gases are literally sucked out of the motor and the way cleared for the next discharge. There is actually no more back pressure than if the exhausting was done noisely in the open air.

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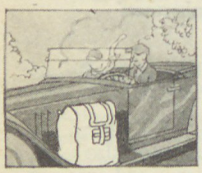
The boat you can carry in a bag—anywhere!

PNUMATICRAFT can be carried by hand or on your running board, stowed in your motor boat, even packed in your trunk!

Inflated for use in a few minutes. Ideal for fishing, hunting, camping, touring. Endless pleasure on a vacation. Safe for children. Has duplex air compartments, can't sink or capsize. This was the only inflatable portable boat selected by Commander Byrd for his Antarctic Expedition. Used by armies, navies and prominent aviators throughout the world. *Not a novelty but a real boat of proven dependability with exclusive features of design!* Made in 3 sizes at various prices. Mail coupon below for descriptive circular and prices.



Dealers

See the complete display of the new 1929 Pnumaticraft line at the Sports Goods Show, Hotel Stevens, Chicago, April 17-20. If you can't be there, be sure to write at once for complete details and attractive dealer proposition.

Pnumaticraft

Trade Mark

© 1929 Pneumatic Boat Corp.
122 Branford Pl., Newark, N. J.

Pneumatic Boat Corp.,
122 Branford Pl. (Dept. O. A.-5),
Newark, N. J.

Please send me, without obligation, illustrated folder "O.A.-5" and prices on PNUMATICRAFT.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

Motoring in the Land of Memories

By Capt. Ray A. Barnes

Capt. Barnes will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding the motor routes he has described.

THE northeastern part of Minnesota is a wonderful, unspoiled, natural playground, abounding in beautiful lakes which are surrounded by deep forests of pine, fir, cedar, and hardwood. This alluring vacation ground was named the "Minnesota Arrowhead" because of its peculiar shape, by a Pittsburgh man who traversed this untamed region. If the reader will take a map of the State of Minnesota, and, starting at Duluth, draw a line up the coast of Lake Superior to the Canadian line, thence westerly to International Falls on Rainy Lake, then a sort of curved line back to Duluth via Blackduck and Aiken, he will notice that he has enclosed a region which bears a strong resemblance to the old stone arrowheads of the Indians.

This great section comprises over 20,000 square miles; greater than the area of the States of New Hampshire and Vermont combined. Yet the resident population is under 300,000 people, including the city of Duluth with its 115,000. Lake Superior is the southern border; the International Boundary waters divide the Minnesota Arrowhead from the Canadian Quetico Forest on the north, and on the western edge are the headwaters of the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi.

So great and extensive is this region that to thoroughly traverse it would take thirty years, to adequately write about it would fill a book.

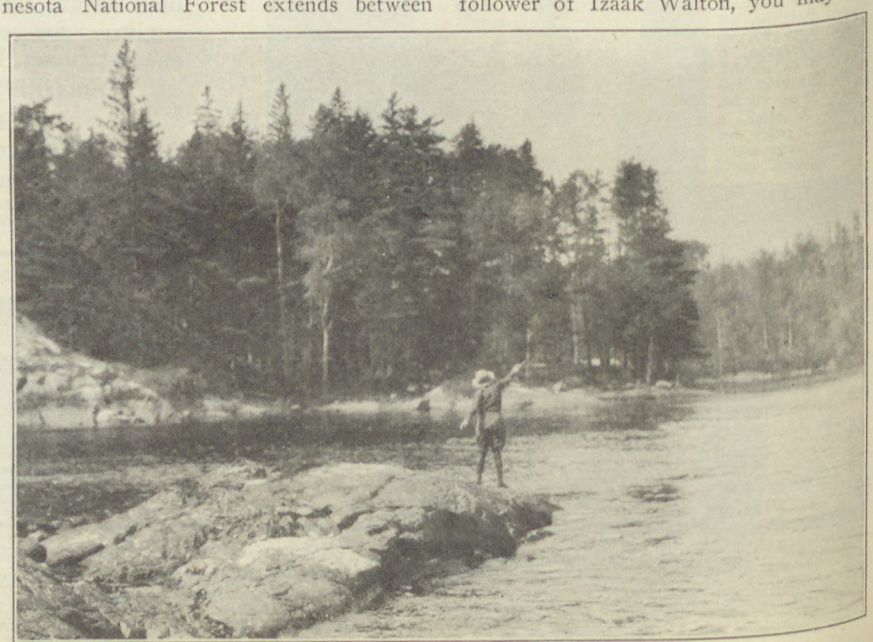
Why should I go to the Arrowhead country? you ask. What is there to see? What is there to seek? What has this wildness to give men, women and children? First, health and vigor. Second, the joy of living. These are the greatest gifts of the Arrowhead. There are no "snakes in the grass," at least no poisonous ones, neither is there any hay fever.

Within the Arrowhead are two great forests and many smaller ones. The Minnesota National Forest extends between Cass Lake and Bowstring, and the Superior National Forest spreads within irregular limits from Lake Vermilion to Pigeon River, and from the International Boundary to Lake Superior. Adjoining Superior National Forest on the north is the mighty Quetico Reserve of Canada. These two together embrace over 10,000,000 acres of virgin wilderness. The Superior National Forest covers over a million acres, and the Minnesota Forest over 300,000 acres.

If, like Antæus of old, you wish to renew your strength and health by contact with Mother Nature, then follow the trail into the Arrowhead, starting from any one of the seven gateways. Irrespective of whether you are a devotee of rod, gun, or camera, or just a plain "tourist," you will find comfort and enchantment here.

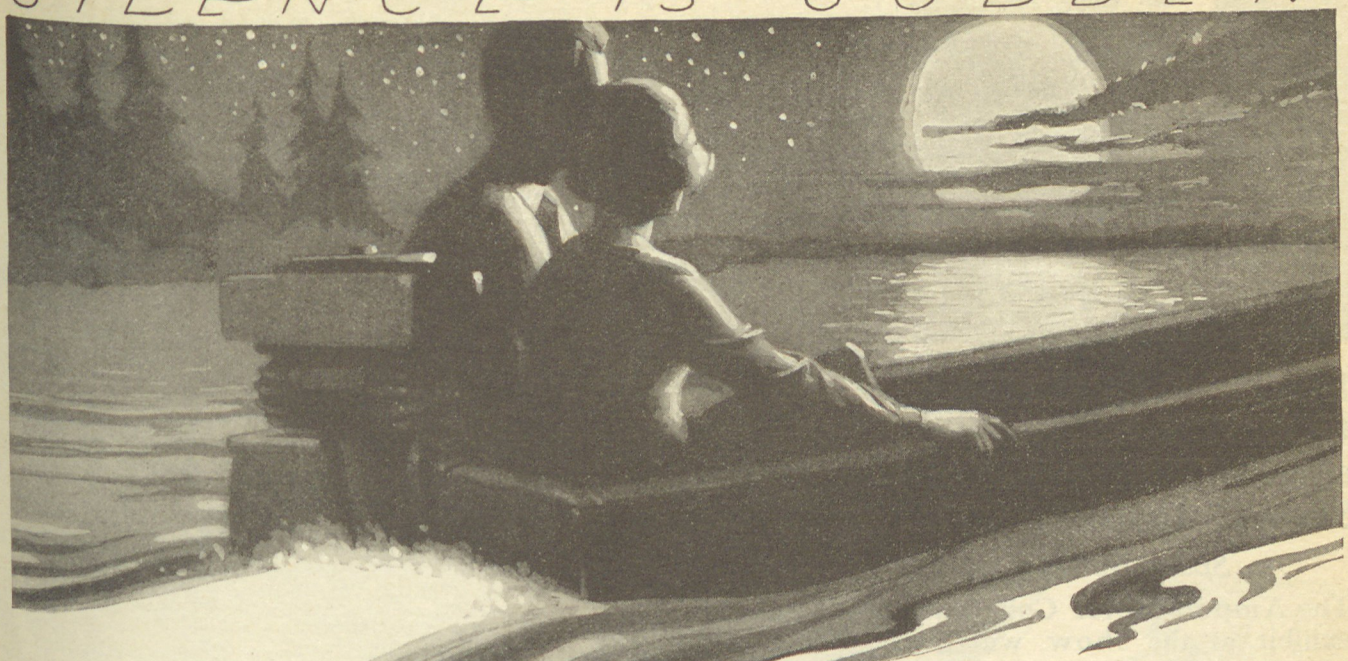
The motor roads are good gravel, "all weather" roads that take one through the open country, or wind through thick woods and beside and around emerald lakes. Filling stations for both man and motor are reasonably plentiful. Nevertheless, one should aim to keep the car well supplied with gas and oil, and water, for at times one is considerably distant from the source of supply, especially so when journeying through the forest reserves. What is there to see? At Duluth we see the greatest ore docks in the world; the famous "North Shore Drive" follows Lake Superior (more will be said about this later); at Tower is the deepest iron mine in the world, and at Hibbing the largest open-pit mine. Virginia boasts the largest white-pine sawmill in existence. One passes through several Indian reservations where "close-ups" of the native North American may be obtained. Vermilion Lake has over a thousand miles of coast line and contains 365 islands, one for every day in the year.

What is there to seek? If you are a follower of Izaak Walton, you may find



The best fishing is obtained away from the traveled routes, reached only by canoe.

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN"



Silenced Exhaust
—without ANY Loss of Power

A Lockwood Feature that Makes Every Water Motoring Occasion So Much More Enjoyable

The long-wanted improvement in Outboard Motors is here. Lockwood Engineers have solved the problem of silencing exhaust noises and removing gas fumes. Today you will find waiting for you at your Lockwood Dealer's, an entirely new experience in outboard operation. Get into a boat driven by the New—

LOCKWOOD
"SILENT CHIEF"

and see for yourself how—
—Loud Exhaust Noises are gone
—Disagreeable Gas Fumes are removed.

The most remarkable fact about this new Lockwood achievement is this—

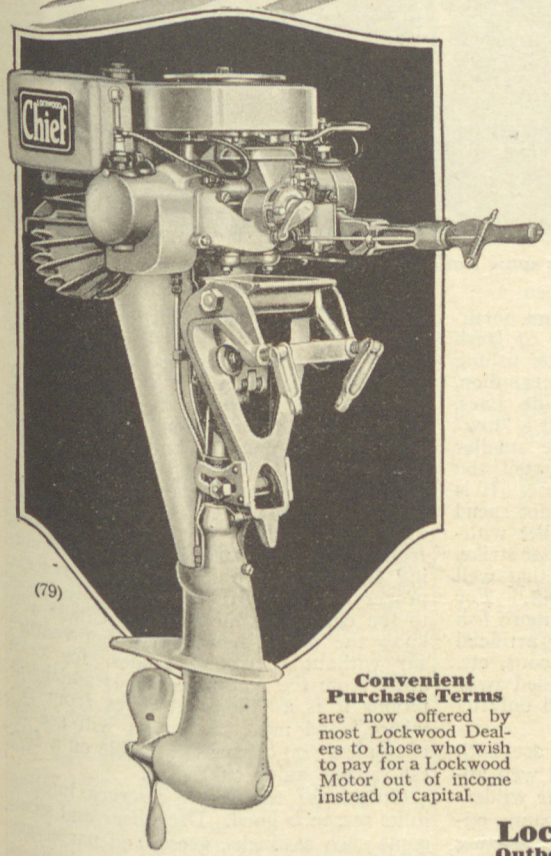
There is No Loss of Power

The Lockwood Chief, always famous for power and great speed, holder of 10 out of 12 1928 Official American records for Motors of its class, is actually *increased* in power and speed by this New Lockwood Improvement.

No Other Motor Offers You ALL These Advantages

First — Matchless speed in its class as proven 10 times out of 12 by official records.
Second — Silenced Exhaust without any loss of power.
Third — Elimination of gas fumes.
Fourth — Continuous automatic lubrication of both main and crank-pin bearings.
Fifth — The "Lockwood Pilot" — an exclusive safety feature which "takes hold of the Motor when you let go," leaves both hands free, holds your boat to its course and prevents sudden reverse.

In addition to these five major features, there are also—Protected Bakelite Gasoline Gauge, Improved Lockwood Carburetor, New Convenient Finger Tip Control, Pumpless Cooling System, and the Extra Powerful Fly Wheel Magneto.



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Convenient Purchase Terms
are now offered by most Lockwood Dealers to those who wish to pay for a Lockwood Motor out of income instead of capital.

Other Lockwood Motors for this Season Include

The Lockwood "Racing Chief"—a Motor that is all that the name implies, equipped with twin carburetors and fresh oil lubrication.

The Lockwood "Ace"—A 50 lb. Outboard developing about 7 H. P. and holder of every 1928 Official American Speed Record for motors of its class.

Write or send coupon today for copy of the New Lockwood Catalog.

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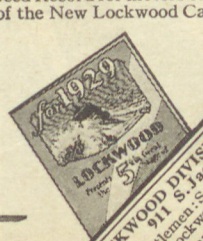

LOCKWOOD DIVISION Outboard Motors Corporation
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The Ampco Metal Golf Club exhibit at the show will go straight to the heart of every true sportsman. Beautiful golden clubs of perfect precision and accuracy, built for men and women who take pride in their sports equipment.

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An Ampco matched set of perfectly balanced clubs, co-ordinated for loft and lie, will increase your pleasure and lower your score. The special Ampco matched sets for women are of unrivaled beauty. Ampco Clubs are rust-proof and non-corrosive, with many other exclusive features. Get full details at the show, or write for illustrated brochure.

AMPCO METAL GOLF CLUB COMPANY

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If you take the foot or canoe trails you will see close ups like this.

several kind of bass, wall-eyed and northern pike, crappies, and that tiger of fresh water, the "muskie." The stranger fishing in the larger lakes, such as Vermilion, Leech, Winnebigoshish, and Mille Lacs, should employ a guide, or at least a "tow" to the fishing grounds. In the smaller lakes the boatkeeper will usually tell you where to go and what bait to use. It is indeed rare that a fisherman cannot spend an afternoon on any of these lakes without enjoying the thrill of strike after strike, to return happily with a string that well deserves to be "written home about." For the most part the writer caught more fish than we could use on ordinary artificial bait, such as red head plugs, spoons, etc. The real, and best fishing, is obtained away from the traveled routes, reached only by canoe.

All along the traveled routes are both municipal and private camps and well appointed hotels and resorts. In the wilderness proper living is entirely by camp, except in those places where the outfitting companies have established regular camps. Camping either "en tour" or on a canoe trip is delightful, for nearly always you will pitch your tent beside a pretty lake or stream, where you may get out your creel and "catch your supper." If "camera hunting," you will be surprised at the many opportunities that exist for the seeker of beautiful outdoor scenes, both with and without water. You will find many opportunities to "take" wild life. Traveling by car you may meet a bear who wants to know what it is all about, or you may glimpse deer or moose feeding at some distance from the highway. To really get good wild life pictures, however, it will be necessary that you leave your car and take the foot trails or canoe trails. In this manner you may see close-ups of deer, moose, or caribou feeding or drinking from the streams and lakes. As no hunting is allowed within the forest reserve proper the wild life becomes quite tame, to the delight of the visitor. Unless you know the woods, however, do not venture far without competent guides, for once away from the man-made roads and habitations it is a "thousand miles from nowhere," and most likely you will see no one unless you chance to stumble on a forest ranger, guide or Indian.

Outside of the forest reserves hunting in its season is good. Deer, bear and small game such as ducks, geese, and partridges are quite plentiful, and the bag limit is usually secured within a short time. For the summer vacationist, however, leave your gun at home, for you will not need it, and it is just so much excess baggage.

To more intimately acquaint you with the beauties and charms of this region we will take you through a part of it.

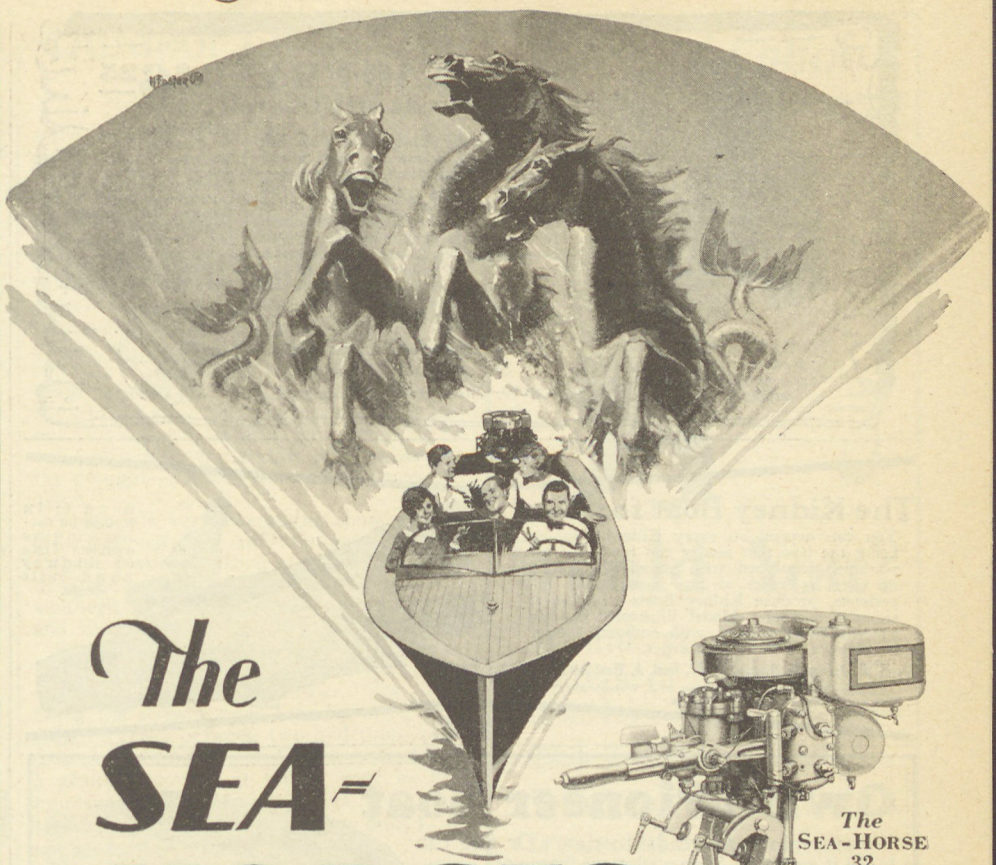
From "points south" such as Decatur

and other Illinois points, Duluth is the logical gateway to the Arrowhead country. At Duluth we camped in the indoor camp provided by the Duluth Curling Club, although there is a very good outdoor camp just outside the city, overlooking Lake Superior. Before leaving Duluth be sure to take in the "Sky Line Drive," which winds along the tops of the hills above the city. Here one gets an impressive view of Duluth, the great ore docks, the western end of Lake Superior, and farther on a glimpse of Superior, Wisconsin.

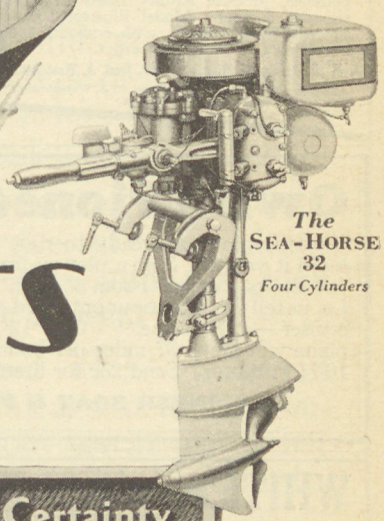
Leaving Duluth, take the "North Shore Drive" up to Pigeon River, which forms the International Boundary. The route is known as the International Highway and extends through to Port Arthur, Ontario, and then some sixty miles beyond to Nipigon, where it ends. This is a well gravelled, all-weather highway, and although quite winding is wide enough for safe travel. The entire distance from Duluth to Pigeon River one is rarely out of sight of deep blue water. This run to Pigeon River can easily be made in six hours, but unless one really is in a hurry, or is immune to the beauties of nature, the trip may take two days.

Whenever the road rounds the shoulder of a cliff it calls for a halt, and every stream crossed invites a scramble down its steep sides. At Silver Cliff, some fifty miles out from Duluth, a real pause is made. Here the paved road skirts the face of the cliff some 300 feet above the water. At this point Lake Superior, the mightiest of all inland lakes, stretches over 50 miles westward, and over 400 miles to the east. It was to this point that the Indian medicine men, the French Jesuit Priests, and the early explorers used to come in the "good old days." To be here with the break of day, and to watch the sun climb out of Superior is a scene never to be forgotten. Continuing on, there is Split Rock Light perched on a high headland. There's Gooseberry and Baptism, the cave at Little Marias, the deep flume of the Manitou, and the miniature canyon of Temperance. There's the Cascade, the Arrowhead, and finally the gorges of Pigeon River. All along are the never-ending beauties of the irregular rock bound coast of Superior itself, with its many picturesque inlets. If time permits, there is good trout fishing in the mountain streams, and game fishing in the inlets of Superior. From Duluth to Pigeon River there are only two towns, Two Harbors, one of the great iron ports of Minnesota, and Grand Marias. The other settlements are only fishing hamlets, very picturesque, but reached only by water until the advent of the motor road. There are, of course, many roadside "stands" for the accommodation of man and machine, as this road is much traveled throughout the summer by Duluth and Twin City people as well as the visitor. Grand Marias is a fishing village of some 700 people. It has charm, and an atmosphere that reminds one of that Arcadian village Grand Pré, which was made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline." Here the Barnes', "big and little," consisting of Mrs. Barnes, our four-year-old daughter, and myself, with a friend, Mr. Harding, pitched camp among the whispering pines, and about a stone's throw from Superior's edge. The next day the duffle was loaded on the faithful old Chandler and the trek through the forest to Ely was begun. Grand Marias is the starting point of the "Gunflint Trail," which runs north to the boundary, in and out of the Superior National Forest. It is mostly uphill, and don't blame your engine if you have to shift to second, for the grades are deceptive.

At the top, turn and look down into the lake and sky (you cannot tell them apart),



The SEA-HORSES



The SEA-HORSE 32
Four Cylinders

"If I had not started a SEA-HORSE myself with one pull of the rope I would never have believed it *could* start so easily," said an eminent engineer, prominent in yachting circles*. "This *Johnson Release Charger* is undoubtedly one of the greatest achievements I have ever seen in outboard motoring!"

Said a nationally known yachtsman*, "The *Johnson Underwater Exhaust* is the biggest step forward in outboard motoring history!"

Certainty and Ease of Automobile Starting

No Exhaust Noise No Exhaust Fumes

Make no mistake. There is a big difference between outboard motoring of a year ago and SEA-HORSE motoring of today. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

There are six SEA-HORSE models ranging in price from $115 to $325, F. O. B. Waukegan, Ill. Sold on free trial and easy payment plan.

*Name on request.

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Fishing Coat with Creel

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Fishermen! Campers! Write for free circular describing RED HEAD BRAND Outing Tents, Pack Sacks, Duffle Bags, Creels, Fishing Coats, Rod Cases and other canvas and leather equipment.

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You can depend on every Kidney Boat as being the best that money can buy. Skilled workmen, equipped with knowledge gained by over 45 years of fine boat-making experience, produce Kidney Boats from select seasoned lumber. Model illustrated can do 27 M.P.H. and more, with outboard motor. Boats built to individual order.

Send 6c in stamps for catalog showing complete line of Kidney hand-built boats.

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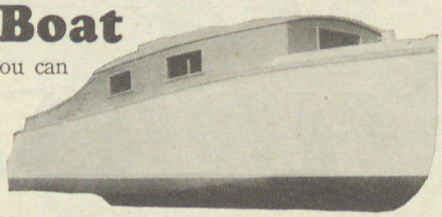
We can ship it all ready to run. Or you can build it yourself from a pioneer frame or full size patterns. From 8′ to 75′ long. Let us tell you about our outboard motor cruiser — "Neptune." Our 12′ step plane will make 37 miles per hour with 16-H.P. motor. Send 25c for literature.



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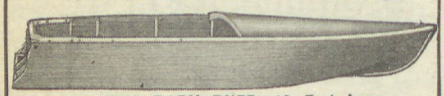
WHITE'S B '29' CRUISER—16 Feet Long



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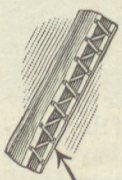
E. M. WHITE & CO.
165 White Street OLD TOWN, MAINE



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***Folding* Boats**

Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service. Great with outboard motors. In government use here and abroad. Boat builders since 1890. Many models. Satisfaction or money back. Write today for latest literature and New Low Prices.

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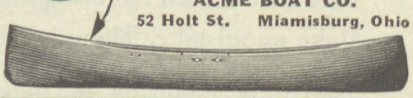
52 Holt St. Miamisburg, Ohio



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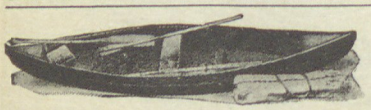

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draw a deep breath, and say "ah-h." Gunflint is the end of the motor trail, and the beginning of the canoe trail through the forest from the eastern end.

Retracing our steps to Little Marias, we turn right, taking the trail through Superior National Forest to Ely. This road is an all-weather one, but is rather narrow and winding with many sudden turns, so it behooves one to be on guard. Before leaving Little Marias, be sure to check your gas, oil and water supply, for remember you are eighty miles from a railroad, and in most instances many miles from necessary supplies. The trip through the forest may be made in comfort if one's car behaves and one does not try to hurry. In fact, to hurry would be to spoil it, for there are many beautiful scenes, and you pass several pretty lakes. Also, if you do not drive too fast your chance of seeing wild life is much greater. If you should drive through here by night, be sure to watch for moose, and if one is sighted, cut your headlights, else a charging moose might prove disastrous to your means of travel.

Ely provides a nice little camp on the shore of Lake Sha-ga-wa (commonly called Long Lake), where excellent crappie and northern pike fishing was found and enjoyed. Ely is the end of the motor road, and is the "jumping off place" for the wilderness proper. It is where the real wilderness begins, and it holds the distinction of being one of the last real frontier towns in the United States. It is at the edge of things civilized, and it is also at the edge of things uncivilized.

Ely is a modern city of homes and business houses with a population of 6,000 people. Here one may get all that is necessary for the proposed canoe trip or hike into the deep woods. In fact it is better to get your duffle here from one of the many outfitting companies who know exactly what you need. Prices, I believe, are about the same as you would pay elsewhere. To the north and northeast of Ely there are over 10,000,000 acres of virgin wilderness. There are thousands of lakes throughout this area accessible only by canoe, for there are no roads, no trails, no towns, no settlers, nothing but an immense, untracked, unspoiled wilderness in as primitive and natural a state as when first seen by white men. Radiating from Ely run hundreds of canoe trips varying in length from that of a few days to that of all summer. These include the old route used by the Hudson Bay Company, the famed Dawson route, and other routes used for centuries by the Indians, and later by the early missionaries and fur traders. Here are to be found real fishing and the other sports of the woods and nature lover. Here one forgets the cares and vicissitudes of civilized life, and becomes again the primitive man among those haunting miles of wilderness.

The soul of the silent spaces still hallows the legends of a past people whose camp fires glowed along the shores. The lakes, the silent spaces, the sentinel pine all speak a common tongue. Over this is the heritage of the past, that gripping spirit of the North. The twilight descends upon sleepy lakes, and you will never forget the dawn stealing up from the east. This is the mighty vacuum of the primitive, and the religion of the great out-of-doors. Clean, virile and entrancing, these are the threads that lure you back again and again. Here the philosopher can find his mystery, the young man his vision, and the old man his dream.

Truly this is the land of memories. That beautiful island camp, the star-lit evening sky, "the long trail, the Northland Trail, I want to go back—and I will."

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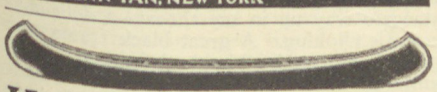

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Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 93)

tered for its gorgeous black and gold plumes.

In our own land the pied duck nesting from Labrador to the Chesapeake was exterminated in its breeding places for eggs and eiderdown. The great auk, once found in millions along our Atlantic coast, after three hundred years of slaughter disappeared entirely the middle of the last century, while the Eskimo curlew, whose migrating millions once darkened the sky, victims of man's greed, now, like the passenger pigeon, is utterly extinct. Truly, as the author says "to wipe a whole species out of existence for all eternity is to do so colossal a wrong that the mind falters at the thought—yet we have done it again and again."

There is a very interesting chapter upon Our National Bird and another upon Our Other National Bird—the turkey, the domestic variety of which came to us from southern Mexico, by way of Spain, France, and England.

Our dime novel hero, Buffalo Bill, who helped to exterminate the buffalo was also a turkey hunter; he relates: "The trees along the stream were literally alive with wild turkeys; between two and three hundred soldiers surrounded a grove and had a grand turkey hunt killing four or five hundred of the birds with guns, clubs, and stones." One reason why you and I do not go turkey hunting today.

We are told something of sea monsters along the Carolina strand, sharks and the giant turtle, who leaves her home in the sea to deposit half a bushel of leathery eggs in the sand for the sun to mother, and a whole chapter is dedicated to *Didelphis Virginiana*, more ancient than the long sought "missing link," the most wonderful of all the four-footed inhabitants of our forests. His history goes back to the time when the dinosaur ruled the land and pterodactyls were lords of the air. He was here when the world was young and old when the mammoth and the mastodon were born, and has outlived them both. He saw the rise and fall of the huge-horned Brontotherium, of Latifrons, whose horns stretched eight feet from tip to tip, of Megatherium and Megalonyx, in bulk as elephants, and often crouched in some hollow root of a tree while the sabre-toothed tiger clawed at the entrance of his refuge.

But when Rastus, in the light of the moon, triumphantly bears to his cabin a prized American marsupial, he dwells not upon Didel's hoary history but upon the delectable prospect of 'possum and sweet "taters" soon to be smoking upon the kitchen table.

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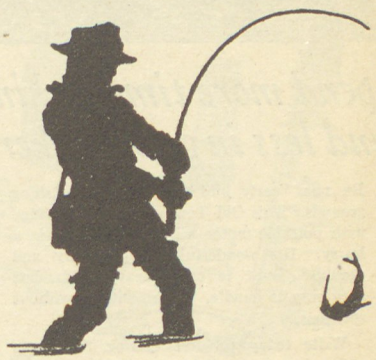
please buy them through *Outdoor America* as this will help your magazine. You can obtain the books reviewed in this department and any other outdoor books through us at publisher's prices. Mr. Ambrose will answer any questions about outdoor books.

The Sport Column

V&A



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Would you row the waters of Wisconsin's best bass lake and not cast a lure?

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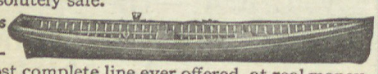

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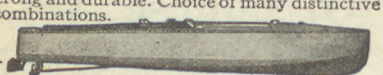

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SEE PAGE 92, THIS ISSUE

Let's Talk It Over

(Continued from page 39)

About Our Contributors

Jim Shine, *Echoes from the Canyon*, hails from Phoenix, Ariz., and is a born humorist whose laughter one hears echoing through everything he writes.

Much the same might be said of **Edith Ridley-Baker's** first story in this issue, *Vagabonding from British Columbia to San Francisco*. Miss Ridley-Baker is an English girl and undoubtedly both amiable and modest as she writes, "I am glad to contribute to such a delightful periodical as OUTDOOR AMERICA" but—she tells us nothing about herself.

Ben L. Taylor—*Michigan Gives Nature a Chance*—is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Traverse City, Mich., but until March was editor of a newspaper at Manistee, Mich. There he observed and admired the work of the Izaak Walton League in preventing and suppressing fires in the valley of the Big Manistee, once the principal producer of white pine timber in the world. He promises to submit other articles telling of the work of the live Waltonians in Northern Michigan's Playground of a Nation.

Abner Orcutt, *Harold Fights*, is the nom de plume of a prominent Waltonian whose name, if divulged, would be familiar to all our readers. We feel that his identity will not long remain a secret as there is a certain forceful enthusiasm in his written words that brings him almost visibly to mind. Incidentally, he lives in Chicago and this is his first appearance in this magazine—under a nom de plume.

Bob Limbert, *Scene from a Sawtooth Salt Lick*, is well known to our readers through his Revolver Shooting series in the magazine. Mr. Limbert is not only a crack shot but a truly remarkable wild life photographer, an angler, a mountain climber, an expert broncho-breaking horseman, an artist and an earnest student of all outdoors.

The reprint of *The Duty of Congress* reminds us of the many fine articles Senator **Harry B. Hawes** has written especially for OUTDOOR AMERICA and of the magnificent services he has rendered the Izaak Walton League.

Fox Burns, Dr. Arnold Keller, Talbott Denmead, B. J. Bostwick and Capt. Ray Barnes appear for the first time in this issue.

Letters

UNFAIR AND UNJUST?

Dear Editor:

Your bass sale articles are very unfair to the State of Pennsylvania. I know whereof I speak, as I hold a commission as a Special Fish Warden. Pennsylvania has on her fish laws regulations governing and prohibiting the sale of any Pennsylvania bass save those raised in private licensed hatcheries, but as soon as you hail a person into court it is pointed out that the bass are from out of the state and that prohibiting their sale is a violation of the interstate commerce law. It is up to Virginia and Maryland to make and enforce their own laws and end this despicable condition.

Pennsylvania has thoroughly covered the bass sale situation as regards herself, and just why she should pass laws to make up for the deficiency of other states is more than I can see.

It is up to "Outdoor America" to publicly apologize to Pennsylvania for its unjust criticism of her fish laws, thereby breeding in the hearts of our sportsmen a resentment against our own very good laws. It is one of the things furthest from the spirit of true conservation I have ever seen.

B. D. Hetrick.

Masontown, Pa.

P. S.—You are privileged to publish this letter, but I don't think you will.

You bet we'll publish it!

Your letter explains why the strong states should help the weaker ones and thereby also help themselves. By closing all markets to all bass, regardless where taken, you can really enforce your own good laws. Now you admit you can't.

Wouldn't it be a fine, generous thing for strong, progressive old Pennsylvania to help her weaker neighbors?

Your public-spirited volunteer service as a Deputy Fish Warden is most commendable. Our articles in no way reflect upon you or the personnel of your department. The principle is all we are attacking.

The Big Spread

(Continued from page 25)

ised more area of the same kind. The Indian stood transfixed, as if profoundly endeavoring to solve the secrets of the vast wilderness.

No sound issued from his mouth. Slowly he raised his arm and into the density ahead pointed his big brown open hand, conveying with much more impressiveness the word "there!" than if it had been shouted aloud.

A painfully tense interval. My eyes held, fascinated, to the spot where the Ojibway pointed. All at once I descried a separate covered bit of tiny background, yellow green among the solemn swart growths. Much lighter it was, and the poplars appearing revealed that they still clung tenaciously to their leaves.

Another moment and my heart beat faster. I could feel it throbbing in a happy staccato way up in my throat—a delirious ecstatic choking. A great black frame appeared in sudden bold definition. The antlered head of the largest moose I had ever seen in all my life drew backward and into the light with a poplar branch in his mouth.

Admiration for the immense size and spread of the antlers was followed by utmost compassion for the splendid creature. The thought came to me how easy now appeared the long stalk and the killing, and what labor was ahead of us to get that moose out of this isolated, remote cedar swamp. I stood there a while gazing at this record moose and well—I shall leave it to you to guess whether I killed him or not.

Echoes from the Canyon

(Continued from page 27)

so different from his native haunts, the New Yorker had a feeling that he was lost, that his earthly pilgrimage was drawing rapidly to a close. Frozen stiff with terror, he was unable to move so much as his little finger.

Like a flash it came to him why they called it Bright Angel Trail. He told me he could distinctly hear the angels singing. He had never expected to meet any angels down there, and it affected him strangely. He said it was the very last place he would ever think of looking for angels.

But there they were, singing and playing on harps and giving him a grand and glorious welcome. That's about all he remembers. The poor fellow was so overwhelmed by this touching demonstration that his faculties practically ceased to function.

On the extreme edge of the precipice Cyclone stopped, opened his eyes, stretched and looked around rather surprised. He then directed his attention towards the yawning chasm, into which he gazed for some time, thoughtfully and with an air of speculation as if he were considering suicide. Finally he decided to put it off, deflected his course along the trail and fell asleep again.

With one leg dangling over a dizzy precipice and both hands clutching the saddle-horn, the man from New York found himself at last slowly riding out of the jaws of death like one of Tennyson's heroes in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade.

Of course my friend may have exaggerated. No doubt he did, being of a highly nervous temperament and unfamiliar with such blood-chilling adventure. I do not know that this mule Cyclone exists; I have never met him personally. But I do know that mules in general are full of sly tricks and singular characteristics. Furthermore, I am willing to state publicly that hundreds of eager tourists descend yearly on mule-back into the canyon, seeking thrills, and that few are disappointed.

Naturally, every conceivable precaution is taken to prevent accident. Fact is, in all the years that Fred Harvey tourists have ridden down into the lower reaches of the canyon on Fred Harvey's mules not one fatal accident has occurred, nor is likely to occur.

As most people know, Fred Harvey's earthly activities are over and his restless spirit has groped its way into the silence —a silence far more impenetrable and mysterious than that of Grand Canyon.

Yet, in so far as the folks around there are concerned, his name will live a long time. His manifold operations were so potent and far-reaching that it's hard to realize he is gone. Indeed so insoluble was the connection between the famed hotel man and Nature's masterpiece that certain credulous tourists with whom I talked harbor the vague impression that the canyon was excavated under Fred Harvey's personal supervision.

But this is an assumption that I myself do not endorse.

Though he was unquestionably a man of boundless energy, initiative and sound practical ideas, there's no conclusive evidence to support the theory that he was a Paul Bunyan.

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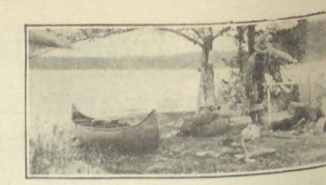
Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

TENT FOR DOG TEAMING

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Can you spare time to help a Scotch reader of Outdoor America?

What tent would you advise for a friend and me to take on a dog team trip from Cochrane to Moose Factory next winter? We shall have a dog team and a guide, and while I have slept out of doors in the winter with a windbreak, I think that on a long trip a tent would be a comfort. I am told that a "Quebec Heater" is the best stove, but everybody has different ideas about a tent. It would only need to be large enough for my friend to get into with a squeeze. She is as ardent about the outdoors as I. I shall try to manage with the one dog team, so our tent must be very light; at the same time I think that the extra comfort on a twenty days' trip is worth the extra weight.

Lady Kitty Ritson.
Cobham, Surrey, England.

With two in the party and going with dog team to Moose Factory on James Bay, I suggest you get a light balloon silk wall tent of the modern type with high walls. This would afford two all of the room and shelter needed. I prefer for such a trip what is known commercially as the forester's model. There is also a very valuable tent made in the different light models known as the cruiser's model. At Cochrane you can be outfitted in the best manner, or get your stuff when you arrive from England at Kerr's Sporting Goods Store or Duncan's at Montreal. Your tent, no matter what model, should have a sod cloth.

I think you are waiting late to go to Moose Factory from Cochrane. Doubtless you will and must go the Abbitibi route, and by the time you get over there, which will be March, you sure are very liable to butt into soft snows and have one helluva time before the ice breaks up. I suggest again that you be outfitted there, and I am sure it will be well and properly done.

OZARK RIPLEY

HIKING CLOTHES

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I'm planning a hiking trip in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan this summer, I think in June or September. I would appreciate your suggestions as to clothing and equipment. Needless to say, I'll carry everything on my back.

W. C.
Ohio.

In the matter of clothes I suggest two light flannel shirts, one heavy mackinaw stag shirt—acts better in rainy weather than leather jacket—and khaki trousers with canvas leggings. Riding breeches were designed for riding, not for hiking. They bind the knees and the calf. Use trousers, and slit them down the side, taking out a V of cloth, and have eyelets made so you can lace them comfortably around the ankle. Then use army shoes made pliable by applications of a suitable preparation. The canvas leggings are far superior to leather ones for hiking.

For sleeping equipment I suggest a light weight eider-down robe for the months you mention. Too bad you can't carry an air mattress. The next best thing is a cheesecloth tick which you can fill with straw or dry leaves at night. An army mess kit is about all you'll need for cooking. Don't forget to carry plenty of socks: about four pairs of light wool cashmere. For a pack I suggest an ordinary Duluth pack sack. These are of the "bag" variety and are more convenient and much more comfortable to carry than the army pack or any other fancy arrangement.

RICHARD ROWLAND

Where to Camp

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Last year I took a trip up into the Skeena River country and British Columbia, and this year I am figuring on going up Antoine Creek, a tributary of the Mattawa River, and in the Lake Temiskemig and Temagami districts.

I will appreciate very much if you will put me next to whether or not it is a trip that will produce large trout that will rise to the fly. Any information you can give me relative to the month to go to escape black flies and mosquitoes, and any other hints which you may have to drop, I assure you will be very much appreciated.

E. H. Cravens.
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Antoine Creek is a fine stream and empties into the Ottawa about three miles above the town of Mattawa. Brook trout are very abundant in its proper waters and respond well to flies. In fact I took them with flies during a snow storm at Fowler's Chate in that stream. But only now and then do you catch a very large trout. A few stations above Mattawa on the Canadian Pacific is the town of Crest. There one can reach the Jocko River, and all its rapid waters produce very good size trout, and it has never been fished much.

If I were going into the Jocko I would outfit at Mattawa. There is some rough going, but it is sure worth it, and lots of the water can be navigated by canoe.

You will find the Antoine and Jocko some distance this side of the southern end of Lake Temiskemi, which is an upper broadening of the Ottawa.

OZARK RIPLEY

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am anxious to learn of the camping possibilities in Iowa. My wife and I plan a trip west this summer by auto, camping on the way, and for various reasons I want to spend some time in Iowa.

I understand Iowa is mostly cornfields with little chance to do any real camping especially beside streams and lakes.

Please let me know if there is any place near Waterloo, for example, where we could camp for a week or so and get a little fishing.

S. H. H.
Canton, Ohio.

The Maquoketa River from Hopkinton to Maquoketa runs through a broken country, between high limestone bluffs. The bottoms are covered with native timber, the stream and shallow reaches falling into deeper pools about the rocks.

The Volga River from east of Fayette to Volga City is a clear little stream, flowing through an ordinary broken rocky country. The adjacent lands are so little cultivated that it is not subject to silt discoloration as are most Iowa streams.

The Turkey River east of West Union runs through a less rocky but well wooded and beautiful country, not so wild as these, but very satisfactory camping grounds may be found on the Cedar from Osage to Charles City.

You will find good fishing in each of these streams. There are good springs to be found along the streams, and beautiful places to camp, and while you will be in the timbered country, you will not be so far from the cornfields, and from the roasting ears, so dear to every Iowa heart.

GEORGE W. WOOD

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

It was with a great deal of interest that I read the article, "If You Go West" in "Outdoor America." My interest was intense and I enjoyed the article greatly.

I have for a long time been planning a trip via automobile, to the Grand Canyon, going from here to Denver, and then directly south to Santa Fe and West to the Canyon, but when I read the article I immediately detoured from here to Salt Lake City and then South.

I would greatly appreciate it if you would tell me about how far it is from Salt Lake City to the Grand Canyon, and being mountain driving how long it should take. I have never driven in the mountains and therefore am rather apprehensive of making the trip in two weeks.

Leo Rogers.
Omaha, Neb.

(Continued on page 110)

WALTONIANS!

CHAPTER OFFICERS & MEMBERS

Boys' Free Vacation

Boys between twelve and twenty register your name with club for free vacation at Waltonian's Boys' Summer Camp, July and August.

Parents, Brothers and Waltonians write or wire club Secretary for full particulars regarding Waltonian's free boys' camp and help in this great work without any expense to you.

NAOMIKONG CLUB, a Waltonian Community, located a few miles East of Mackinaw Island, in the Land of Hiawatha, in Michigan's beautiful Upper Peninsula, facing Blue LAKE HURON, finest of the Great Lakes.

Here, Thousands of acres of Forest Primeval, filled with trout streams, beaver dams, deer, moose, bear, and teeming with small game, with miles of white, sandy beach, an ideal harbor and inland lakes, golf, tennis, boating, riding, bathing,—wonderful fishing—lake trout, muskies, speckled and rainbow trout, bass, perch and other varieties of fish in abundance.

NAOMIKONG is an outdoor club with a purpose, conforming to the principles subscribed to by Waltonians—to provide an ideal environment and community interest—to insure the attainments of the club's purpose, that of self-improvement, harmony, health, mental, moral and wholesome outdoor recreation for every member of the family.

NAOMIKONG CLUB invites you to become a member—it is a non-profit organization —no assessments or dues other than a small annual service charge—all club facilities are provided for at cost to members and their friends—the cost of a club membership is an investment which will enhance in money value and will pay big dividends in health and happiness for you and yours.

A MEMBERSHIP IN NAOMIKONG CLUB qualifies a member for a LAKE HURON HOME SITE at a very small annual rental which will enable him to enjoy the privacies of home with all the privileges of the club.

The NAOMIKONG CLUB is in the heart of outdoor life of America and has many unusual features to offer.

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EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 1635 Dime Bank Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

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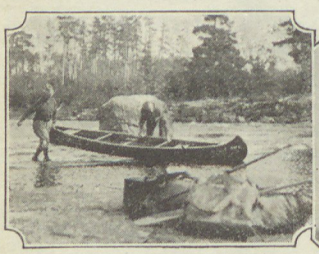

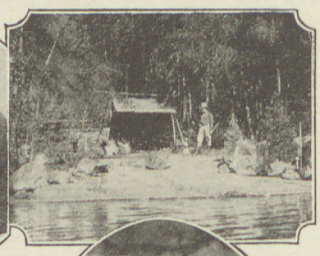

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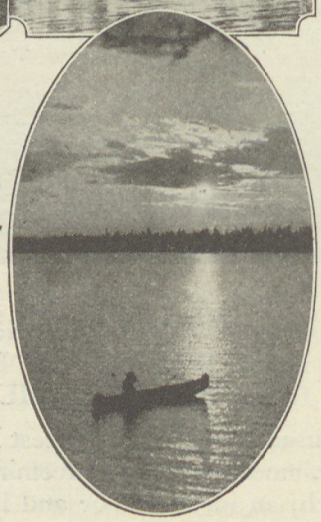

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Best beds, bathing, boating, dancing, eats, fishing, log cabins. All for $3.50 a day. Rates by week. Also housekeeping cottages and camp.

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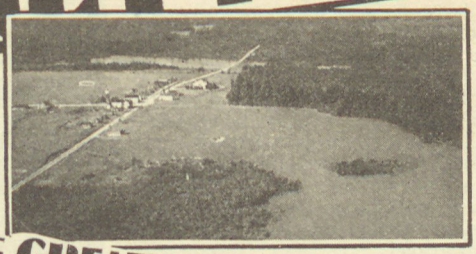

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Through the Superior National Forest, Minnesota, and the Quetico Provincial Reserve, Ontario—the Proposed International Park Region

Enjoy the best type of summer vacation by taking a canoe trip through this vast wilderness. 20,000 lakes; tall timber; incomparable landlocked salmon, bass, wall-eyed and great northern pike, trout and muskellonge fishing; moose, deer and bear photography. Our trips start either at Lake Vermilion, Crane Lake or Winton. Complete outfitting. Guides—University men, native whites and Indians. Write for illustrated booklet outlining our popular "one cost-all cost" plan.

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COME to this Peninsula Paradise . . . Four of the five Great Lakes lap its soil . . . Breezes from more than 5,000 inland lakes straighten out tautened nerves . . . A $250,000,000 highway system more alluring than the Appian Way leads to . . . 78 state forests . . . Michigan National Forest of 213,000 acres . . . 63 state parks . . . 17 fish hatcheries . . . 11 game refuges . . . turbulent rivers . . . murmuring streams . . . gay resorts . . . quiet retreats.

IN BLOSSOM time the highways, fields, forests and plains lie heavy with the perfume of wild flowers . . . 247 varieties . . . The early morning operas of woodland choirs . . . 361 species . . . awaken you . . . There is a skyward lift to spires of pine, balsam, spruce and fir . . . Sunlight streams on 2,016 miles of yellow sand on Great Lakes . . . A longer shoreline than that possessed by any other state . . . Safe beaches for children sprawl on broad inland seas and inland lakes . . . Yachts careen in the breezes . . .

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VIRGIN TERRITORY—Fish—Big Game
142 miles north of Ottawa

FORTY lakes and many rivers and streams teeming with fish: native speckled trout up to 6 lbs., vicious small mouth black bass, tackle-smashing muskies, grey trout, red trout, northern pike. BIG GAME includes moose, bear, red deer. Unlimited small game and water fowl. Canoe trips. Modern club house. Complete outside equipment.

Exclusive, attractive membership open for first-class outdoor men. Ideal for small groups from I. W. L. chapters. For booklet write secretary—

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A place and price to suit every pocket, 245 miles North from Toronto, Ferguson Highway.

Write for booklet,

O. W. Clapperton, Port Loring, Ontario, Canada

Come to—

Virgin Pine Camp

—a new fishermen's camp on Upper Sabaskong Bay, Lake of the Woods. In the heart of the best Musky and Lake Trout region of the north, close to famous Crow Lake and more untouched waters to the north —We have unexcelled facilities for going to close-in or remote places. Excellent accommodations. Make your reservations early. Write—

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Ralph Allan - Augusta, Montana

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Channel Bass 25-58 lbs., Trout 1-10 lbs. Surf Bathing. Del-Mar-Va Stone Road or O. P. C. & N. EX.
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J. E. BOWER, Lincoln, Montana

Rose Lane Resort

Open all year. Modern hotel and cottages in a beautiful shady grove on the shore of Lake Geneva. Every convenience at moderate rates. Steamer trips, boating, bathing, fishing, golf, riding, within a few hours' trip from Chicago. Write J. Jorgensen, Prop., Williams Bay, on Lake Geneva.

Camping

(Continued from page 106)

The distance from Salt Lake City to the Canyon is about three hundred and fifty miles.

In estimating the time, allow about one-third more than it usually takes you to cover that distance on gravel roads.

Although this is mountain driving, the grades are not very steep. The roads from Salt Lake to Marysville, about half the distance, are partly paved and the balance excellent gravel.

For the next hundred miles the going is much slower, with dirt and fair gravel roads. The last eighty miles can be made in fast time.

Kenab is the best stopping place en route.

DONALD HOUGH.

Raft Ride

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I've read about taking rides down western rivers on rafts, and wonder if this is practical for the ordinary person to do. It sounds like the finest kind of a camping trip to me, and different from most others. If this can be done, what rivers would you suggest trying, and how would I go about it to get a raft, and would I need a guide to take it through rough water? I'd prefer a smooth river, but I suppose most of them in the west have more or less rapids in them.

W. D. D.
Lafayette, Indiana.

East of the Rockies the only rivers that would be navigable would be the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone, either of which could be run in an ordinary boat of comfortable size, provided you didn't go too high up.

Almost any river boat would be safe below Billings on the Yellowstone and below old Fort Benton on the Missouri. Many tributaries running east from the Rockies such as the Platt, Republican and others could not be run in a boat at any time except on the extreme high water of the spring rise, and even then there would be no certainty about finishing the trip, but the Yellowstone or Missouri, as indicated above, would either one be all right.

Above these two points on either river you would get a stretch of very rough water which could not be negotiated safely with anything less than a good Mackinaw boat in the hands of competent river men, and even then there would be places that would be very hazardous.

West of the Rockies I should not undertake any river running without having someone who knows the river with you.

The Columbia is a beautiful stream to run, but has very rough rapids from source to mouth scattered all along the course. The same can be said of the Snake, Spokane, Cour de Lane and most any river you could name.

I think for pleasurable and safe river running you had better stick to shorter and tamer rivers, such as the Cedar River in Iowa, Blue River in Nebraska, and streams of that character, any of which can be run with an ordinary boat, by people having ordinary ability in handling a boat.

If you want to run any western stream, be sure you know considerable about it before you start, as no two of these are alike.

EL COMANCHO.

Kenai Peninsula, Alaska

Monster Rainbow Trout and Salmon. Fishing, Camping and Packtrain Trips at reasonable rates. Season — June — July — August. For particulars, Ray McDonald, Mgr., Fishing—Camping.
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ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

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Auto Vacationist's and Fisherman's paradise. 16 Lakes to fish. Wonderful fishing. Salmon & Grey Trout. Walleyed Pike. Black Bass. New Bungalows. Dining Lodge. Tennis Court. Bathing Beaches. Canoe trips. Shore Dinners. Competent Guides. Folder. Frederick J. Schmeler & Sons
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LAKE OF THE WOODS
WHERE
Muskies—strike a little harder. Bass—show added vigor and Lake Trout run wild with the bait.
Individual Log Cottages—Best of Grub,
Guides, Canoes, Boats and equipment.
75-100 miles from R. R. No Roads.
Write for Folder or Wire.
GREEN'S CAMPS
Rainy River Ont., Canada

A 15-POUND RAINBOW TROUT. THINK OF IT. BRITISH COLUMBIA

Rainbow of this weight and over are caught in Stuart Lake, British Columbia. 300 miles of virgin Lake and Stream, situated in heart of Lake Region of B. C., new and unspoiled territory. Our Hotel especially for Sportsmen. No frills, good grub, quiet hospitable treatment. Prop. has had 20 years' experience fishing and hunting in the northern wilderness. Moose and Deer plentiful in Season. Ed. Forfar, Prop., Reg. B. C. Game Guide.
Fort St. James Hotel, Fort St. James, British Columbia.

Fly Fishing in June

for small mouth black Bass is good or you can troll for Land Locked Salmon throughout May and June. Individual log cabins with open fires and bath rooms. Good guides. Booklet. *Address*
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Travel School for Boys
A school year of travel and study.
8000 miles by motor coach.
Regular junior high school subjects, also campcraft, woodcraft, and scouting. Best way to study the history and geography of the United States.
Summer of 1930
A camping trip of eight weeks for boys to the Pacific Coast
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Best trout fishing in Province of Quebec. Only 8 hours from Montreal. Virgin territory just opened by new road. 50 sq. miles. 40 lakes filled with only speckled trout of great size—and grey trout. Also moose, deer, and small game. Write for details.
2360 DeLaSalle Ave. Montreal, Canada

BIG GAME HUNTING
in the Canadian Rockies
Moose, Caribou, Big Horn Sheep, Goat, Grizzly Bear and Deer.
Felix Plante, Entrance, Alberta, Can.
For references: E. A. Gies
1125—2nd St. Milwaukee, Wis.

LIBERTY CAMP

A charming exclusive wildwoods camp owned and operated by Mr. Aug. C. Dittrich, Maitre of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. Located on Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wis. Golf, horseback riding, fishing, hunting. Write Mr. Aug. C. Dittrich, care of Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

Keen as a razor—shaped and tempered for outdoor service, modeled to fit the hand with a sure, easy grip—pointed to find its way quickly—double-edged to follow through. Just the knife you need for cutting your way through underbrush, for sharpening tent stakes, for slicing bacon, dressing game or doing any of the other innumerable jobs a sportsman asks a knife to do.

Marble's Woodcraft

No. 49—Leather Handle, 4½ inch blade, with Leather Sheath - $2.25
No. 50 — Stag Handle, 4½ inch blade, with Leather Sheath - $3.00

Every Sportsman, Tourist and Boy Scout knows the necessity and utility of a good axe. No other piece of equipment of so little weight proves so valuable on every occasion. For cutting your way through the underbrush, for chopping wood for camp, for pointing and driving tent stakes, and doing a hundred other jobs at home and away, you will want this famous razor-keen, finely balanced Marble Axe. No other axe has the priceless safety feature. Carried in pocket or belt, a snap of the guard makes it ready for action.

No. 2-Steel Handle, Blade 2⅜ x 4", length 11" $3.25
No. 6-Wood Handle, Blade 2¾ x 4¾", lgth 11½" $2.25

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"For Every Hour in the Open"

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Size of 10 gauge shell. Absolutely water-proof. Holds several days' supply. Price 60c postpaid.

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Fasten to coat or belt. Guaranteed accurate. No. 182 Stationary Dial, postpaid, $1.25. No. 082, Revolving Dial, postpaid $1.50.

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Marble Arms & Mfg. Co. 5731 Delta Av., Gladstone, Mich.
Gentlemen—Send me Free Book of Marble's Outing Equipment.
Name
Address

MINNESOTA

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am thinking of taking an automobile camping trip into Minnesota this summer with my wife and two boys, and have in mind the region around Park Rapids. I would like to learn of the camping possibilities. We want to stay about two weeks around one group of lakes, changing our camp every few days. I hear all the lake frontage is privately owned in that region and that it is not possible to camp on the lakes. Is that right?

A. F. N.

Pennsylvania.

There are a large number of camping spots around Park Rapids, Minn., known as the Itasca Park-Mantrap Valley region, where a person is welcome to camp without trespassing on private property.

In fact, this territory has never had a real estate or lake shore boom, and as there are over 700 lakes in this little region there is plenty of lake shore wilderness just as nature left it.

We would be very glad to outline a camping trip for you, as suggested in your letter, whereby you could spend a day or two on each of several lakes, or if you wished to use your two weeks' vacation for a canoe camping trip we can route you to take in three different chains of lakes and have a different camping spot every night for the entire fourteen nights.

If your camping outfit includes a boat and boat cart (if not, these can be rented at Park Rapids), a mighty good way to enjoy a camping and fishing trip in this region is to establish your camp on any spot that appeals to you and then make different fishing trips to the other lakes every day. On account of the good roads and our 700 lakes being in such a small territory it is possible to fish any of them and return to your camp the same night.

EARL V. FULLER
Park Rapids, Minn.

MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER
from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods.
March, 1929.

DEAR Waltonians:

Because it softens the light, deadens all noise and excludes frost, snow on a tent roof is conducive to peaceful and prolonged slumber. After midnight, and before this morning's dawn, three inches of feathery snow came down. Consequently, I overslept.

When I emerged from my lair, the sun was shining in a cloudless, deep-blue sky and the glistening purity of the surrounding whiteness reached the very acme of unsullied loveliness. It instantly recalled to mind a letter, recently received from a widely-known judge, who is one of the League's most stalwart and active supporters.

"Our winter," he wrote, "opened with a most glorious snow—a foot of it—which came damp and heavy and clung to all the trees, making each twig a dazzling bit of fairyland. The next day, however, the surface was covered with soot and oil and it commenced to melt. Slush! What a vile mess it was! Passing motor cars splashed

All the Comforts of Home!

"All right, Bill, Wednesday's the shove-off date of our next camping trip but it's your turn to be chef and I'll hunt firewood."

"Heck, you won't need to hunt firewood. *This* trip we're taking a COLEMAN CAMP STOVE, savvy? It makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. In a pair of minutes the built-in hot blast starter gets up fine cooking heat. That baby's a Hot Number! Bakes, fries or broils—roasts, toasts or boils anything on the menu. Air pump and wind baffles all built in. So simple it almost works itself. Man, when you take along a COLEMAN, *"Meal Time is Joy Time."* It's some stove!

"And no more lightless nights. We'll read, write and radio by the light of our new Coleman Lantern. It's 300 candle-power. The bugs butt their heads in vain on the mica chimney—windproof and storm-proof, too."

Ask Your Dealer to show you Coleman Camp Stoves and Lanterns in action. And write for the complete Coleman Motor Campers' Manual Yours for a dime and the coupon.

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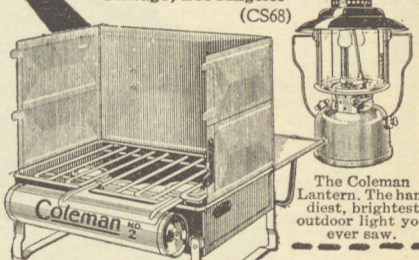
(CS68)



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The Coleman Lantern. The handiest, brightest outdoor light you ever saw.

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Maybe I ought to have a copy of your Motor Campers' Manual. Here's a dime to cover mailing cost.

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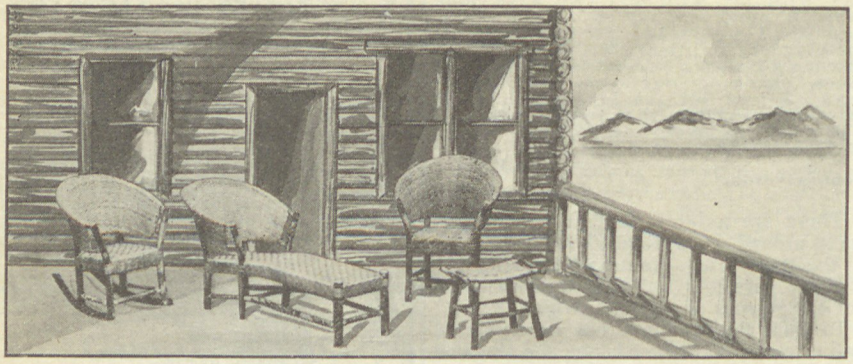

In isolated mountain lodges; along the crowded beaches; beside the restful lakes and rivers—at dude ranches, country clubs, resorts—Rustic Hickory Furniture has established itself as the "hit of the season." Rustic Hickory's durability, comfort and natural beauty finds its way wherever Nature smiles.

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this year in the tent that has won outdoors America!

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The Tent That Has No Center Pole!

"It Won't Blow Down!"

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this grime clear to the buildings and but few stockings exposed to it escaped liberal dotting with the loathsome filth. I could not but contrast this day with one I spent in the woods of northern Wisconsin. There, the snow which had remained on the trees nearly all winter, looked as fresh as though newly fallen and it had a glisten that reflected the sun in a never-to-be-forgotten manner.

"As I squashed through this noxious sludge and entered the fusty courtroom, where one breathes dead, dust-laden air and listens to another sort of filth, I thought of you up there in the sparkling cleanness of your enchanting environment, and, Gibson, I envied you.

"When you start to write your next article to OUTDOOR AMERICA, I wish you would think of me, sitting in a smelly courtroom, nauseated with sordid tales of human misery and depravity, and longing for your heartening message from the life-giving, soul-satisfying forest."

That letter is typical of scores I have received from mature men of more than average culture and prominence. Some of them, I know, are ardent sportsmen, but seldom do they mention either hunting or fishing in the letters they write to me. To them, I am a sort of father confessor, and they derive a certain amount of relief and comfort from opening their hearts to one who, they think, will understand. For, as Joubert, the French philosopher, wrote, "We can explain ourselves fully only when we expect to be understood; and we can expect to be understood only by those who already half agree with us."

These men yearn to escape—temporarily, at least—from the bondage of convention, the artificialites of urban society, the complexities, harassments and sordidness of business and politics; from the nerve-wracking clamor of horns, bells and hammers; from the health-wrecking reek that permeates the atmosphere and obscures the sun, and from the soul-destroying, mind-debasing filth that befouls stage, screen, courtroom and printed page.

They long for physical and mental freedom, for simplicity and tranquillity; they want clear air, clean land and pure water; and they want a closer, more direct communion with—whatever name they choose to give it—the Infinite. I think it is to such as these the Izaak Walton League must look for strength and inspiration.

A FEW years ago, Hal Evarts, in the Saturday Evening Post, described a plan for conserving our fur-bearing animals and, at the same time, benefiting responsible, law-abiding trappers.

As I remember it, his suggestion was: to apportion a definite territory to each qualified trapper, give him exclusive trapping privileges and hold him accountable for the upkeep of the parent stock. The trapping rights were to be non-negotiable and subject to summary revocation, for cause; but, during "good behaviour," were renewable, from year to year, and might be bequeathed to the trapper's legal heirs.

I heartily approve this plan, for such states and provinces as had considerable areas of unsettled lands. I vision these favored trappers acting as forest guards, game wardens, guides and instructors, who, from self-interest, could be relied upon to cherish the wild life of their districts and do everything in their power to prevent undue depletion.

Under such an arrangement, I visualize tomorrow's trapper as a university graduate, with a flair for natural science and a deep love for the outdoor life. I see him as a substantial citizen, a man of family, with a permanent home; a farmer, on a small scale, and a fur breeder with the

training necessary for intelligent experimentation.

All this was brought to my mind by an item in the "Vancouver Daily Province" for January 24th, from which I quote the following excerpt:

"In future, trapping licenses will be issued for a period of years, subject to good behaviour, and trapping thus will be put upon a permanent, business basis. The equity of a trapper's heirs in his trap line will be protected, also."

Whether that system could profitably be followed by any of our states, I don't know, but its possibilities for good are so tremendous and far-reaching, I think the matter should be thoroughly discussed in the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Articles on that subject by such well-informed writers as Hal Evarts and Seth Gordon would be eagerly read and might have a profound influence on the future administration of our unoccupied lands.

Meanwhile, British Columbia is to be congratulated on taking this forward step and I earnestly hope its example will soon be followed by other provinces, states and territories.

Murdo Gibson is OUTDOOR AMERICA'S "wilderness correspondent." He is living alone in his tent in the Canadian wilds as your representative. Write him. Ask him questions. He'll be delighted to hear from you. He calls for his mail at intervals at the Dalmore Hotel, Kenora, Ontario, or address him care of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Dear Murdo Gibson:

It seems that I should address you as "dear Gib" or something of the kind, as I have been reading your monthly letters in "Outdoor America" ever since the beginning of the camping department, and it seems that with each letter you and I have become better acquainted. I have no doubt that many thousands of outdoor lovers are possessed by this same feeling as they read your letters month after month.

That I am envious of you and your opportunities for enjoying God's outdoors is putting it mildly. I would give almost anything for the chance to drop in on you some evening for a bite to eat, a chat and a pipe or two—but that is out of the question—except to dream about.

Your feeling with regard to city life should give the city dwellers some food for thought. I had the misfortune of being cooped up in Chicago last year from the middle of March to the first of September, and I didn't draw an easy breath while I was there. My morale hovered around zero twenty-four hours of the day. When my assignment expired and I was allowed to go home, I felt as though I had been released from solitary confinement.

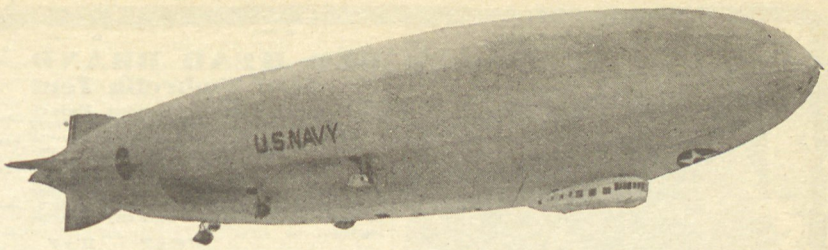
When I am at home through the seasonable period for such sport nearly every Sunday finds my wife and me bound for a hike through the woods. We generally carry a frying pan and coffee pot and feed on "bacon an'." Sometimes we have pancakes for the sake of variety.

It was while on one of these hikes that I discovered a kink which I am passing along to you. It was in late summer after a particularly rainy season and mosquitoes filled the woods in clouds. For some reason our insect repellent failed to repel, and the mosquitoes were getting the best of us.

We finally came upon a cleared spot in the woods in which was growing a good stand of some kind of grass—probably blue grass. We cut a lot of this grass, tucking it under our hats all the way around, which had the effect of head nets. The grass should be hung sparsely before the eyes so that the wearer can see through. This kink is a lifesaver when the lotion won't repel, and you have no head net—providing that the grass is available.

Nelson D. Israelson.

Chillicothe, Ill.



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This utility knife is real *Swedish Steel!*

THESE are genuine Finnish Kauhavan "Puukko" hunting and fishing knives. Not production products, but made individually by trained and skilled craftsmen whose fathers and grandfathers made knives before them at Kauhava, Finland.

Blades are *hand forged* from highest grade *Swedish steel*, one piece from point to top of handle. They will stand up under service and punishment ruinous to the average knife.

A fine utility knife for fishing, hunting, skinning, camp and tourist use.

Handles of brightly colored galalith shaped to fit the hand are practical and fine appearing.

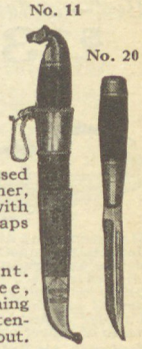
No. 12, 4" blade, $3.50

Shape of blade is result of centuries of hunting experience in a country whose people have long been noted for superiority in sports and in outdoor life.

Bright colored handles make Puukko knives easy to locate on ground.

No. 11

No. 20



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No. 20, 3" blade, $3.00

Sheaths are pressed from fine grade leather, perfectly seamed, with new silver metal caps and tips.

Note belt attachment. Made to swing free, to avoid catching clothing when wearer sits, or tendency to spill knife out.

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Patented Umbrella Tent

The finest outing tent on the market. Made of extra strong, closely-woven forest green tent drill. Storm, rain, wind and mildew proof. Sewed in floor cloth. Equipped with PREMAX Assembly—center pole or no-center pole type as preferred. Patented Eave Corners prevent wear. Detachable storm door. 2-section metal awning poles. Premax metal stakes. Enjoy the protection, convenience and comfort of home on your camping trip.

	9' 6" x 7'	11' x 9'
With Premax Center Pole Assembly	$62.00	$72.00
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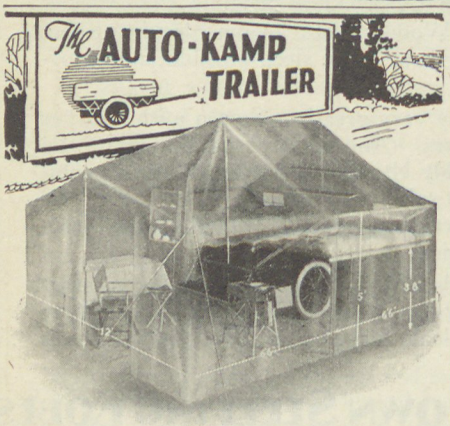

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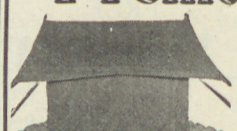
Completely equipped for the comfort and convenience of four adults and two children. Safe and reliable. Follows car without drag. Easy to erect, easy to pack. Trailer carries everything including baggage. When camp is up, your car is free to come and go. The most unique camping outfit ever built. Equipment complete. Ideal for week-end trips or extended tours. Will stand up. Made of finest materials. Enthusiastic owners. **4 MODELS**

Write for complete information.

AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
2426 Sheridan Ave. Saginaw, Michigan

"4-Point" Tent

An Absolutely NEW Idea in Tents



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The "4-point" is anchored at but four points. With but four ropes it is held firmly as on a frame. No ridge rail and yet rigid. Only two poles, metal telescope, and they outside. No sagging of roof or ridge or walls. Zipper insect-tight door. Bobbinet windows. Boat shape water-tight float floor. The most practical tent for touring. Erected quickly. No crawling under to raise it up. You have never seen a tent like it. Ask for complete information on this novel invention.

Also get the **Close-to-Nature Outdoor Equipment Catalog** showing the **Close-to-Nature** lines of **Tents, Portable Canvas Houses, Wooden Cottages and Garages, Tourists' Equipment, Camp Furniture,** and everything needed for outdoor life generally.

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Money Can't Buy a Better Outdoor Bed—as low as

$13

YOU'LL spend twice as much, look twice as far, and not get a bed that's one-half as good as the Hodgman Camp Air Bed at $13.00 and up. Forest Ranger Jack Hart of MacCall, Washington, who has lived next to nature for years, wrote us recently: "*The Hodgman Camp Air Bed is the best I ever had. It was my choice after investigating every type of camp air bed to be seen in the more important sporting goods stores throughout the U. S. and Canada.*" There's the word of a man who knows the value of proper outdoor sleeping equipment.

Hodgman Air Beds are comfortable beyond description. They're compact, light, convenient, easily inflated. Will last for years. Useful around the house as well as out of doors. ASK YOUR DEALER TO DEMONSTRATE ONE FOR YOU.

FREE--32-page *Handbook, "How to Sleep Comfortably Out of Doors."* Mail coupon for it *now.*

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$10 A DAY FOR SPARE TIME

... for 100 LUCKY MEN WHO SEND COUPON

My present force cannot handle the tremendous volume of business—I need 100 more men. I'll pay an honest man $10 a day to handle my business in your locality in your spare time. No experience or capital required; we deliver, collect and pay commissions every Saturday. I'll set you up in permanent business with big opportunity for rapid advancement.

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READ I pay Swisher $600 a month; Payne got $4000 first 200 days; Sees made $15,000 last year. You can have this steady big income. Send Coupon.

Magic liquid **absorbs** fire like a sponge—puts out fire 3 times faster than any other known extinguisher. Our men cleaning up on new device. Just take orders from homes, farms, stores, factories—everybody your prospect. Our $4,000,000 business stands behind you and shows you how to make $10 a day spare time — $600 a month full time. Send Coupon for details of amazing opportunity.

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Dept. 99-S Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Ray C. Hahn, Fyr-Fyter Company
Dept. 99-S Fyr-Fyter Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

Without obligation show me how you can assure me $10 a day steady income in my spare time in this locality.

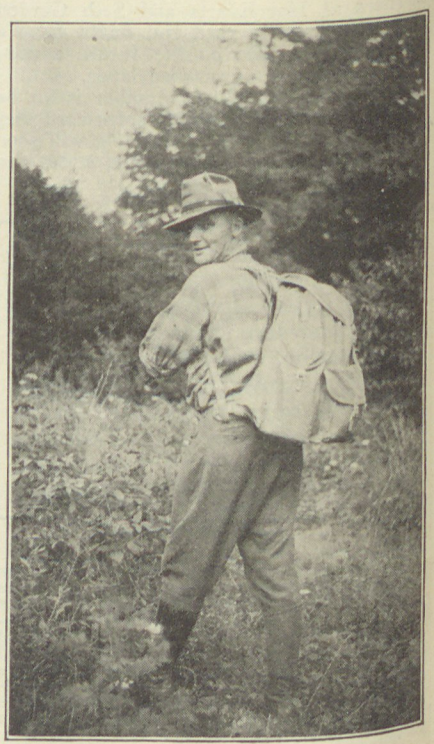
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Dear Murdo Gibson:

I am one of the many who envy you your present mode of existence. I have read your letters in "Outdoor America" for some years and am satisfied you are the kind of man I would enjoy knowing personally. I am enclosing a snapshot which shows me leaving town for a week-end hike. Ordinarily, I go much lighter, but, on that trip, my packsack contained: a light, waterproof shelter-cloth, a lightweight wool blanket, post-card-size camera, binoculars, magnifying glass, notebook, pencil, small ax, soap and towel, enameled cup, quart tinpail, small frypan, fork, spoon and enough grub for four meals.

In my pockets I had: matches, watch, knife, pipe, tobacco, and bandanna handkerchief. I wore a felt hat, light woolen underwear, light woolen shirt, army breeches, wool sox and lightweight army shoes.

Of course I vary this outfit to suit the trip, the weather and the season. My winter trips are usually one-day affairs on which my pack contains bird feed—grain, suet, etc.



Ready for a week-end hiking trip.

You mention "dry moccasins." Such are unknown here. I wear well-greased oil-tan packs, or else leather-topped rubbers. We seldom have zero weather, and then only for short periods. My quail, cardinals, tit-mice, woodpeckers, etc., will surely be looking for my trail now.

J. I. Bowker.

Canton, Ohio.

Dear Murdo Gibson:

As much as I admire you, there is one thing upon which I will have to take issue with you. I refer to what you said about "porkeys" in the January issue. I am convinced that they should be killed whenever found. In the days when we thought nothing of our timber we did not notice the damage, but now it is getting rather serious. One trip to Hull and back last summer I counted over 20 trees that had been girdled. There is a fine stand of young pine across the bay. I went over and found 11 white pine from 5 feet to 8 feet in diameter completely girdled. Many people believe that porcupine are protected by law and will not kill them. I wish that they would observe the laws which we have as closely as those they think we have.

The article that you once gave me regarding porkeys killing wolverines has given me food for thought. I believe that it is the truth and I also believe that they helped to do away with the fisher. I have caught lots with quills.

H. W. Dart.

Proctor, Minn.

Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

A Friend in Need

HUNGRY Sportsmen—with keen appetites, enjoy the delicious home cooked food and refreshing ice cold beverages served fresh and appetizing from the convenient Hawkeye Basket Refrigerator. Insures better meals, with greater pleasure, at less expense. The insulated ice-chamber and dust-proof food compartment keeps the food fresh. Easy to pack, easy to carry,

Keeps Game and Fish Ice Cold

A necessity for fishing, hunting, camping, touring, picnics, vacations and week-end trips, but convenient also for home use. Ask your dealer to show you the handsome new models, attractively finished in beautiful colors, remarkably low priced from $6.50 to $10.00, according to size.

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Anything less than the dependable all-weather protection of a Carpenter tent is just as bad as no protection at all. Experienced campers know this. Thousands of them save money by using the same Carpenter tents year after year.

Everything for Camping

Carpenter tents stand up in all weather. Auto tents, fabricated by Carpenter's expert tent-makers, fold compactly to fit the running board. Write today for our Tent Catalog No. 608. It tells all about camping—lists everything to take.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.
TENTS—AWNINGS—FLAGS
Tentmakers for 89 years
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Stoll New UMBRELLA TENT 9×7 27.95

Prices Reduced

New direct selling makes big saving on all Stoll camp equipment. New model umbrella tent has steel center pole with adjustable arms, heavy duck floor, window each side and long window in rear. All windows storm proof. Extra tight fitting curtains and awning support makes extra room. Size 9x7, $27.95, 10½x8½, $29.95, are not equalled elsewhere for 40% more. Send for big FREE catalog.

Stoll MFG. CO. 3642 LARIMER ST. DENVER, COLO.

Dear Murdo Gibson:

Some time last April six young wolves or coyotes (I have not been able to find out which) were brought to the County Auditor's office for the purpose of collecting bounty. They were then about three weeks old and looked like a bunch of puppies. Rather than see them killed we paid the man who brought them the amount of the bounty and proceeded to raise them, first by feeding them milk from a bottle. I took two of them at that time and still have them, and they certainly turned out to be ideal pets, with a better nature than most dogs.

They like to be played with and make up readily with strangers and nothing suits them better than being left in the house. They are also quite contented when riding in an auto. Neither one has ever attempted to bite anyone or even made a vicious move.

The snapshot herewith is of Mrs. Roggman and the male wolf.

A. D. Roggman.

Sec., I. W. L. A. Chapter,
Elkader, Iowa.

Camp Cooking

BETTY BENTON PATTERSON, whose camping story in this issue will be read with keenest interest by all lovers of a tent in the wilderness, is famous for her superlatively good camp cooking. She will conduct this department throughout the camping months and we advise all campers to keep a scrap book and preserve the recipes that will be found here.

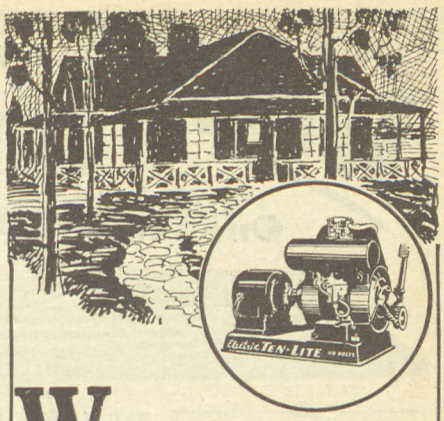
Others who have favorite and tried recipes for camp are asked to send them in.

Editor.

REAL camp cookery means satisfying achievement far from the source of supply. Cooking out of doors but near a farm or village where fresh milk, eggs and vegetables may be bought is not camp-cooking to those of us who know the real thing.

The first consideration is equipment. Just the things you need and will use. The compact camp stoves are excellent. But even with this modern convenience do not abandon the camp fire of wood. There is an odor, a savor to food cooked over wood coals that is possible only with wood coals.

Avoid a last hour dash to market for supplies. You will likely spend most of your time at camp remembering the food you did not buy. Make a list. If possible plan some of the meals or main-stay dishes



Why not have ELECTRIC LIGHT *in your* Camp this Summer?

That cottage on the lake or that cabin in the woods needs electric light to make it 100 per cent *right*—and you know it. But the question that comes to your mind is, "How about the cost?" You perhaps have an idea that to equip your place with an electric plant will mean an outlay of hundreds of dollars. Far from it! On the contrary, a complete 110-volt Electric Light Plant, one that will operate fourteen 25-watt standard electric lights, will cost you—not $500—not $300—no, not even $200!

CONSIDER Only $147.50 Complete THE COST!

And this price of $147.50 includes *everything*—the plant, fixtures, lamps and all wiring necessary for seven rooms. Sounds good, doesn't it?—to be able actually to enjoy this city luxury in your lake camp or woods cottage—to press a button and have radiant, brilliant light flooding each room? It's the famous

Onan Ten-Lite ELECTRIC PLANT

—a thoroughly dependable plant generating 110-volt direct current of 350-watt capacity—enough for fourteen 25-watt lamps (or their equivalent), including the usual electric household appliances. It will operate ten lights 12 hours on one gallon of gasoline, charge your radio battery, give you city home comforts away from home. The Ten-Lite is of simple, durable construction; requires no storage battery; uses "city service" lamps and fixtures; is inexpensive to operate. Anyone can install it—thousands now giving satisfactory service.

Get Our 15-Day Trial Offer

So confident are we that you will be entirely satisfied with the Onan Ten-Lite Electric Plant that we invite you to prove its efficiency and economy at our risk. All we ask you to do is to fill in and mail the coupon below—then we'll send you complete details of our 15-day trial offer. Will you do this? Will you satisfy yourself that you *can* have electricity at little cost? Mail coupon today.

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78 Royalston Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

D. W. Onan & Sons,
78 Royalston Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

You may send me the details of your 15-day trial offer; also complete literature on the ONAN Ten-Lite Electric Plant for ☐ Lake Home; ☐ Farm; ☐ Rural Dwelling.

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Address .....

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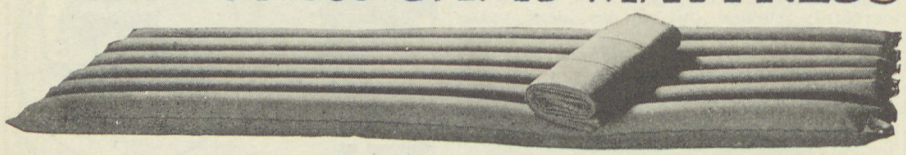
(Or write if you prefer.)

Sleep ON AN Airubber "LIGHT SIX" Special One Piece CAMP MATTRESS



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These are the original and only sectional air mattresses. Made with crosswise air chambers, and in two and three sections, laced together. Length, 80". Most popular widths are below:

No. 318—25", 3 sections—$21.00
No. 319—30", 2 sections— 25.00
No. 336—35", 3 sections— 30.00
No. 342—42", 3 sections— 34.50
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Can be piled up in small space during the day without deflating. Also, sections make excellent day cushions and safety boat pads. Ask about boat pads—many sizes.

Airubber "Little Six"
Best go-light camp bed and widely popular speed-boat pad. No. 517: Size 26½"x48". Price $10.00.

Airubber Camp Pillows
The popular Sleepezy, No. 381, is 13"x16½", and in khaki jean is $2.50. No. 391—khaki jean, 10"x16", $2.00. No. 392—corduroy face, 10"x16", $2.50.

Write for new folders of all Airubber camp equipment, and an Airubber 2 qt. camp water carrier FREE.

REAL sleep. The kind that makes next day's mountain a mere hill, puts wings on the canoe, pushes the clouds out of the sky: Yours with this lightest, handiest full-length air bed. Bivouacked anywhere, from sliderock to a swamp, nothing can trouble you from below. No humps, hollows or hard spots, no ground moisture or underdraft. Your comfort is complete.

Carry it easy as a raincoat. Inflate it in egg-boiling time. Chuck it anywhere there's room—no cot, bunk or boughs needed. Soft, dry, perfectly ventilated; easiest bed kept clean, being washable. Rolls up compactly as shown.

Strong, durable khaki jean, specially rubberized inside. Full vulcanized, no cement. Patented. Six air chambers, with patented restricted air passages—prevents "rolling." Improved fast valve with interchangeable caps for blowing or pumping. No. 550: Size 25" x 75"; weight 5½ lbs. Price $16.00.

A complete line of sectional air mattresses—convenient, economical, widely popular. See side column.

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Airubber equipment is sold by all best camp outfitters. Always look for the trade mark. If not supplied, please write to us.

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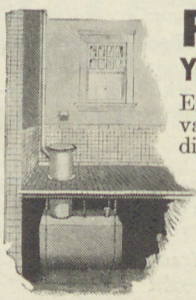

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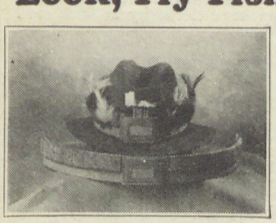

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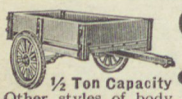

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Some years ago a well known magazine of the out of doors featured a cover showing a blazing fire over which leaned a smiling man and woman cooking fish and toasting bread on sticks. Few of us attain the heights of the children in the fiery furnace and surely the food never does.

A blaze may be used for boiling, but never broiling, and only for baking when a reflector baker is used.

Here are some suggestions and recipes that have stood the test of many years' camping, away from farm or market.

COFFEE

Good coffee being the prime requisite for contented campers we will give our recipe for boiled coffee.

First, a clean pot; second, best quality of ground coffee and accurate measurements of both coffee and water. For every cup of water allow one rounded tablespoonful of ground coffee, add one extra tablespoonful of coffee for the pot and be generous with the measuring of that pot portion. Mix well with the water, which should be cool. When the liquid boils let it boil for two or three minutes. Take off fire. Pour in one-fourth cup of cold water to settle grounds. Serve at once. If it is necessary to reheat coffee pour off the grounds, wash pot and return liquid to pot to be heated.

HOE CAKE

Ante-bellum cooks made this delicious cornmeal cake, and southern campers count it the necessary accompaniment to fried fish. Mix together two cups of cornmeal and one teaspoonful of salt, add one cup of boiling water and stir so that all of the meal is moistened. Add one and one-fourth cups of cool water.

It is necessary to have an iron or cast metal griddle. Grease this generously with shortening; bacon fat will not do. When the griddle is smoking hot pour about a tablespoonful of this, first greasing into meal mixture. Put the hoe cakes on griddle about the size of large pancakes, cook one side perfectly done, then turn and finish. When cooking the remaining meal-mixture, grease enough to prevent sticking, but pour no grease into batter.

FRIED FISH

Small fish are usually fried whole after careful dressing, which includes removing the head. Large fish may be tenderloined or cut into fillets.

It has been my misfortune to find pale, grease soaked fried fish served in many camps. To avoid this error is simple if you use the following method in frying:

Dry the fish thoroughly piece by piece. We take along absorbent paper toweling for this, but the man of the camp uses anything from tarpaulin to shirt!

Use a deep skillet or frying pan and fill two-thirds full of grease. If you strain grease after frying you may use it again. Roll each piece of fish in cornmeal and lay on large pan or paper so that they do not touch. When grease is smoking put in one piece of fish. Wait a moment and add another until skillet is filled but not crowded. The interval between putting in pieces of fish is to prevent cooling the grease. Turn almost at once and repeat the turning frequently until fish is brown.

ARROZ COLORADO

Heat three tablespoonsful of bacon fat or fry enough finely chopped bacon to make that amount. Wash one cup of raw rice and dry it on paper or what have you. Put rice into hot fat and, stirring constantly, cook to a gold color. Have ready one large onion, chopped fine. Push rice to one side and drop in chopped onion to cook until light brown. Add to this one large can of tomatoes and one can of tomato soup or two cans of pulp and two cups of water, one and one-half teaspoonsful of salt, several small peppers or one large hot red pepper or cayenne if you have no red peppers, any sauce you like and one tablespoonful of chili powder and one teaspoonful of sugar. Stir this to mix and cook until rice is well done. If possible use the long grained hard rice and the result will be more satisfactory. Omit one cup of water if short grain Jap rice is used.

Dried or evaporated rather than canned fruits are taken on pack-light camping trips. The variety includes prunes, peaches, apricots, apples and seedless raisins.

Two days before breaking camp, one year, we found that there was not enough fruit of any one kind mixed to justify cooking. So we emptied every waterproof fruit bag into the pot, washed the fruit, poured the water off and filled the pot two-thirds full for an all night soaking.

This pot went on our breakfast fire, was brought to the boiling point and allowed to simmer until the liquid was thick. As tastes and avoirdupois varied we added no sugar while cooking. When cool, this whatever you would call it proved to be the most heavenly flavored mixture of our camping experience. Since then we rarely cook the fruits separately but throw in a handful of each kind.

All men, and women too, adore looting the refrigerator, and this is one delight that is usually denied the camper. But, with this covered pot of fruits hanging cool and high on a limb, the man and woman meet frequently, spoon in hand, bent on nocturnal looting.

The secret of successful camp cooking is one substantial dish planned and put in the pot for long cooking each morning. Then the cook may fish or hike or hunt and the meal's foundation will be awaiting her or him.

Woodchuck

Dress as soon as possible after killing, hang in cool place for a couple of days, cut in convenient size pieces and bring to boil. Add one teaspoonful baking soda, boil two minutes, drain, wash in cold water and cook in any way you would chicken.

William B. Greenig.
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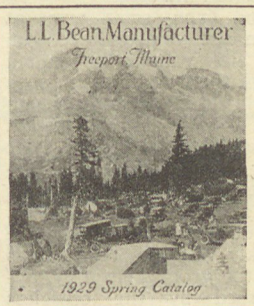

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

NOT long ago I was surprised to find in an article on gunshyness by a well-known modern writer on dogs the remark that years ago gunshyness was a very rare affliction among pointers and setters. As for personal handling of dogs and consequent experience, I can only lay claim to about thirty-eight or possibly forty years of sporting canine association, but I can truthfully say that in proportion to the number of bird dogs in existence then there were just as many gunshy prospects as now. I do not state this from conjecture alone, but I have kept a pretty close tab on my records of thirty-some-odd years of professional training, and this is the reason that I make the statement. Furthermore, I can recall that many a famous field trial winner whose blood is in most of the prominent fellows today was gunshy until its handler effected its cure.

Strange as it may seem, though some of us think we are at the apex of the big going dogs right now, we are not. In years back there were as many bolters as there are now. If my own personal records are worth anything, I saw and had under my care between 1908 and 1912 more bolters than at any other period. But, as it is my own record I am quoting, it means nothing, for it is one of a single individual, but the big circuit trainers of yore could tell you that in days gone by they certainly had bolters aplenty, too. To corroborate this, read some of the old field trial reports. Drat the bolters, anyway! Any time! Now, as long ago, they are exasperating!

One thing we can say in favor of modernity, though old-timers universally are contrary chaps about favoring the present with the least praise, we cure more gunshy dogs now, because many years ago amateurs were usually advised to get rid of such animals and waste no time on them, which, in most instances, they did.

Another fable often is related, that if a dog is never shot over until it is thoroughly excited on game, it will never become gunshy. While practically true, and wise advice to follow, there are exceptions to the rule. I have seen several dogs that stood fire with loving expectation for three or four years suddenly become gunshy for no reason whatever. Several cases of old dogs that I have seen afflicted with gunshyness in their maturity were obviously the results of inhuman masters.

Many recommend firing small arms at meals to accustom the youngster to gun noise, increasing the volume of sound gradually. Some of the worst gunshy dogs I ever beheld would stand all sorts of gun noises at the feed trough, but the instant they saw a gun afield they tucked their tails between their legs and beat it immediately for elsewhere. Not so many weeks ago I witnessed a singular gunshy subject. The dog was about three years old. He would attend weekly trap shoots with his master and lie on the ground close by, apparently unperturbed by the ceaseless bombardment of scatter guns. That dog sure hit the high places, however, when a gun as small even as a .410 was fired afield. Of course, that was an instance out of the ordinary, but worthy of relating.

Bird-shyness and handler-shyness are often misconstrued for gunshyness. When bird-shyness and gunshyness are combined, the amateur or professional trainer have a bit of tough going before them. The best acceptation on the subject when you speculate about a case of gunshyness is never to qualify it. Consider every one as the real thing and go about remedying it seriously with a certainty that there is no such thing as a case of gunshyness that can not be cured, and the real cure is work.

In sending dogs away to noted handlers to be cured one must think a bit and study their characteristics as much as the dogs. Some of the greatest field trial handlers are only what their reputation tells the public that they are—great field trial handlers. Some of the most expert of these are very inferior trainers, but their gifts are great for handling dogs in trials. Study this quietly and the reason for it will explain itself.

Right here I am obliged to remark that the advice to be incorporated in this article is solely applicable to bird dogs, setters and pointers, and spaniels, that are gunshy or exceedingly timid. One must remember that there are worlds of very timid dogs whose owners are convinced that they are gunshy when they are not in the least, but this timidity is almost as much of a drawback as the most exasperating instance of gunshyness. In all cases, however, look forward to a goodly amount of work, some of which may strain your nerves to profane outbreaks and with lots of dogs for a long while seemingly you will not be gaining much headway. Nevertheless, hold this in mind, there is quite a bit of silver behind the blackest of clouds. Right when you think gunshy cases are not progressing the least toward a cure, the cure arrives in many instances so unexpectedly that it usually gives you considerable of a thrill.

One must think, first of all, of one thing before attempting to cure a dog of gunshyness, and that is whether the prospect is worth the trouble involved or not. There is no sense in expending time and work on an inferior prospect. But, if you have a dog with real hunt abounding in him, it is worth it every time to try to cure. You must set your whole heart on it, for the remedy is combined of common sense, self-control and that other application which is necessary to everything worth while, work.

One can not be too guarded, in the early part of working gunshy dogs, against conditions that will militate against progress or augment the frailty. Form a solid companionship with the dog; have it in your company as much as possible. Pet it as much as you will, but not too often, to the point, which is often the case with well-meaning beginners, that you cause the dog to believe that there is something over which to be apprehensive. Overpetting often develops over-timidity to the cringing point, if done unwisely. The big thing in getting a dog over gunshyness is to prevent the dog from thinking ahead about anything that will frighten him and cause him to lose this tendency through unbridled attention to work.

The beginner will find at first that he himself is a more difficult subject to handle than the dog. Overeagerness to accomplish his task will be the annoying part, especially if he does not recognize it. Teach yourself to be patient and try to derive as much pleasure in controlling overeagerness as you do in shooting game in the fall, then you will be an unqualified success.

Some are prone to contend that you spend a great deal of time uselessly in the field with a dog, training without a gun, in the effort to produce in the dog an overwhelming desire to hunt all the time. This is not true. The animal is learning speed, range, independent hunting, and, above all, an immeasurable amount of bird sense which will serve you well in later days.

Begin taking your dog out afield without a gun; encourage him to get excited on game. Even though he chases rabbits, quails, pheasants or woodcock, do not get angry about it, but see to it that he craves it and wants to indulge in it more than anything else in the world. Excitement on game is what you are after for the time being, and sacrifice everything else to have the animal get it, even to the degree that he will metaphorically break his neck to provide further opportunities.

Cultivate the hunting spirit to the highest scale until that has entire possession of him. Up to the moment this is developed, no gun should be taken afield, nor any petting done to the animal if it happens to jump with fright at something. If you go unlimited into the caressing business, you are sure to delay progress. Pretend to pay no attention whatever to the prospect, and, if he has at all any amount of worthwhile hunt in him, he will get down to business on quails or other game birds more quickly by this treatment than by any other method.

When you see the dog becoming excited

One of the first litters sired by Ozark Ripley's great dog Winmospeck.

and then "busting" excitedly in on his game about the same time as he commences to draw to point, get an extra formidable grasp on yourself to control your bristling eagerness. Don't bring a gun in the field until this thing has been going on for at least fifteen days.

After fifteen days of this sort, you can bring a gun afield. Perhaps, at first, you may have to carry it concealed, as some animals acquire gunshyness from bombardments over them while young. I prefer using a shotgun because it is the very thing with which the animal will have to become reconciled and love. You can carry it taken down for a while if the youngster or old gunshy dog will not follow when he sees it in your hands. But assemble it as soon as the dog begins to range out and manifest a keen interest in hunting. After the dog has found one or two birds or rabbits that epochal day, he will show more nervous desire to hunt and finally, at the very instant the tail flashes in excited intoxication of the questing spirit and the dog pounces excitedly on the furry or feathered quarry, fire the gun, just once. Immediately deposit your gun in the grass where he will not see it. Let him hunt for a while still, but, before he gets his wire edge off, snap your lead to him, bringing him to where you dropped your gun, pick it up and lead him back to his quarters, no matter how much he struggles to indulge in further hunting. Keep up that wire edge keen for the following day. Retaining the dog on the lead all the way to its kennel while the gun is in your hands will familiarize him with the idea that a gun is harmless and it is not always going to go bang, bang, when it is in his master's possession.

What happened the first day you fired your gun must be your unremitting program for the next fifteen days without variations and always taking up your dog before the sharp hunting edge has worn off. Now, begin to fire twice, at long intervals, and at the same psychological moment. If you have been careful in the early part of the training, no matter how bad was the case of gunshyness with which your pupil was afflicted, he will show no fear of the gun. But, no matter how you are thrilled with results, for a long time do not be tempted to increase the number of times you fire daily nor hasten the lesson to completion in any manner whatever. Bide your time and your success is assured, if you control yourself for a month longer and always have your animal in wire edge condition for hunting when you take him afield. And, always, too, pursue this strict program, even when you think you can safely add to the number of times you fire. Discharge your gun only when the dog is at its most excited state on game. Before the beginning of the shooting season you will be pleased to realize the pupil will stand for all sorts of shooting and actually be craving it.

I have often been asked what advantage the method described above has over the one of keeping a dog on a lead and firing, thus showing him there is nothing to fear in the discharge of a shotgun. What has gone before obviously is the elucidation without any further words, but, in added explanation, I might state that, in this long treatment, no time is wasted, the dog is learning more and more bird sense every day, developing his instinct for finding birds as nature directs, infallibly, in a better manner than man can teach him, and, when the time comes to point staunchly, he will be a master of body-scent handling instead of one of these pitiful foot-trailing creatures that so many sportsmen are daily making out of good material. He will be possessed of stylish attributes in his work and unhacked.

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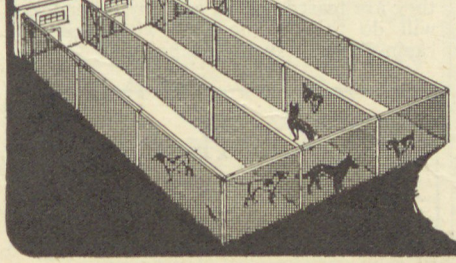

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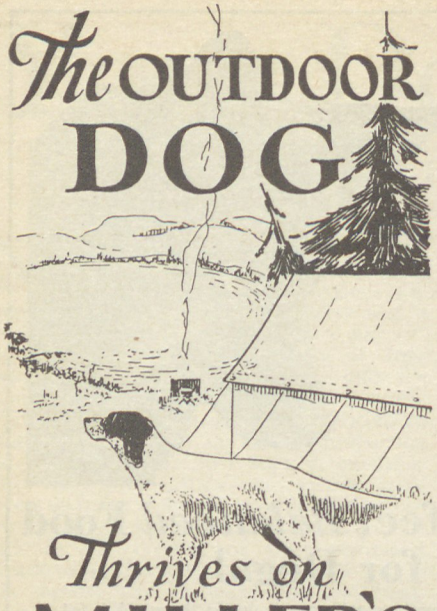

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Just one more piece of advice on the subject of handling a gunshy dog. The memory of bird dogs is remarkably keen. Dogs do not quickly forget topography and other matters associated with the cause of their affliction. Change hunting grounds as much as possible. Also, keep away from witnessing or engaging in your activities any harsh and loud-mouthed individual, for he will have a bad effect on your charge. Moreover, always be equipped and ready so that, no matter what happens to frighten your dog, you will be in immediate touch with it and it will not find an opportunity to return home, if it happens to take the notion.

Ferocity of Police Dogs Exaggerated

Somehow or other, false impressions about police dogs as pets have without reason gained headway. Without grounds for such an accusation, they have been charged with being unreliable as pets, vicious and ready to attack a human being without cause.

Probably this comes from the erroneous belief that they are thoroughly impregnated with wolf blood, and, for that reason, they must be as treacherous as their mythical forebears. On the contrary, they are kind, gentle, reliable and, like other domestic animals, usually their dispositions are exactly what their masters make them. Keep them chained away from human association, or continually on a lead, and, the same as other dogs, they will grow nervous and fretful. But they will never display a tendency to attack a human being unless they are teased into it, and any other breed will do this to the fool who rocks the canine boat in such a manner.

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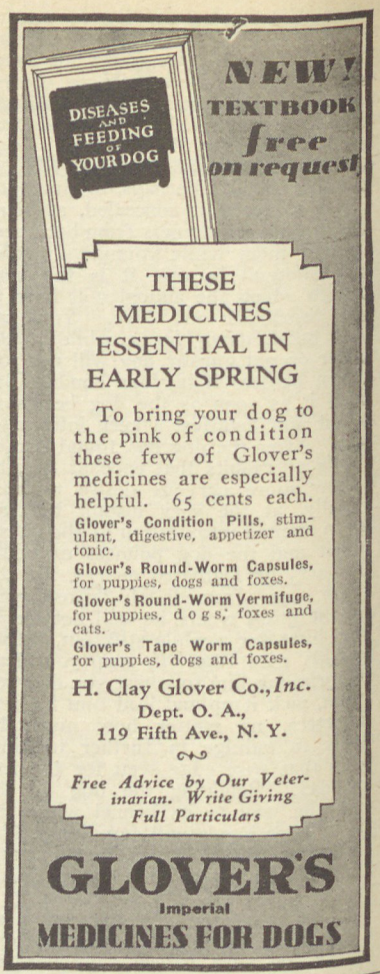

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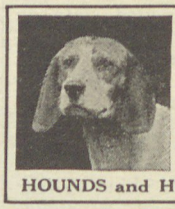

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TIME TO TRAIN?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am located in a territory where there are hundreds of Chinks and Huns and the season is open for a full thirty days in the Fall.

Last Spring I purchased an English Setter pup that was whelped in March. This pup came from excellent parents who are real hunters. I was only able to take the pup into the field twice last Fall, but have done quite a lot of yard work with him. He yard retrieves fine. Do you think that this year will be too late to start his real training?

Last Fall when I had him out he seemed to have a wonderful nose for game and got up quite a number of Chinks, but I was unable to hold him as he would run wild when they took wing. After scenting a bird he would immediately start working back and forth from left to right, and never failed to put up a bird after he started doing this. If he was headed into the wind and found a scent he would immediately change his course to where the bird was, but would not come to a stand or point. As I am anxious to get him to work properly this year what would you advise doing? Please give a "Green Horn" some advice.

A. F. COONRADT,
Moscow, Idaho.

Dear Mr. Coonradt:

Your setter will be at a better age for training this summer than earlier. It is a fallacy to believe that it is easier to handle young dogs than old ones. It would be well for you to provide yourself with one of the traino force collars and a lead, and get all the last issues of OUTDOOR AMERICA on different phases of training. They will provide you with more complete information than I can in a letter.

Be sure and hunt your youngster on Huns and Chinks against wind. Be sure also that you do not try to check him up into pointing too quickly. Let him try to solve the problem himself even though he flushes quite a number. Only begin checking him gradually. Then he will have speed and range, and will handle stylishly.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WILL NOT POINT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an English setter, whelped in July, 1926, which has been hunted two seasons on an average of three times a week for the past three months. He is an excellent retriever, a fast, wide, all day hunter in all kinds of cover that we have here—hunting five to seven hours a day for five days in succession making no perceptible change in him except a slight loss in weight—and he finds more quail than any other dog I have ever hunted with.

He has only one fault that keeps him from being a great gun dog, and that one makes him almost worthless. That is he will not point and hold birds. Sometimes when he gets to within fifteen to thirty feet from the birds he holds his head erect, cocks his ears up and stops for ten or fifteen seconds then moves up a few steps and stops again for a few seconds, all the while wagging his tail vigorously and looking around watching for the birds to get up. This he continues until the birds fly, then he generally chases them.

At other times he crouches and attempts to sneak up to the birds, while wagging his tail just a little, or none at all.

At still other times—this is generally when he is very close to the game, from three to ten feet from it—he stiffens into a perfect point, which he holds as long as a half minute sometimes, then dives in an attempt to catch the birds.

Among the first birds that he ever retrieved were two or three cripples which he ran down and caught. He seems never to have gotten rid of the belief that he can catch the birds.

What would you do with this dog?

A seven-year-old pointer bitch bore puppies on January 27, 1929. Would you advise breeding her the next time she comes in season, which should be some time during next April? Would that injure her in any way?

H. C. LINS,
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Mr. Lins:

Quite often we have dogs just like yours, very high strung and intensely nervous on birds, who seem to get wheels in their heads when they hit body scent, and then go crazy. You will have to select open country as much as you can with this fellow, and above all hunt him for a long while as much as possible

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Wm. J. Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

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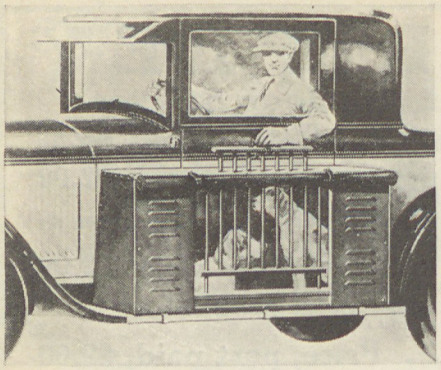

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against wind. Teach him what steadying means—not just one day but for a half hour each day for thirty days with a spike traino collar on him and a lead, encouraging him to walk or run ahead of you, then saying "steady," and keeping him still a full minute until he responds automatically to the command.

Let him get to handling by body scent alone, which he will do, if you work him eternally against wind, and always yourself come up to the dog in front of him when he starts to draw on point. As he learns body scenting handling he will not point so far off. Work him with a force collar and teach him thoroughly to back another dog. Don't release him for some time. But when he makes any attempt to break, press your foot on his forepaw. Don't expect him to become steady in a few days. Naturally a part of his trouble is nerves. No matter what you try if you only do it a few times you will not be able to cure his faults. When warm weather comes in summer time after bevies are of some size work him late in the afternoon in the highest weeds possible until you show him that you can get to him any time you want, and he can not escape you.

OZARK RIPLEY.

EXTREME TIMIDITY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have a female English Springer that we have had since last September. She is about fifteen months old.

She is very timid, barks at the least noise, and is afraid of most people. We keep her in the basement at the house, and she stays in her bed most of the time unless we are down there, or when she is outside. She will not stay out any length of time. Sometimes she will come when we call her and sometimes not, just stays there and whines. We have never scolded nor beaten her.

Do you think she will get over this timidness, and could you tell us what to do to help her? We had her bred and she had pups in December, but she would not take care of them.

C. R. BIXLER,
River Falls, Wis.

Dear Mr. Bixler:

You must make a companion out of this dog as much as possible. Keep her in a yard where she cannot retreat whenever she wants. Be kind, but do not overdo the matter of petting her. Be near her a great deal, but act as if you paid no attention to her frailty, and above all when she runs away to hide or cringe, don't notice, but go on as if you did not observe it at all. When she comes to you of her own accord you may indulge in as much petting as you wish, but forcing it on her will make her feel that she has something to fear. When you take her out for exercise, take her alone. If she will not follow use a lead on her for a good while. I think she will come around OK.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A WORM COUGH

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a seven-year-old beagle who developed a cough about four weeks ago; he will start with a husky cough, choke, and gag, you'd think he was about to throw up, but never raises anything, after each spell he will be all right for a short time.

At first I thought he had something in his throat, but I couldn't find a thing wrong, so I came to the conclusion it was worms. I wormed him, but it didn't help. His appetite is good and apparently he feels O.K. Our local physician, who is quite a dog man, says it couldn't be worms at his age, but I still believe it is.

Would you please give me your opinion and advise what to do?

CHAS. F. FLETCHER,
Tupper Lake, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

Old dogs suffer from worms, as well as young dogs. I think your dog has a worm cough, or thickening of membranes. If the cough does not yield to a treatment of a teaspoonful of pine tar and honey mixed, twice a day, watch carefully for worms and treat.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A RAT TERRIER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a little Rat Terrier about one year old. I would like to know how to make a good hunting dog of him. He is very fond of running birds and other small game.

MONROE HOBBS,
Victoria, Texas.

Dear Mr. Hobbs:

In regard to rat terriers, you will find about the only service they can provide in a hunting way will be for rabbits and squirrels. Take yours out just as much as possible where there is game and he will pick up the hunting himself if given sufficient opportunities. The more chance you give your dog on game the quicker will he develop into a hunter. While a rat terrier will start and drive rabbits, if your dog does not hold to trail like a hound do not be disappointed, as this trait is not an instinct of the breed.

OZARK RIPLEY.

AGAINST SPAYING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a female pointer pup, seven months old which I wish to have unsexed, on account of having no place to confine her while in heat.

I am opposed to having her unsexed without giving her an anesthetic, but am advised by one of the local dog men that they never gain their full sense of smell after chloroform has been administered. Will appreciate your expert advice on this subject as soon as possible.

W. T. SLAUGHTER,
Gordonsville, Va.

Dear Mr. Slaughter:

I am very much against unsexing bitches that are to be used for hunting. The operations are usually successful, but I feel in my own mind that it causes more dogs to lose the hunting instinct than using an anesthetic during the operation.

Personally I have operated on dogs for dental troubles and internal troubles after using chloroform, and in a short while their scenting abilities were as good as ever.

OZARK RIPLEY.

GUN-SHY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pedigreed Springer Spaniel ten months of age. He is eager to hunt, but I find him very gun-shy. When two or three months of age he paid little or no attention to the report of a gun, but he has developed a bad case of gun-shyness. He will crawl into, or under anything offering any seclusion whatever. He is very intelligent and I am most desirous of his overcoming this trouble.

THOMAS FRYE,
Findlay, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Frye:

Your dog, like many others, is troubled with gun-shyness because too much shooting was done around it before its hunting instinct and intense love for hunting was developed. Even now it is only ten months old, when little should be expected of it.

You will now have to hunt this dog for quite a while in the field on game without a gun, until it thinks of nothing but finding game. This desire must dominate it before you think of doing any shooting. By next September if you are sure it is crazy about finding game you can shoot once around it, only when it is in its most excited period on game, then gradually increase shooting only as you see it pays no attention. It is not so hard to cure gun-shyness as to curtail a man's desire to shoot over a young dog too much at first.

OZARK RIPLEY.

RETRIEVING—BREEDING—ECZEMA

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I read in the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA your article on retrieving. I have a pedigreed female English Setter, two years old in January. She is very clever and easy to teach, although if she does not want to do a thing, she is as obstinate as a mule. When I got her September 1, 1927, she was as wild as a hawk, had never been out of the kennels and was scared even of a leash, but I have spent considerable time with her, and have taught her a great deal. Soon after I got her I discovered if I threw a ball she would chase it and bring it to me, and I figured she would make a fine retriever. One day, however, I threw it and she got it and brought it to me and I threw it again, but she would not go after it, so very foolishly I whipped her, and since that time I cannot make her go and get any object.

How would you go about training her to pick up the object? Would you use a choke collar as outlined in your article?

What do you think of breeding such a dog? She is small, about 35 pounds.

She also has at times a sort of eczema on her leg, especially after being in heat, which she will bite until it is sore, and the only way I can heal it is to put on a bandage with some salve, and bind it with adhesive for a couple of weeks. Any suggestions?

G. A. STICKNEY,
Nashua, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Stickney:

You can teach your dog retrieving just as you read in the recent issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. But you will have to begin all over again, just as though she did not yet know a thing about retrieving, step by step as the article teaches, and then to the matter of picking up, which if you follow instructions the dog will ultimately do at command. You will be teaching to retrieve at command only, and it is not much trouble, but you ought to provide yourself with a traino collar as it will be of great aid. Do not at any time let her willingness to perform certain parts of the lessons stop you from going through it all mechanically, and over and over again just as laid out.

It will be all right to breed the dog. The mating I am enclosing ought to bring you great results as he is one of the most marvelous dogs I have seen since Tony Boy. Just recently I finished a five days steady hunt with him in Georgia.

For eruptions: paint all over with coal oil. Then rub in well with resinol ointment, and keep on a bandage. I prefer cloth to adhesive tape.

OZARK RIPLEY.

EDUCATIONAL TROUBLES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have recently read your book, "Bird Dog Training Made Easy," and the book appealed to me very much. I was especially impressed with the kind treatment which you recommend in the training process.

I have been a lover of fine bird dogs all my life and formerly trained my own dogs. The nature of my work now is such that I cannot give the necessary time to do this. I am therefore forced with the problem of choosing a trainer for three extra fine nine months old English setter puppies.

Being a lover of dogs, I am sure you realize just how anxious I am to make no mistake.

I have had the problem of choosing the institution for training of both of my daughters, and I believe I am having more trouble in finding a good place for training my pups than selecting a University for my girls.

Sincerely,
C. A. JAY,
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Mr. Jay:

Chesley Harris, Hainesville, Alabama, James Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., or Roy P. Garr, Brownsville, Tenn., are men who have both ability and facility to develop field trial dogs and are perfect masters of the game.

If you sent your dogs to any of them, at the present age, they would have to have from one to two months to try them out thoroughly to see if they were field trial prospects. From breeding no one can tell this in advance and the process of developing a field trial dog is somewhat different from that of a shooting dog. While I handled professionally for nearly thirty years, I no longer can afford to do it.

Jim Avent, at Hickory Valley, Tenn., is one of the greatest field trial trainers living. I consider his judgment on the subject not to be equalled by any man on the American continent. Write him fully about your dogs—you may mention my name if you wish—and rest assured that, after he has tried them out and they are not good prospects, he will frankly tell you so.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

HOPELESSLY GUN SHY?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an English setter bitch eleven months old that is gun shy. I have fired only one shot over her and that was with a 410 gauge gun. She is unusually timid. She refuses to hunt at all; when put down she lays on her belly and refuses to move a step.

Do you think there is a cure for this or do you think I would be wasting my time with her?

I have thought of the trap shooting method but I am afraid it would only accentuate her fear since she is so timid.

Your advice will be appreciated.

Respectfully,
D. S. EVANS,
Enid, Okla.

Dear Mr. Evans:

It is always a risky thing to attempt to shoot over a high strung dog before it is thoroughly interested in game.

Although at present your bitch shows no inclination to hunt, she might cut loose most any time and show herself a very good prospect. Of course if she is not bred right there is nothing to encourage you in spending time on her. But she is young yet. Take her out in game country as often as you can. Do not pay any attention to her, do not try to encourage her to hunt. It will be good to take her with a dog that has had lots of hunting, but if you have to talk loud to him or are going to attempt to shoot give up the idea. If the stuff is in her it will ultimately come out OK. I have seen many timid ones of this type make good.

If she starts hunting well do not commence shooting over her until you see she loves the sport excitedly. Only begin shooting when you see her very active on game. Don't be in a hurry even when she pays no attention to gun fire, and do not shoot again for a day or two. Do everything gradually, and I think she will come out all right.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RABBIT CHASING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Recently I had given to me a brown retriever with a strain of Chesapeake. The dog is a year and nine months old and did wonderful work retrieving ducks last Fall, but has one bad habit that the former owner did not correct. If he runs onto a rabbit he will chase it. Please advise me the best way to break him of this habit.

Yours truly,
W. H. COOPER,
Brandon, Man.

Dear Mr. Cooper:

Kill a rabbit in sight of your dog and make him carry it on his collar for two days, and he will give up rabbit chasing.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

FRIGHT DISEASE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pedigreed Beagle one year old that has a disease, and I would like to know what it is.

When I start out in the field with him he gets behind me, and I cannot coax him to range out more than twenty feet from me. I take him out with trained beagles, and when they run a rabbit he is not interested at all. Now and then he starts howling, and runs back and forth in front of me as if very much scared at something. I call him and he does not seem to hear me.

The last time I took him out we had gone about four miles in the car when he started to howl. He jumped on the back seat and had a fit seeming to have no control of his kidneys. Later in the field he had two more howling spells in about an hour.

Some tell me this trouble is caused by worms, but I have given him enough worm medicine to worm an elephant.

I read one of your articles about Dumb Rabies. Perhaps this is his trouble, as he certainly acts dumb enough.

L. T. GRIFFITH.
Alliance, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Griffith:

Your dog is suffering from the well known malady called fright disease, or running fits most likely caused by hook worms.

Put him on a meat diet for a month and worm him with carbon tetrachlorythelene. Special capsules are put up for all sized dogs. You can hardly see hook worms with the naked eye.

This is the only treatment that will clean out hook worms.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TRAINING AND REGISTRATION

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have acquired an English Setter pup, which is about nine months old. He was hunted with very little during the past season, and although he gives excellent promise, he is as yet untrained. A friend told me that he would be very hard to train for next season as pups over a year old were too old to train well. I had previously thought that about 18 months was the right training age. Do you think the pup will be too old for successful training for next season? Will any extraordinary methods be required of his age?

I would also like some information as to registering this pup if possible. Could you tell me where and to whom I can write for information on this subject?

Very truly yours,
THOMAS HARPER,
Greenwood, Ark.

Dear Mr. Harper:

No, your dog will be at a better age to train next season than at nine months old without any extraordinary methods and he will remember the lessons better than when a puppy.

Get blank free from Field Dog Stud, 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. Register both the sire and youngster. You have to have breeding certificates signed by owner or agent of dam and sire. Price of each registration one dollar.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RUNNING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a hound dog puppy six months old that is subject to fits whenever I take him into the woods. Seems to be all right around home and acts bright and eager to hunt for about two to three hours after going into the woods, then he acts scared and will run for about one hundred yards, curl up under a hush and tremble. Sometimes he barks while running but more often he doesn't. He eats well, coat is slick, and the dog is full of pep. Is there anything I can do besides shoot him as several of my friends advise?

Very truly yours,
EDWARD F. MOORE.
Hanover, N. H.

Dear Mr. Moore:

Your dog has running fits, doubtless caused by the presence of hook worms.

Get from Harrison Chemical Co., Quincy, Ill., Tetrachlorythelene capsules and treat him with them. Also for a month or so keep him on a diet of fresh meat. Chances of curing him are good.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

SIXTH ANNUAL DOG SHOW
Springfield Kennel Club, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.
MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM
APRIL 27, 1929

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1929.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chas. P. Catlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Outdoor America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph, Chicago.
Editor, Marguerite Ives, 541-555 W. Randolph, Chicago.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Chas. P. Catlin.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, 541-555 W. Randolph, Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Chas. P. Catlin, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1929.

[SEAL.] Clyde C. Posvic, Notary Public.
(My commission expires August 23, 1931.)

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

READ THEM TO GET VALUES! **USE THEM TO GET RESULTS!**

One hundred and thirty thousand (130,000) outdoor enthusiasts and their families will be reached by your classified advertisement in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Three ads for price of two! The lowest rate per word per thousand circulation offered by any A. B. C. outdoor publication. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department — THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA — 549 W. RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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SALESMAN wanted to represent half million dollar manufacturer. No cash required. Big sample outfit free. Sell paints, varnishes and roofing with money back guarantee, direct from factory to user. We give exclusive territories in which our men can earn $4,000.00 to $10,000 a year. Permanent position. Manufacturer, Box 797, Dept. 30, Kansas City, Mo. (2-5)

$50.00 WEEKLY. Men wanted to demonstrate and take ten orders daily direct from motorists. Amazing Magnetic Trouble Light. Sticks anywhere! More orders, bigger pay. Write for demonstrator and particulars. Magno, Beacon Bldg., Dept. 753, Boston, Mass. (6-8)

MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs near 5 cents per square foot; you charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating autoparts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details Free. Write Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-5)

MAKE $10 every day introducing New Automatic Window Washer. Amazing invention. Send for FREE sample offer. National Industries, 67 E. Lake, Dept. 794, Chicago. (2-5)

Archery

LAST year amateurs using our tackle exceeded three national records and won eight silver cups. Yew bows or bow staves eagle feathers. Portorford Cedar Dowells. Beginner's complete outfit, $10.50. Information free. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-7)

YEW Bows-tackle-materials. Reasonably priced. Satisfaction guaranteed. Olympic Yew Archery Shop, Port Angeles, Wash. (3-7)

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SAVE Money on auto and truck repairs. Gears, axles, bearings, motor and transmission parts at 50 to 75% off factory list prices. Satisfactory parts guaranteed. Prompt service. Price lists free. Century Parts Co., 1711 Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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RARE binocular, field glass, telescope bargains. Slightly used, $1.75 up; 8x prism binoculars, $9.00; Busch, DuMaurier, Lemaire, Colmont, Megaphos, Schutz, etc., 3 to 24 power; world's largest assortment. Catalog free. DuMaurier Importers, Dept. 105, Elmira, New York. (3-7)

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BUILD your own row boat; blue print and bill of materials of the famous U-Build sectional row boat sent for three dollars. It fits on running board of automobile, weighs only seventy pounds. U-Build Mfg. Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-5)

CLOSE out on Caille Outboard Motors. 1 Liberty Single, 1 Liberty Twin, 1 Model 10, 1 Model 20, 2 Model 30 and 2 Model 30 Demonstrators. F. W. Taylor, 8 So. Hudson, Oklahoma City, Okla. (3-5)

LATE 27 Elto Service Twin. Canvas carrying case. Used 1 week vacation only. Careful storage since. Price $95.00. See it Convention week. Lee H. Kiel, Hotel Sherman, Chicago. (3-7)

SUNFLOWER Boat Works. Manufacturers of Launches, Boats for Outboard Motors and Row Boats. Lake Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

MOTOR boat engines, reverse gears and propellers. Salter Machine Works, Centropolis, Kansas City, Mo. (3-7)

WE buy, sell, trade, outboard motors. New, used. E. Byrnes & Co., Robinson, Ill. (3-7)

Books and Publications

LEARN trick shooting. Copy of "Secrets of Trick Shooting" $1.00. Vincent Mac-Lean, 97 Parkview, Bangor, Maine. (3-6)

SUBSCRIPTION Free, three months. The Western Miner, 2567 W. 37th, Denver, Colo. (4-7)

Camps and Cottages

MAKE Grand View Resort on beautiful Lake Vermilion in the heart of the Arrow-head Country in Northern Minnesota your 1929 vacation land; where home-cooked meals of the very best food the market affords are served. Comfortable beds. Take a wilderness canoe trip into the heart of the Superior National Forest. An ideal place for Waltonians and their families. Boys' camp in connection. For further information write for free folder to Dr. Edmond H. Miller, Proprietor, Tower, Minn., from June 1st to Dec. 1st or to 1001 So. 5th Ave., Maywood, Ill., from Dec. 1st to June 1st. (3-7)

JOIN Adirondack Camping Club. Secure the happiest, healthiest and most economical recreation of your life in America's Summer Paradise; rest in protected woods, enjoy fishing, water and camp sports. Membership limited and select. Alice M. Parnell, Secy., 72 Lexington Ave., Somerville, Mass. Write at once.

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$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

ANTIQUES, guns, pistols, ancient Indian relics; Miscellaneous relics. New list for stamp. G. R. Moore, "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-5)

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27c. $½-size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

50,000 COINS, medals, bills, antique pistols, swords, daggers, Indian relics, curios. Catalogue free. Nagy, A No. 8 South 18th, Philadelphia.

Decoys

WILD Duck Eggs: I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-5)

PURE bred English Call Duck Eggs. $2.75 per 15. John Reed, 702½ Cen. Avenue, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

SMALL type English Call Duck Eggs. $3.00 per dozen. George Robinett, R. R. No. 4, Parsons, Kansas. (3-7)

SMALL English Callers. Highest quality. $3.50 setting, postpaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Missouri. (3-7)

ENGLISH Call eggs, 12, postpaid $2.25. Gale Ford, Wilton Jct., Iowa. (3-6)

Dogs

Airedales

OORANG Airedales are noted for their intelligence, loyalty, and dependability. They have no equals as combination watch-dogs, companions, silent trailers, tree-barkers and retrievers from land and water. Don't buy just Airedale when you can obtain a genuine Oorang Airedale puppy at $25.00 to $35.00 with satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Walter Lingo, Box 893, Louisville, Kentucky.

CLASSY, pedigreed, Airedale male puppies, $15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgway, Ohio. (3-7)

Dogs

Beagles

OUR Beagles best by test. Get our sale list. Masterly Beagles, Johnson Creek, Wis. (3-7)

REGISTERED Beagles and pups. Prices right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis.

Bull Dogs

ENGLISH Bull Puppies, registered. Catalogue 10 cts. Challenger Kennels, Box 1009, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-7)

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull Pups, $15. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-8)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-5)

Hounds

HUNTERS take notice. I have for sale the best hunting hounds money will buy. Trained and ready to go. All full blooded hounds. No trash. Every dog tested before shipped. Catalogue, photo free. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (10x28)

JOE, my 2 year old blacktan and English coonhound, long ears, good voice, treeing fine in 8 catches last season. First $20.00 money order gets him. B. W. Miller, Lynn Grove, Ky. (2-6)

HUNTING hounds cheap; trial; literature free. Dixie Kennels, Herrick, Ill. (3-5)

RUSSIAN Wolfhound Puppies. High class registered strains. E. B. Kulbeck, Havre, Mont. (3-7)

FOXHOUNDS: Bear, cat, coyote trained. Puppies $7.50. Yamacasa Farm, Sheridan, Oregon.

Labradors

CLASSY Labrador puppies. Wonderful retrievers. G. A. Bertsch, Glasgow, Montana. (3-6)

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

50 BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, broken choice puppies. Trial. Michael Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (6-9)

BEAUTIFUL Chow Puppies. A real one man dog. C. L. Ross, Iron, Minnesota. (3-5)

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-5)

SPITZ Pups, pure white, $10 and up. A. M. Long, Marshall, Mo.

Newfoundlands

REGISTERED male Newfoundland $25.00. Will trade for Police female. Lieblein, Dodge, North Dakota.

Pointers and Setters

OAK GROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale high class pointers and setters, trained dogs and puppies. The very best of bloodlines. Trial. Catalogue ten cents. (5x29)

FOR Sale. Eight highly bred pedigreed pointer pups four months old, price $65.00 each. P. L. Blum, 310 Park Ave., Marshfield, Wis.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BARGAINS: Champion Irish Setter Stud dog, also prize winning Gordon bitch in whelp; also puppies. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-7)

AMERICA'S best Irish Setters. Finest puppies. Write for pedigree, photo, description, prices. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-6)

CHOICE English Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers and Cocker Spaniels. All ages, list free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-6)

DARK Red Irish Setters. Dec. Puppies. Grandchildren of Ch. Bran of Boyne $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-6)

POINTER Pups, fifth generation own proven hunting blood. Registered, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-5)

Police Dogs

70 POLICE Puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $60.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (4-6)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Pups for sale. Very high class sired by Int. Ch. Claus Von Sigalsburg, dams are champion bred. Priced from $75.00 up. W. L. Haley, % Haley-Neely, Sioux City, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed police pups. Grown dogs. Bred and open females. Write, Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, No. Dak. (3-6)

GERMAN Police Mother Dog, Strongheart blood, 3 years old. A good dog to raise puppies. Arthur Kahler, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-7)

Spaniels

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

REAL Springer Spaniels. Stud dog Trouncer of Avandale Sire Imported Champion Springbok Ware. Dam imported champion Matford Patty. At stud until sold. Brood bitches and young stock for sale. Platte River Kennels, Rogers, Nebr. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Colinette Lass. Sire, Field Trial Champion Prince of Avandale. Dam, Field Trial Champion Colinette of Ware. Also another female sired by imported Rivington Roysterer. V. Carlson, Hoopeston, Ill.

SPRINGER Spaniel pups and grown stock of the world's choicest breeding. Some trained and partly trained. Quality and price will please you. State your wants. Kestersons Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-7)

SPRINGERS for sale: Two black and white dogs. Experienced duck retrievers, 2 years old. Can win on bench. Also young dogs ready for training. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

IRISH Water Spaniels, 4 months, also American Spaniel Pups. All stock registered and guaranteed. $20.00 and $12.50. Chas. Kasl, Wilber, Nebr.

SPRINGERS. At stud. Champion Southwick Don and Champion Jamson of Ware. For sale: Puppies and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Registered). Canal Fulton, O. (6-8)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15.00. Females, $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

COCKER Spaniels, handsome youngsters, parents excellent hunters, registered. $25.00 up. Pellor Farm, North East, Pa. (2-6)

FOR Sale: Black Cocker Spaniel puppies, Grand Sire Champion Rockotella, $20.00 and up. Bluebell Kennels, Roscoe, Ill. (3-6)

IRISH Spaniel puppies from experienced workers. Shipped on approval. Will T. Moline, Manson, Iowa.

IRISH Water Spaniels all ages. Buy at your own prices. Write for details. Montasula Kennels, Missoula, Mont. (3-7)

REGISTERED Springer Spaniels, females, 4 months old. Condition fine. Fifteen dollars each. Rimrock Kennels, Des Moines, Iowa.

SPRINGERS: Trained and untrained dogs and puppies. Horsford's strain. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (3-7)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER puppies and a few older Irish Water Spaniels. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn. (3-5)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies sired by "Brand of Avandale." Dr. Wm. Blymire, Dallastown, Pa. (3-5)

St. Bernards

ST. BERNARD Puppies!! Championbred parentage, priced reasonable, duty free. Photos submitted. Helvetia Kennels, Dept. M, Napierville, Que. (3-6)

IMPORTED and prize ancestry. 3 sires over 200 lbs. 2 generations. "Aristocrats of Dogdom." Charley Wiggins, Scottsbluff, Nebr. (3-6)

Terriers

IRISH Terriers. Red pedigreed puppies best types, bloodlines, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terriers: Fine pups from champion bred stock at nominal prices. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-5)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

DOG mange cured in twenty-four hours; one application; guaranteed. Cures the worst cases. $2.00 postpaid. Kirk White, Cooperstown, New York. (3-7)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

Training and Boarding Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for training. Thirty-four years' experience developing shooting dogs on grouse, quail and pheasant. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-6)

Firearms, Ammunition and Supplies

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles. Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in United States. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38A South Street, Boston, Mass. (3-5)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, New Prague, Minn. (3-7)

THE Ovr Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass. (3-5)

GUN stock blanks beautifully grained from $6.00 to $20.00. Ordinary $2.00. Delivered free. Mitchell Bosly, 75 Bath Street, Birmingham, England. (11-12)

ANTIQUE Firearms. Write for price list. Dexter, 910 Jefferson, Topeka, Kansas. (3-5)

$150.00 D. H. E. PARKER 12, fine condition. $75.00. Hugh Mallett, Bradford, Ill.

Fish and Game Attractions

FOODS attract ducks—game—fish. Plant water plants—wild grains—berry-bearing shrubs—60 kinds. Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 33 years' successful experience. Planting helps—folder free. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 91L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

NATURAL food for ducks, fish, muskrats. Wild rice, sago pond plant, wild celery, wapato for spring planting. Literature. Hamilton's Aquatic Farms, Box 14, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. (3-7)

DUCK foods that are good the year round. Plants or seeds. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C. (3-5)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

TACKLE Bargains: 25c Trout Dry Flies, eyed or gut, dozen $1.00. 50c Tapered Leader, 7½ ft., 3 for $1.00. 10c Trout Flies, assortment of 20, $1.00. 25c Bass Flies, assortment of 8, $1.00. $1.00 Casting Plugs, 3 for $1.25. $1.00 Heddon Luny Frog, 2 sizes, for $1.35. $1.00 Heddon, Ace, King, Queen, 3 for $2.00. Catalogue free with purchase. Satisfaction or money back. Fisherman Supply Co., Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (5-9)

"BEST Yet" Catfish Bait, a little better than the best, for throw lines and pole fishing. A liver bait and stays on the hook. The product of W. W. Hughes. One jar 60 cents, two jars $1.00 prepaid. Hughes Bait Company, Niobrara, Nebraska. (5-7)

BELT Tackle Bag: Fine leather. Hand made. Compact, Light, Serviceable. What you need, when you need it. Right on your belt. Write for illustrated information. You will be interested. James Hawes, Henryetta, Okla. (3-5)

EXPERT pocket gaff hook. Carried in the pocket. One hand to operate. Ideal for game fish. Guaranteed sturdy and satisfactory. Circular on request. Postpaid $2.00. F. C. Woods & Co., 15776 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. (3-7)

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. New goods. This season's manufacture. Try us. We sell direct to consumer. Inclose stamp for sample card and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K., Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

AIR Fed Minnow Buckets keep your bait lively for many days by replacing oxygen automatically supplied. Catalog free. Air-Fed Mfg. Co., Box C-3, Quincy, Illinois. (3-6)

FISHERMEN: Write Graham Reel Company for literature on the only perfect Anti-Backlash Casting Reel. Graham Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-7)

HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-6)

SUCCESSFUL Fishermen's recipe for favorite fish bait. Easily prepared, 25c. Henry Bergman, Box 5, Springfield, Missouri. (3-7)

TROUT Flies: They're different. Game cock hackles. Send 25c for 2 flies and circular. Made for fishermen by a fisherman. Don Finley, 9 Schantz St., Warren, Pa.

SPRING casting rod holder for still fishing or trolling "Catches the fish." Only $1.00. Dealers wanted. Circulars. Graham, Windfall, Indiana. (3-6)

Flower Bulbs

FLOWERS beautify your home or summer cabin. Dahlias are easily grown anywhere. Twelve bulbs, choice named varieties, labeled, $2.98 postpaid. Order today. Payne Farms, Dept. O, Shawnee, Kansas. (3-5)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock, fresh from Maine Forest, twenty 5c packages $1, postpaid. Eastern Gum Co., Monson, Me. (3-5)

PURE Maple Syrup, $3.75 per gal. postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

For Sale or Exchange

FOR Sale or Exchange: Have large number standard makes of electric, oil, coal chick brooders, one 1800 egg incubator. Want outboard motors, camp equipment. G. R. Turner, Bank of Campbellsville, Campbellsville, Ky.

OFFER 150 rifles, all kinds to trade for shot guns, trap guns, mounted game rugs, diamonds. What have you? Satisfaction guaranteed. State Bank Bldg., Granville, Illinois. (3-5)

MASSIVE stocks musical instruments, wrist watches, classy radios. Want guns, anything good. Guarantee Deal. Dept. A, State Bank Building, Granville, Ill. (3-5)

GUNS, rifles, revolvers, outboard motors, cameras, binoculars, musical instruments, stamps; anything of value bought, sold and exchanged. Wanger's, 522 A Market St., Phila., Pa. (3-6)

Foxes

FOR Sale: Wild live Red Fox pups for restocking hunting grounds, pets and breeding stock. Live delivery guaranteed. Write, Henry Hainline, Creston, Iowa. (3-7)

BLUE Foxes. $150.00 per pair. Pioneer Fox Farm, Imbler, Oregon.

Game, Birds and Animals

PHEASANT eggs and chix. Now booking orders. Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolors, Melanotus, Swinhoe and Manchurians. America's finest bred production stock. Large, fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Valuable information and full instructions free. Stamps appreciated. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (2-5)

PHEASANT Eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver: all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-5)

MUSKRATS for spring shipment. Guaranteed live delivery to all points United States. Large, dark, prolific breeders, ranched under conditions insuring healthy animals; heavily furred, sex guaranteed. $11.00 pair, Terms half cash, balance on arrival of muskrats. Berglund Fur Farms, 608 Nicollet, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR sale live catch muskrat trap and dark Hudson seal muskrats, pen and ranch raised. Sex and live delivery are guaranteed. Write for our prices before placing your order. Write for literature on our trap and let our trial offer convince you what it will do. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minnesota. (2-5)

MINK our specialty, booking orders for July, August, and September delivery. High grade stock, low prices. Also dark northern raccoon, black skunk, Silver, cross and red foxes. Book on mink raising $1.00 postpaid. Write us your wants. Rice Lake Fur Ranch, Wells, Minnesota. (6-9)

95% FERTILITY Guaranteed in our pheasant eggs because we pack them so they cannot be jarred. Write for free bulletin. Send 10c for "Small and Large-Scale Pheasant Breeding," only booklet containing complete plans of coops and pens. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wisconsin.

BREEDING stock for sale: Genuine big black silver tipped fox rabbits, from the original herds. Reliable and largest breeders of fox fur rabbits, also French chinchillas. Quality Fur Farms, Route 1, Box 36, Greenbay, Wis. (3-6)

BLUE and silver foxes, also mink, all registered. Insured delivery and sixty days thereafter. Feed and supplies. Illustrated booklet. Agents wanted. Bank references 25 years. Cleary Bros. Fox Farms, Seattle, Wash. (3-7)

FINEST quality eastern mink. Write for prices and terms for fall delivery 1929. Successful Mink Raising, illustrated book of practical information mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-6)

QUALITY Fur Farm's original breeders black silver tipped fox fur rabbits (Silver Foxes' Rival) hard to get. Giant chinchillas, mastodontic, registered and pedigreed. Route 1, Box 36, Green Bay, Wis. (3-7)

PHEASANT Eggs—Ringnecked, Golden, Amherst, Silver, Reeves. Order at once to insure delivery. White Silkie, Buff Cochin and Black Tailed Japanese Bantam and Wild Mallard Eggs. Twin Spring Farm, Penllyn, Penna. (5-7)

FOR Sale: Pheasants, English Call Ducks, and Jap Silkie Bantams eggs. Wild Geese, Snows, Blues, Canadas and Hutchins. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Mink, large, dark northern Minnesota, pen raised. Silver and cross foxes, chinchilla rabbits, skunks. Melrose Fox Farm, Melrose, Minn. (3-7)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

MUSKRATS; Mink; Chinchilla Rabbits; breeding stock; priced right; sex and live delivery guaranteed. Columbine Muskrat and Fur Co., Box 1541, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

MUSKRATS, black, silver, golden, hudson seal. Bulletin 8 free, bulletin 5 one dollar. Feed chart for pen raising method $2.00. Pete Wilson, Chadron, Nebr. (3-5)

MUSKRATS, black, silver, golden, hudson seal. "Chestnut Brown" Breeds. Ask about our breeding proposition with guaranteed results. Buffham Brothers, Lake Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin. (3-7)

CHINCHILLA Rabbits—all ages, from imported and domestic raised stock. Moose Trail Fur Farms, Hackensack, Minnesota. (3-5)

90 VARIETIES hair animals and feather birds. Lowest prices. Description 60 page book 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-9)

MINK: Extra fine quality. Taking orders for 1929 young. North Star Mink Ranch, Kenyon, Minnesota. (3-7)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-7)

PEAFOWL, Pheasants, Bantams, Wild Geese, Ducks, Birds. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-7)

PHEASANTS—Ringneck and Golden. Also Japanese Silkies. Eggs and stock. Ewry Poultry Farm, R. 1, Portland, Ind.

RINGNECK and Fancy Pheasant Eggs. Prices reasonable. Sandberg Pheasantry, 1302 Carson Ave., La Junta, Colo. (5-6)

SELECTED Victor Muskrats. Free instructions to customers. Victor Ranch, Box 495, Peoria, Illinois. (3-6)

SUPER-ALASKAN and fine dark northern minks for immediate delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (1x29)

WISCONSIN Muskrats a specialty. Excellent breeders. Young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Taylor County, Wisconsin. (3-5)

FERRETS for rats, other vermin or breeding. $6.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

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RINGNECK Pheasant eggs spring delivery. Highland Pheasantry, Troy, Ohio.

SILVER foxes, red fox, fur rabbits, fur sheep, for sale. Fur Farms, Cathay, No. Dak. (3-7)

Help Wanted, Instructions

WONDERFUL Jobs with U. S. Government for Men—Women, 18-55. $125-$250 month. About 40,000 openings yearly. Are you eligible? We advise you free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (4x29)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

FOREST Rangers; Park Rangers; start $1620 year; vacation; steady jobs. Patrol forests; protect game. Qualify now. Details free. Write Bradley Inst., B-21, Denver, Colo. (5-8)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1515 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

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SWISS Toggenburg. Produce gallon of better milk per day for 2 cents qt. Charley Wiggins, Scottsbluff, Nebr. (3-6)

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GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue and sample trap tag. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 15-E, Chester, Pa.

SNARES—The famous Kleflock Steel Snares the choice of expert trappers. More humane than traps. For fox 45c each, $3.75 per doz.; for wolf 50c each, $4.00 per doz.; for timber wolf and small bear 65c each, $5.00 per doz. Illustrated setting instructions with each order. Kleffman Lock Snare Co., Dept. F., Hibbing, Minnesota. (3-5)

FREE: Full size cake "Antiseptine," the modern medicated soap. Prevents Ivy-poisoning, wonderfully healing, toilet, bath, shampoo. No obligation. Just write, Antiseptine Co., 120-12th N. E., Canton, Ohio. (3-6)

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COUNTRY Hams and Tobacco. Smoking 10 lb. $1.50 pipe free. Chewing 5 lb. $1.00. Brown Sweet Hams, 33c lb. Pay postman. Community Farmers, Lynn Grove, Ky. (3-6)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-6)

TRAPPERS: Advantages of box-trapping, and to make the best stretching-board; free. Herman Bleck, 415 Eaton St., Hammond, Indiana. (3-6)

BUNIONS or ingrowing nails. Prompt relief and real correction without knife or pain. Information free. Eugene Eaton, D104, Bandon, Oregon. (3-5)

THE first real scale model airplanes motor or rubber driven. Send 5c for catalog. K. A. Pouch, 83 Low Terrace, New Brighton, N. Y. (3-5)

$1.00 SURPRISE package! Useful articles and novelties. Value guaranteed! Postcard will bring package C. O. D. Varallo's, 638 Christian St., Phila., Pa. (3-5)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-5)

OPPORTUNITY. Let us show you how to make your back yard produce from $1500.00 to $6000.00 a year in your spare time. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-5)

.22 HIGH Power Savage, $30.00. .38 Colt's police positive, $25.00. Many finest radios, loudspeakers, battery eliminators, typewriters, adding machines, etc., cheap. T. Lewis, Glomawr, Ky.

AIRPLANE Models, supplies. Guaranteed perfect stock. List 10c (coin), Cleveland Model. 1866A0 West 57th, Cleveland, Ohio. (3-7)

BARKING dog horn. Newest horn for your car. Barks like real dog. $2.50. John Samon, Yorkville, N. Y. (3-7)

BRANDY made at home without a still. Absolutely pure; contains no drugs. $1.00 brings recipe. W. G. Sheets, Route 2, Kent, O. (3-7)

CHILBLAIN lotion: Instant relief. Guaranteed. 50c prepaid. M. R. Shotwell, 1770 E. Broadway, Long Beach, Calif. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Steer Horns, six feet spread. Driseo Bertillion, Mineola, Texas. (3-7)

KAMPRITE camp trailer for sale cheap. Like new. Charles W. Hoffman, 300 Elmwood Boulevarde, York, Pa.

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-6)

PALMA Brava Wood for rods, bows and stocks. Send for sample piece. International Agencies, 1557 Sixth Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-6)

Music and Musical Instruments

CONCERTINA plays by rolls. Other novelties. Pamphlets free. Pittle, New Bedford, Mass. (3-5)

PORTABLE phonographs, accordions, harmonicas and other musical merchandise. Fearn, 2231 Eastwood Ave., Chicago.

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HAND engraved name plates for dog collars, gun cases, etc.; with rivets 50c each. Name Plate Co., Box 662, Elkhart, Ind. (3-5)

DOG Collar Name Plates, 20c each; six for $1.00. W. H. Earnest Company, Export, Pa. (3-6)

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PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

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MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography. Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-10)

ENLARGEMENTS. Best ever, 8x10, 50c. Send film or negative. Price list other sizes. Jengar Photographic Laboratory, 478-79 Simon Long Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Penna. (3-7)

FREE samples. Meyer, OUR-GPO, Box 471, N. Y. (3-5)

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GAME keeper, game school training. Upland game birds and waterfowl. Wm. Zuill, Janesville, Wis.

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100 FOLDED sheets and 100 envelopes. Your name, address, monogram engraved in gold or blue, $2.50. Write for samples. Monson Bros. Printing, 3500 So. Artesian, Chicago.

FINEST bond letterheads 8½x11, $3.95M. Envelopes, $2.95M. Oberman Company, Box 1042, Chicago. (5x29)

Rabbits

MAKE big profits Chinchilla Rabbits. Guaranteed plan returns your investment. Real money makers. H. Mueller, 633 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

CHINCHILLA, Blue and Silver Black Fox rabbits. Mink. America's best. Booklet. Stamp. Brogden Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-6)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-6)

FUR Rabbits. All kinds. Write for prices. Olive Street Fur Farm, Baldwin Park, Calif. (3-5)

PRIZE-WINNING silver fox rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wis. (3-7)

Raw Furs Tanned

RAW furs tanned and made into neck pieces, fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

FISH and Game Preserve for Sale: Seven hundred acres of Primeval Forest in the Blue Ridge Section of North Carolina—nature's masterpiece in scenic beauty and utility—Six Trout Streams converging into creek flowing by Rhododendron, spruce, azalea, holly, dogwood, poplar, oak, chestnut, hickory and white pine. Three hundred acres of blue grass adjoining. Natural home for deer, elk, pheasant, turkeys and speckled trout. Lumber men want to buy and cut the five million feet of timber, but it should be saved for a park, hence this offer. Write T. B. Finley, North Wilkesboro, North Carolina. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Summer cottage and grounds at Three Lakes, Wisconsin. Situated on Water Lily Bay, Little Fork Lake, three and one-half miles from the village. Easy of access from the village by auto. Beautiful location. 225 feet of lake frontage. Five room cottage furnished. Boat house, wharf, two steel boats, tools, etc. Splendid well, running water in kitchen. Price $3000.00. Address, S. B. Allison, 6148 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (3-6)

IN Northern Adirondacks. Private lake estate over 900 acres, adjoining State Game Refuge 10,000 acres. Speckled trout, deer. Part side of mountain. Also plane landing ground. Adjoins main auto road. Perfect control. Genaway & Briggs, Adirondack Properties, Malone, N. Y. (3-6)

AT Shell Beach, on Lake Borgne, one hour by auto from New Orleans. Hotel destroyed by fire, leaving three frame buildings with large screened porches and sleeping quarters, one engine house with equipment for electric lighting, 700 foot wharf and 18 bath houses. Real salt water bathing. Accessible for large pleasure craft from Gulf. In close proximity to best duck-hunting, salt and fresh water fishing. Ideal location for hunting and fishing club, bathing resort or yacht club. Owners will sell cheap. For further particulars, write: Livaudais & Livaudais, Agents, 520-24 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La.

LAND and water game. On 875 acres, wide river on South, deep creek on East, small creek through the property. Many kinds of game fish. Game birds in the fields. Ducks and geese on waters. Wild Turkeys and deer in woods. Six-room lodge in tall pine forest. B. F. Hall, Wilmington, N. C.

HUNTING and Fishing Tracts. On lakes of Maine, Mich., N. Y., along rivers and streams of 21 states, in eastern Mountain ranges, bordering Md. and Virginia shores, all described in new 134 page catalog, 553 pictures. Copy free. Strout Agency, 255-BR-Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

FOR Sale: All or any part of eighty acres on Teal Lake, Wisconsin. 2225 feet of lake frontage, sand beach. Three new log cabins, furnished, ice house. Seventy thousand feet of Hemlock and Birch. Inquire of R. S. Headley, 33 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, % V. L. A. (3-6)

CHOICE Lake Frontage on Gun Lake, Mason County, Michigan. Lots, Island, Peninsula or Acreage. All wooded. Hard, sandy beach. Most beautiful and best fishing lake in the State. Trout Streams nearby. Isenbarger, Freesoil, Mich. (3-6)

STOCKED beaver locations. Best Wisconsin fur section. 20 locations for sale already stocked with beaver in their own dams. 80 acres up. Prices from $8.00 to $15.00 per acre, stock included. H. A. Scotford, Box 62, Clam Lake, Wis.

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EXCEPTIONAL opportunity to purchase fine Canadian fishing and hunting lands. Descriptive list free. Robinson, 35 Gibson, Hamilton, Canada. (3-5)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-5)

MUSKRAT Marsh 75 acres Northwestern Pennsylvania. Spring fed. Wonderful location. Ralph Brant, 1502 Buenavista, Pittsburgh, Pa. (3-6)

CHOICE Cabin sites. Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park region, Minnesota. Terms. Write Guy E. Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

VILAS County, Wisconsin, for sale. Mile frontage, beautiful primitive lake, virgin timber, no resorts or cottages, great bass, musky, deer region, village 5 miles. Nothing better in Wisconsin. L. A. McDowell, Winegar, Wis.

AUTO park, cottages, store, service station, boat livery, good income. Fishing and big game. 13 acres on two streams and Roosevelt Highway. Orlen Royce, Seaside, Oregon.

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(COTTAGE) Bear Lake, Manistee Co., dock, bathing, fishing, only $900.00. Few desirable waterfront lots. S. Brunk, Eaton Rapids, Mich. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Furnished Summer Home at Houghton Lake, Mich. Liberal price and terms. For particulars write J. G. Marsh, Haslett, Mich. (3-7)

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80 ACRES lake shore land near Cable, Wisconsin. M. Lorberbaum, 1619 Vincent Ave., No. Minneapolis, Minn.

DESIRABLE resort property at Houghton Lake, Mich. (Fisherman's Paradise) for sale. Byron Tompkins, Parma, Mich.

UNUSUAL opportunities for profit. Wisconsin Lands. Lake properties. Hardy-Ryan, Waukesha, Wisconsin. (3-7)

FOX River. West of Antioch, Illinois. Cottage, large lot facing river $3,500.00. Francis S. Baker, 5107 Montrose, Chicago. (3-5)

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FOR Sale: Ideal location Muskrat and fur farming. Clark Holt, R7, Baraboo, Wis. (5-5)

FOR Sale—Farms, 40 a., Mo., $5 mo. Own a home, Jarrell, Mount Vernon, Ill. (3-6)

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PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

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MOUNTED Specimens for sale. Satisfaction or your money back. Send for list. The Beverly Taxidermy, 2301 West 91st Street, Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

BEAR skin rugs, animal heads. Lowest prices. Strange Taxidermy, Clarkston, Washington.

SALE—den of fine mountings. C. M. Hill, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (3-6)

Wanted

MANUSCRIPTS wanted, stories, articles, poems. Write for particulars, Sachs, 2533 Park Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 120. (7-7)

EAGLE: Wanted, live or mounted American eagle. Address, L. J. Petit, Eagle, Wisconsin.

WANTED—Pair Texas longhorns. L. Hedderich, Mulberry, Ind.

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REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

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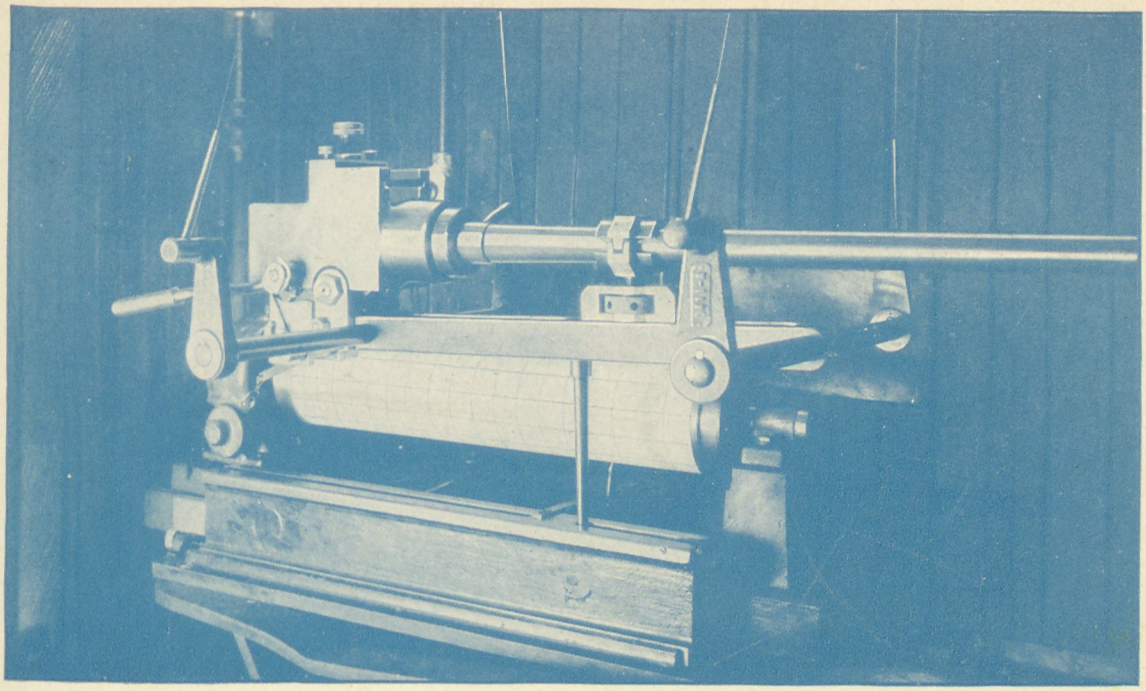
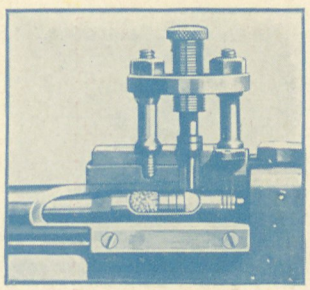


PRESSURE GUN IN POSITION FOR FIRING

Speed with Safety

TO secure the utmost speed or velocity of the shot charge with safety to shooters, pressure tests are necessary and are made regularly by the powder maker, the ammunition company and the gun manufacturer.

Starting, with the powder, where speed begins, the pressures developed by various powders are tested in the laboratories of the du Pont Company. The pressure gauge is a very strongly constructed gun with a chamber made to standard dimensions. It is provided with a hole in the barrel directly above the chamber. Into this is tightly fitted a sliding piston. A lead cylinder is held securely between this piston and an adjustable anvil mounted on the barrel. The shells to be tested have a hole cut the same diameter as that of the piston and in a position that brings it directly under the piston. When the shot is fired, the expanding powder gases drive the piston sharply against the soft lead cylinder and compress it. The amount of compression is a measure of the pressure developed.



Sectional View of Pressure Gauge Showing Location of Piston and Piston Hole

This pressure test, which provides a safety control, is frequently made during the manufacture of du Pont smokeless powders. Every pound of du Pont powder must develop the pressure specified by the ammunition makers, who, in conjunction with the gunmakers, have worked out an ample margin of safety. The ammunition loaders repeat fundamentally the same tests when loading du Pont powders, under typical manufacturing conditions.

The gunmaker likewise makes tests for safety—the most important of which is designated, "The Definitive Proof of the Gun." In this test the gun is subjected to a pressure from 25 per cent to 40 per cent greater than the service pressure thus providing the necessary margin of safety. The use of elaborate testing equipment operated and supervised by ballistic experts ensures the uniformity of performance of du Pont Smokeless Powders, and the consequent satisfaction and safety of shooters.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., *Smokeless Powder Department*, Wilmington, Delaware

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SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS

Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle. Standard grade. Price $25.45

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion, and pitting inside the barrel.

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WHEN a rifle was in every home the best rifles were Remingtons. Down the years for more than a century Remingtons have held their position of commanding leadership. Behind them is a tradition of expert craftsmanship that has been handed from father to son by generations of famous artisans. The skilled gunsmiths in the Remington Plants today take the same pride in fine workmanship that inspired their forefathers.

This pride is clearly reflected in the shining perfection of the Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle. The recoil ejects the empty cartridges, puts a new one in the chamber and cocks the action—it shoots every time you pull the trigger. Chambered for .22 shorts or long rifle cartridges, not interchangeable. Accurate to a hair, wonderfully balanced, sturdily built but light in weight, and certain in action—it's the pride of every man or boy who owns one.

Ask your dealer to show this famous example of the modern gunsmith's art.

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Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

1929 R. A. Co. 2471

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